

I AM THE SPECIALIST OF
THE STRANGE

I am the Specialist of the Strange

DAKOTA FRANDSEN

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"I am the Specialist of the Strange"

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*This book is dedicated to my Starlight Angel...
My beacon of hope, my eternal flame, my beloved
wife.*

*To you, I pledge my destiny, the muse of my every
heartbeat, the radiance in my soul, the fire piercing
through the shadows. Your essence is a fantasy made
flesh, a dream bestowed upon the fortunate few. In
your dreams, may you feel my presence; upon waking,
may you sense my thoughts. Through the night, I
embrace you, envisioning the brighter days that await
us. "I love you" is but a humble tribute to the force
you are in my life, yet these words scarcely capture
the breadth of my adoration. Your divine aura uplifts
me; the sweetness of your kiss deepens with time,
binding me ever tighter to you. Daily, I strive to convey
my love, and though it may require a Herculean effort
for you to perceive your own splendor as I do, I lay the
foundation for a legacy that will etch our tale into the
annals of eternity, for my love transcends both time
and space.*

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Chapter 1

A Letter From the Author

Dear Reader,

I don't know what made you pick up this book or what's going on in your life at this time. Honestly, I have wondered why I even published it. It was meant to reveal some of the darkest secrets I had ever kept. It was stuff that I was quite literally too afraid to share until now. I've tried to share my own story before, in other ways: take those "Dear Kota" letters and make them into more. I wanted to look back at the days that shaped who we are, share personal journals and findings from years of research.

But between weird technical glitches and my own reaction to the stress of it all, I lost it all

more times than I could count. Maybe someday I'll do a fuller release, if I can ever figure out how to keep it all in one piece.

Something—or someone—deleted everything they could reach. Fortunately, I had backups to rescue what I could. But no sooner would I sit down to relate more about my strange life than something yanked me off on another adventure. Some people really think the title I carry, "Specialist of the Strange," is a bit of pretentiousness I dreamt up, but it was actually coined as a joke that got out of hand from a good friend that spiraled into something much bigger.

Life goes in funny ways, right?

Enough about that. What matters now is why you're holding this book and what I need to warn you about before you dive in.

My name is Dakota Frandsen, and my life has been packed with things most people would call "supernatural." There are plenty of days I wish it wasn't, times I've wished I could be "normal." Then again, when I see what society calls "normal" these days, I'd rather stick with the unknown. They called me the "Specialist of the Strange" because dealing with forces beyond this world had become second skin to me. I'd fought ghosts, hunted monsters, fought gods, and even had some pretty wild encounters with beings from other worlds. I know it sounds far-fetched,

and I don't blame you if you're skeptical. Honestly, even with evidence of some of these experiences, I sometimes question my own sanity. It's part of why the name of my company, "Bald and Bonkers," stuck-but that's a story for another day.

I'm including this note as a heads-up. Aside from censoring a few details to protect people's privacy, I'm not holding anything back.

Some of what you'll read might break your heart, and some might haunt your nights like it did mine. But if I am to truly understand the realities of the world out there, or how those events shaped me into the person I am today, I am compelled to share everything-the good, the bad, the joy, the pain, the dreams, and the nightmare.

As I sifted through the repressed memories of this life and others, a lot came up-even I wasn't ready for.

Maybe this warning seems dramatic, but I've decided to publish my journals as they were written, with minimal edits except for the privacy of others. These records are raw, unfiltered, and written as they came to me in the moment.

I have done my best to retain details as accurately as possible, but the mind is a fragile thing. I've been fortunate in working with some mentors that helped me see through the fog and understand what I went through. A lot of the ex-

traterrestrial species names, worlds, and more are based on what they taught me, as I have always felt the generic New Age terms don't do justice to the reality that I have seen.

This isn't about copying anyone's story. These are my experiences, though some do overlap with others. People have called me the "real-life Dean Winchester" after hearing some of my adventures. Others have tried to link me to secret societies, probably because I've had the chance to work on major projects in books, movies, TV, and even scientific expeditions.

There've been plenty of conspiracy theories out there claiming I'm someone else—some other figure with a similar story—and calling me a fraud. It's annoying, but I've learned to deal with it.

Honestly, it's part of the reason I just really like working alone. Religious overtones, ego, and drama are just a bunch of crap I've managed to edit out of my life. What happened in 2024 really drove that home—just how far I'd strayed from my path. But it's never too late to course-correct. Trust me or don't believe me—that is your prerogative—but this is my story. I hope, in some measure, you find something helpful in it. Let me warn you beforehand—this journey connects me to some of the darkest events in history. Even

mentioning some of these things has placed my friends and family in danger.

Consider yourself warned... But beyond that, I hope these entries help you understand how my mind works. It has been lonely; I do know others out there are having their own struggles. Though our stories might be different, the key to making it through will be shared experiences through which new ideas and solutions come from our very own stories. Maybe that is why the powers that be keep us so divided. But we have the power to take control. It's sitting around, waiting for someone else to save us, that let the corrupt take over in the first place. So here's my contribution.

With Love,

Dakota Frandsen

Specialist of the Strange / Intergalactic Gigolo

CEO of the Bald and Bonkers Network LLC

Chapter 2

Before I Was “Dakota”

***Dates Undetermined - Estimated Earth
Time 1920 – 1995***

**Location: Planet Taalihara - Pleiades Star
Cluster**

As a teenager transitioning into adulthood, I was inducted into the Taalihara military forces. My rank was low, primarily involving patrol duties and occasional espionage to monitor potential rebel factions. The Taal Shiar, believed to be humanoid extraterrestrials, allegedly assisted the Third Reich during World War II. During a briefing, it was revealed that Maria Orsic received materials through telepathic communications under false pretenses, leading to the creation of alleged Nazi UFOs, sophisticated weaponry, and secret alliances forged just before 1930. By the 1940s, we re-

treated to what I believe was Antarctica before leaving Earth and returning to our home world.

My time with the Nazis triggered a sense of doubt about the mission and the pursuit of power. I was tasked with monitoring humans and potentially infiltrating Adolf Hitler's security detail. I killed men, women, and children, justifying these actions as consequences of war. I viewed humans as weak, inferior, and easily manipulated. Despite my doubts, I believed I was serving a proper cause.

One night, back on Taalihara, I witnessed a Draconian, likely a Ciakharr royal, cornering three children with the intent to kill. I opened fire with a plasma-based rifle, likely injuring but not stopping the creature. I shouted for the children to run, directing them to a nearby escape pod—a sleek metal craft capable of carrying ten people plus supplies.

As we boarded the escape pod, the Draconian pursued us, attempting to bite the children. I fought back with the rifle, making little progress. The children's screams prompted the realization that I had to kill the Draconian to ensure our escape. The creature slammed its fists into the craft, shaking everything and everyone. I shouted for an override to bypass security protocols preventing takeoff due to an obstruction. Grabbing the creature's horns, I twisted its neck, aiming for what I believed to be a weak spot. The craft took off with the creature stuck in the door. As its neck cracked, the Draconian's eyes shifted from a rampaging reptile to a

human expression, seemingly thanking me for ending its life.

I sent a distress call to the Federation, fearing retaliation and doubting acceptance due to my affiliation with the Taal Shiar (Renegade Pleiadian Group). A woman responded, directing me to an outpost to intercept the children and get them to safety. She offered me refuge, which I hesitantly accepted, asking for time to return to Taalihara to rescue my family. The woman understood, warning me that news was spreading about my rogue actions.

I returned home to find a mix of panic and confrontation. Some family members believed me, while others followed the official narrative. My mother, leading the opposition, accused me of endangering the family by saving the children. My sister was visibly torn, and my father eventually quieted everyone, acknowledging my difficult choice. He urged me to leave for the safety of all. The look in his eyes broke my heart, but it seemed he and I had the closest relationship out of everyone else; a bond that would be tended to in another life... if I'm understanding how it all unfolded.

Before I could properly escape, I was intercepted and knocked unconscious. When I awoke, I found myself bound to a table and my torso sliced open from the base of my neck to just above my crotch. A draconian scientist digging its scaled hands into my guts, it realized I was awake. Its language was similar to that

of large iguanas and the recreations of a Tyrannosaurus call. The pitch and melody tingle at my spine just thinking about it. Once the being realized I was awake, it took great pleasure in torturing me; squeezing my lungs with its claws so I would be unable to scream in pain. My condition was far too compromised for any internal systems to properly function, but I could tell my captor was singing as it dug into my flesh.

I was only let go when the sound of a distant explosion rang through the facility. The sound reverberations told me the building was metal, possibly in a tropical environment somewhere. I watched as my torturer looked in the direction of the explosion, angered at being disrupted, and turning away. It simply left me there, sliced open like an animal in a butcher shop, barely holding on for dear life. I could hear a voice, possibly some kind of radio transmission, whispering for me to hold on as help was on the way. I could hear the commotion, my vision blurring as I held on for as long as I could, but the second I saw a man with a light blue uniform found me I knew I was saved. I couldn't help but let go in the moment, I was just happy to see someone human.

Returning to the Federation outpost, I was given time to process the ordeal. My tasks alternated between field medic/scientist and espionage, thanks to my Taal Shiar training. I also participated in the Starseed program, part of the Federation's envoy efforts.

Dates Undetermined

Location: Galactic Federation of Worlds Outposts

During my tenure with the Federation, I married a T'Ashkeru woman named Iveena, who hailed from Nyan, a planet near Sirius B. She left her home to join the Galactic Federation of Worlds (GFW) due to the growing influence of the Nebu. We quickly bonded over our shared backgrounds and discovered that our families had likely known each other through work-related activities.

Iveena was taller than most women from her world, standing nearly six feet tall. She had long blonde hair, prominent cheekbones, and a pointed chin. Her blonde hair and hypnotic blue eyes made her almost resemble a tall Asian woman. Certain aspects made her resemble a Japanese manga character.

We both enlisted in the envoy program, sometimes sharing deployments and other times alternating duties. I frequently checked in on Iveena during her envoy deployment on Earth to ensure she was okay and well-treated. I remember reaching out to her during moments of distress, honoring our promise to always watch over each other.

A significant incident motivated my vigilance. While on a scientific expedition, the facility where Iveena and I worked was ambushed by amphibious beings, possibly Ciakharr hybrid experiments. I was in another part of the facility when the attack occurred. Though I man-

aged to reach safety, Iveena was injured, her abdomen sliced open. Miraculously, the creature did not harm our unborn child. We were trying to start a family and came perilously close to losing our oldest daughter. Upon returning to the mothership, I learned of Iveena's injury. A colleague informed me that they had saved both her and the baby, but I needed to get to her immediately.

Upon hearing the news, I rushed to her side, nearly breaking through doors and smashing access panels in my haste. Iveena was the reason I enlisted; I had fallen in love with her, perhaps having known her in previous lifetimes. We were so close to starting a family, and the thought of losing it all was unbearable. When I found her, she was emerging from a medical pod that had restored her physical condition. I hurried over, embraced her tightly, and apologized for not being there. Though she returned the hug, her grip was weak—something was still wrong.

Iveena asked about the baby, and I assured her that our daughter had been saved and transferred to an incubation unit for proper development. While the medical technology had healed her physical wounds without leaving scars, the mental toll was beyond any machine's capability. Iveena felt abandoned during her and the baby's time of need. A close friend had ensured her safety and supported us, but the only true relief for her was an upcoming envoy deployment. She needed time away from the war and from us to think. Despite

the heartbreak, I had to let her go, leaving me to raise our daughter with the GFW's schooling systems until Iveena returned and I went on my own deployment.

The complexities of time travel make establishing this timeline challenging.

Estimated Earth Time: Somewhere late 1980s to early 1990s

Locations: Galactic Federation - (Possibly) The Excelsior - The Last Rescue

I recall one final rescue mission before my latest envoy deployment. Our team quickly assembled on a small craft that cloaked itself as we descended from a mothership in Earth's orbit.

We flew swiftly towards an area south of the Great Lakes, likely Indiana. Our ship hovered above a white colonial-style house. I and another male operative disembarked, cloaked and undetectable by radar systems.

The house was two stories tall, and the setting suggested the mission took place in the late 80s to early 90s. Two tall Greys emerged, carrying a small child—a girl no older than three, with brown hair and a bright red pajama dress, possibly a Christmas gift. One Grey ran its finger over the girl's body, even under her clothes. I was ready to intervene, but my colleague's hand on my shoulder reminded me to stay calm.

Our camouflage technology responded to our intentions, and losing control could have compromised the

mission. Though we were well-trained, our individual issues sometimes affected our emotional states. It was crucial to check each other during operations to ensure success. Nothing angered us more than seeing an innocent child harmed.

We couldn't attack the Greys on the street without attracting too much attention and violating jurisdiction. Our mission was to trace their ship, gain access to their records, and rescue more children.

The Greys revealed their ship, allowing us to tag its signature and track it as it left Earth. Outside the planet's atmosphere, we ambushed their vessel, nearly killing the Greys in the process. We rescued the girl and recalibrated her implant to our channels. She was part of the envoy program, targeted by the Greys for experimentation, aimed at corrupting starseeds from within—a Trojan horse strategy.

We took the child on a joyride to calm her before wiping her memory and returning her home. Reflecting on the mission aboard the *Excelsior*, I was approached by ~~-censored-~~—a tall, blonde man with Nordic features, whom I regarded as both a brother-in-arms and a leader. Ahel Pleiadian, one of many groups the Taal Shiar almost carried a prejudice towards. Off-duty, he was laid-back and caring, with a talent for singing. He frequently visited with a young Earth girl, an envoy preparing for a grand revelation. She was his like his sister, ~~-censored-~~, and his motivation.

~~-censored-~~ asked for my thoughts. I expressed concern for the young girl we had rescued. ~~-cen-~~
~~sored-~~ reassured me, chuckling, that I would see her again. He placed three fingers in a triangle against my forehead, preparing to suppress my memories of galactic involvement for the envoy transition. I understood the process but insisted on remembering the child and others we had saved, as it was my reason for joining the Federation. ~~-censored-~~ grinned and said, "Just remember the moose," before winking.

Estimated Earth Time: Somewhere before 1996

Location: Galactic Federation - Envoy Program Stasis Bay

There were conversations, more accurately briefings, detailing an upcoming envoy deployment. My wife was present, both as emotional support and to assist with any last-minute details. We had a transition period to help her readjust to intergalactic life and for me to tie up any loose ends. During most of the session, I felt only half-listening, preoccupied with thoughts of my wife and our discussions about starting a family.

Another individual, resembling a military recruiter, was also there. He had darker skin, almost black hair, and wore a dark gray uniform. He looked human, with a skinny and somewhat elongated face. His role was

to address any concerns I had about the envoy assignment.

Key points discussed included:

- The body I was to inhabit had a strong predisposition to what humans called "psychic abilities," attributed to a predominant bloodline.

- These "abilities" would initially be activated by trauma and then occur at random times.

- One of my mission objectives was to understand how people could fall so easily under abusive and tyrannical rule.

- Another objective was to serve as a "warrior" on Earth, though not enlisted with any military or government body in an official capacity.

- Given our desire to start a family, the timing of operations on Earth seemed favorable.

- Many humanoid civilizations encouraged interplanetary relationships, a common practice intended to promote diplomatic cooperation and help future generations thrive in their environment.

- The timing referred to Earth entering its first stages of becoming an interplanetary society, transitioning from space travel being reserved for elites and those caught in trafficking operations.

- The first steps of the great introduction, when the most human-looking extraterrestrials would be permitted to show themselves publicly, was allegedly set for 2025.

- My new body would be monitored closely by the GFW and likely by Greys associated with the Ciakharr.

- Other family members on my Earth body's paternal side had reported possible abductions by Greys, likely for hybridization.

- People on my maternal side had shared details of UFO sightings, possibly connected to nearby military bases.

Once the necessary contracts were signed, there was a brief period for me to say my goodbyes. My wife and the recruiter were present when I was taken to a metallic white stasis pod. The pod had displays on the side, likely to monitor my vitals, and a glass opening. As my body was connected to the machine and a breathing apparatus attached to my face, I remember slowly drifting into unconsciousness as a cool blue liquid filled the pod. I saw my wife's tears and felt the hurt in her heart. I started to cry too, but my tears quickly merged with the gel surrounding me. The last thing I remember is saying, "I love you," as I rested my hand against the glass. My wife pressed her hand against the glass, aligning it with mine, as I blacked out.

Chapter 3

Early Life as "Dakota"

Date(s): January 18-19, 1996

**Location: Earth - Twin Falls, Idaho -
Magic Valley Regional Medical Center**

Shortly after losing consciousness, I experienced a rapid flash of various images and events, as if I was receiving a download of memories from countless lifetimes played at super speed. These memories didn't feel like personal experiences but rather as if they were being received. Some of the events seemed to be from the future.

The more recent memories were easier to identify through old family photos, including dates my parents and grandparents went on, and possible histories of

abuse discussed in conversations about estranged family members.

Older memories are more speculative. These included a possible child sacrifice, being rounded up by German soldiers, and potential experimentation by Greys.

The "download" (for lack of better word) ended with a bright flash of light, likely signifying my birth. I remember brief snippets of the delivery room with pale blue tiles and blinding light. I was born on January 19, 1996, at about 5:30 pm Mountain Time via emergency C-section due to postpartum hemorrhaging. I was my mother's first child, born at 12 lbs 4 oz, already holding my head up. Aside from mild pneumonia, I was a healthy child, just larger than expected.

Date: November, 1997 estimated

Location: Earth - United States - Idaho

My first "psychic" episode

This is a story I have only fragments of, but it is one my aunts (my father's sisters) frequently recounted. My parents were never married, so I underwent shared custody arrangements. While staying with my father and stepmother, I approached my stepmother, placed my hand over her stomach, and said, "My baby sister is in here."

The following day, my stepmother visited the doctor because she wasn't feeling well. A pregnancy test con-

firmed she was positive. My sister ~~-censored-~~ was born on June 20, 1998.

For later reference, my ability to provide a "psychic ultrasound" became a way to "test" my abilities. I have seven sisters (six sharing the same father) and two brothers (both sharing the same father). All are half-siblings. I am also the oldest. Including the half-siblings of my half-siblings, step-siblings, etc., the number of us jumps to almost 50.

It is worth noting that among my siblings, I am the only one with an extensive history surrounding the supernatural. While others have had experiences, mostly involving potential spirits, none have revealed to me if they, too, had potential extraterrestrial encounters.

April 1999

Location: Aurora, Colorado

My family had decided to take a road trip to Colorado to visit my uncle and his wife. Growing up, my uncles (my mother's brothers) were often like my own older siblings, and this one was the fun one who taught me what I know about computers. During our stay, there was a single day of tense stress... as if something major was happening. I remembered seeing police cars rushing past the apartment complex my uncle lived, and naturally was curious about what was going on. It was then I started to see myself seemingly flying through the air to follow the cars, and hearing loud

bangs from inside the large building. I approached closer, but something withdrew me back into my body.

At the age of three I had my first remote viewing experience. It just came so naturally to me, I didn't have to force it. But the incident that sparked this sequence of events was something that no child should have to witness... the Columbine Massacre. I would not comprehend that this was in fact what I witnessed for years... its not as if there's anyone I can really consult in how to process an event I was not technically even present for.

Date: November, 1999 estimated (by court records)

Location: Earth - United States – Idaho

At the age of three, my stepmother attempted to resolve custody disputes between my mother and father by stabbing me in the back of the neck with a ballpoint pen.

My father was possessive, and he, along with others on that side of the family, frequently reported my mother for suspected abuse. All claims were unfounded. My mother's attempts to report my father were largely ignored, at least according to what I was told, though the reliability of this source is questionable. Custody was shared.

One night, while staying at my father's place, he was soon to get off work. My younger sister, ~~-cen-~~

~~sored~~, and I were in the living room watching TV. My stepmother took ~~-censored-~~, presumably to get her ready for bed. Moments later, I felt a sharp pain in the back of my neck.

I briefly saw a vision of a dark void, dimly lit by an orange-red light source. A tall, menacing being with rough gray skin and reptilian eyes appeared. At the time, for my age, me looked like some kind of “dragon man.” He knelt down and spoke to me without moving his lips. The color of his skin may have been altered due to the flames. His voice was deep and raspy, almost growling. He claimed the world was corrupt and that people like my father and stepmother shouldn’t be allowed to continue hurting others. He offered to help me fight back, even kill them, if I worked with him.

The temptation was strong, but another voice, more human and caring, intervened in a panic. Without hesitation, I knew to trust it as it screamed, “Dakota, don’t listen to him. Fight back.”

I let out a war cry, somehow materializing a club in my hands, and struck the tall orange being on the head. Surprised and enraged, the being was about to retaliate when I was transported away in a blinding flash. I glimpsed the arms of a tall gray figure with wings made of energy rather than flesh and feathers.

I returned to the locked bedroom. The caring voice whispered, “Stay strong, we are always watching over you.”

The next thing I remember, police officers escorted me outside. I tried to explain that I was just defending myself, but they couldn't believe a three-year-old could do such a thing. They ignored everything my mother and I said. It was my grandmother, my mom's mother, who pointed out the pen mark on the back of my neck.

Dates: 2000 - 2003 estimated

Location: Earth - United States – Idaho

There were several nights I would “dream” of being aboard spacecraft, seeing UFOs in the sky, and talking with strange people in weird uniforms of various colors. Many of them were humanoid; though there were others that resembled mantis, Egaroth, and various others.

Date: August, 2000 estimated

Locations: Earth - United States – Idaho

When I was at the age of five, my mother started showing signs of pregnancy. She soon married my stepfather ~~-censored-~~. I once again predicted this child was a girl who would become my younger sister ~~-cen-~~
~~sored-~~. ~~-censored-~~ and my mother would be divorced by September 10, 2001. The marriage only lasted about three months.

Date: September 10th, 2001

My mother's divorce from stepfather. I'm noting this as a "reference event" to help in maintaining accuracy in the timeline. Being that I sucked at keeping records and didn't really acknowledge these events until later in life, the obvious gap makes it so details are obscured.

But the day before the 9/11 attacks on the World Trade Center, my mom's divorce from my stepfather was finalized. We were living with my grandparents after he threw us out, not knowing my mother was pregnant with his daughter at the time.

Date: March 12, 2002

Sister ~~-censored-~~ was born

***Date(s): Summer to possibly early Fall
2002 estimated***

**Location: Earth - United States - Idaho -
Jerome → Spaceships → Murtaugh**

One night, at my mother's house in Jerome, Idaho, I went to bed around 6:00 or 6:30 p.m. The exact date is unclear, but the event remains inexplicably strange. When I awoke, it was dark, and my mother had gone to bed. Tall gray beings, known as X5, surrounded me. I wanted to scream for help but couldn't move as one of the beings tossed me over its shoulder. As I was taken

out of the room, I saw two more of the grays monitoring my mother, who appeared to be sleepwalking. I tried to call out to her, but no sound escaped. She must have heard my initial screams because the room was illuminated by an ominous blue light, accompanied by an electronic humming. She saw me being taken but, with a wave of the hand from one of the beings, she drifted back to sleep. I remember levitating through the roof, still trying to scream for help.

The craft I was taken aboard appeared silver, but seemed to blend into the night sky, likely a cloaking measure. I watched my house shrink as we ascended. A force rendered me into a mindless state as I was undressed and laid on a table with various instruments being prepared for use. I disassociated, knowing I was in danger but believing no one could save me. I saw holograms of other Greys, more sinister in appearance. I later learned these were Maytra, a race considered hostile parasites by the rest of the galaxy. The Maytra seemed to be communicating orders to the X5, but their transmissions were cut off as something rammed the ship. As the beings started using their tools, the ship was ambushed by a group of three individuals in protective suits.

The ship rocked, and the grays screamed in panic. Amid the chaos, I was quickly recovered and taken to my rescuers' ship. A tall blonde woman stayed close to me through the ordeal. Her hair was a golden blonde, her eyes a sparkling blue, and she wore a skin-tight

bluish-green uniform. She reminded me of the anime character Sailor Moon, though I wouldn't become familiar with the show until later.

I asked the woman who she was and why she looked familiar. Her voice was soothing, and there was a gentle glimmer in her eyes. With a smile, she told me we had been very good friends for a long time. She seemed to know every question running through my mind without me saying anything. She grabbed my clothes and led me to a table, asking me to lie down so she could check if I was hurt. Despite it being our first meeting, I trusted her completely.

The ship's metals had a blue hue, reflecting the sight outside the front window. A metallic chair rose from the floor, and the woman encouraged me to sit in it. The metal formed to my frame, feeling ticklish. I sat behind two other chairs, all three forming a triangle pattern, allowing me to view Earth through the front window. Instantly mesmerized, I noticed a tall, muscular man with blonde hair in a darkish blue uniform sitting in one of the seats, appearing to be in charge.

I asked the man and woman their names. The man chuckled and smiled. The woman, her eyes sparkling, spoke without moving her lips, "I'm Olivia."

Olivia explained that we had known each other for a long time and were members of a group protecting people from harmful creatures. The reality of the situation hit me: those who took me were aliens. As my heart raced, Olivia hummed a soothing melody. The man ex-

plained that none of us were from Earth and that I was part of a project to save people from monsters like the ones who took me. Part of me felt excited, thinking of a group like the X-Men. The two seemed to understand the reference by peering into my mind.

They kindly took me on a joyride in space, showing me close-ups of the Moon, Mars, and Jupiter. After a few hours, the man said it was time to go home. They explained they had to make me forget the encounter to keep me safe. I was upset, not wanting to forget my rescuers or what I saw. Olivia reassured me they would return when I was older and would need my help. She spoke softly, "We are always watching over you," before giving me a hug and asking if I had any other questions.

I asked to be taken to my grandparents' house, feeling safer there. Initially, they hesitated, explaining it wasn't my mother's fault. But I was stubborn, and Olivia convinced the crew to drop me off at my grandparents', assuring I would be returned home.

I remember being carried by Olivia, moving through the unopened window that lead into my bedroom. As she helped me into bed, she placed three fingers against my forehead to help fog my brain, in order to hide the more extravagant details of my adventures from that night. Whether she intentionally gave me a lower dose, did it by accident, or something about my mind helped access parts of these memories; I am not sure. Even with the brain fog, I could remember being

taken, the crew that saved me. The biggest thing I remembered was Olivia's eyes.

The next morning, I woke up, unaware of how I got there. My grandparents had no clue I was there. Minutes after I woke up, my mother called, screaming because she couldn't find me. She immediately suspected my dad, an unlikely scenario since I was at her parents' house—thirty miles from where I went to bed.

Date: August 19th, 2002

NUFORC Incident Report - Possible Connection

Earth - United States - Idaho - near Twin Falls

UFO Sighting Near Twin Falls - 2002

Date: August 2002

Time: Approximately 11 p.m.

Location: Near Twin Falls, Idaho

Lights on Object: Yes

In August 2002, my husband and I embarked on the first leg of our road trip honeymoon, departing from Seattle in the morning. Around 11 p.m., we decided to find a motel in Twin Falls, Idaho.

As we approached Twin Falls, we saw road signs indicating that the town was only a few miles away. Despite this, we missed the exit and continued driving for a considerable distance before realizing our mistake. We turned around and headed back.

Ahead of us, we initially thought we saw an airplane in the distance, but its flight pattern and speed seemed un-

usual. As the light approached, we could see the underside of the object, and we both immediately recognized it as a UFO. The lights on the underside were rotating.

The object never came close enough for us to discern its shape. We parked on the side of the road and watched as the object moved across the sky, eventually disappearing behind some mountains. We then resumed our drive toward Twin Falls.

Upon reaching our destination, we confirmed that we had indeed missed Twin Falls and two exit signs. We were not keeping track of the time closely, so we cannot confirm if there was any missing time. However, it remains a mystery how two attentive people could overlook two exit signs.

NOTE: This corresponding report was taken from the NUFORC website, and is not in any way shape or form a claim of ownership. The only changes made were for spelling and grammar purposes. I chose to include this as the timing and location leads me to believe this is connected to a likely abduction I experienced as a child. If by some chance the couple from the report sees this, please reach out if you can.

Chapter 4

Growing Up and Taking Aim

April, 2004

**Earth - United States - Idaho - Murtaugh
School → Boise**

School field trip to the state capital, Boise. Had an incident at the Old Idaho Penitentiary where I saw an apparition hanging on death row. No one believed me, mostly my fault from spending most of my time trying to scare the girls in my class.

As our group was taking a tour of the prison, we went up to the second floor of the execution chamber where the noose was on display. As the group started to leave a man who was tied at the wrists and legs was walking towards the noose. I watched as the rope was secured around his neck, and the floor opened beneath

him. Problem was the rope wasn't secured correctly, in order to snap the man's neck. He just hung there, suffocating.

I tried talking about my story, but no one believed me due to reasons mentioned early. However a few years later when the Ghost Adventures came through town for their first season, they captured a shadow apparition on Death Row, identifying the man as Raymond Snowden. Snowden is often referred to as "Idaho's Jack the Ripper," sentenced to prison after violently stabbing a woman who resisted his advances. He claimed to have killed three other women, but this was never proven. Snowden was the man I saw.

Spring, 2004

Earth - United States - Idaho - Murtaugh → Twin Falls

Had to get my tonsils and adenoids removed at the age of nine. For some reason blood samples would either disappear or "pooled after collection," requiring further blood draws to be done. When I would have to be taken to a parent facility in Boise later in life for separate medical incidents, the doctors there questioned why it would be done in the first place.

The Twin Falls hospital does not have the best reputation, the facility covered up a number of lawsuits. Most legal proceedings are handled by the parent facil-

ity in Boise due to number of malpractice lawsuits that continue to pile up and be hidden away.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS, 2005-2006:

My father suddenly tries to make contact, as he was being shipped over to Iraq. Shortly after the attacks on September 11th, my father enlisted in a local National Guard branch in one the very few moments I could have to say I was proud he was my dad, and for a time I was. I was naive, and did want a relationship with my father in spite of earlier incidents. The only hitch was I was still nervous around my stepmother, despite everyone assuming I had completely blocked out the knife incident. How could I when to this day my oblivious mother continues to bring it up in conversations with strangers and specifically worded it to make me sound like a monster? Oh well, I guess...

Conversations between my father and I took place mostly online through early morning instant messaging. As ~~-censored-~~ was old enough to use a computer, the same applied to her. No one ever stopped to realize I was doing all I could to avoid my stepmother. About 6 months after he had returned from deployment, my sister ~~-censored-~~ was born... fully grown.

Visitations with my father became more prevalent, but a hidden darkness seemed to try to grasp my attention. My abilities started to appear, knowing that my life was potentially in danger, making my own skin

feel uneasy around both my father and stepmother. I constantly felt I needed to be on high alert, in case I needed to make a run for it.

I should've stayed away, but my attention kept returning to them as more siblings were born in the years to follow. My brothers ~~-censored-~~ were born, after my stepmother had an alleged miscarriage. It was also roughly this time period she had started to take pills, later to be pointed out to be acid. As time went on I noticed the abuse seemed to focus on Addison, going as far as my father dragging her into a bedroom and to be followed by a series of screams. My stepmother did nothing to stop it. It was after this I wanted nothing to do with my father unless witnesses were present. Public place, only the kids, or at my grandfather's place were the conditions I wanted... of course no one listened. It should be noted my stepmother would frequently tell my younger siblings to not tell anyone the "family secret," whenever they would go to a large gathering of people. I didn't catch it at the time, or if I did I never got an answer and would soon forget the matter.

December 2005

Earth - United States - Idaho - Murtaugh

More supernatural encounters take place during a dreadful Christmas program I was forced into (I was never really into school activities). Most appearing as strange objects appearing in my grandmother's photos.

With most paranormal photos, orbs manifested but these were very unusual. Unlike most orbs which were reflections of water and dust in the air, these had features that would make hardcore skeptics consider the possibility of ghostly happenings. The first was a bright yellow orb, with a distorted face in the middle and lightning filling the “body.” The second was a green partial orb with feet! The third was a shadow of one of my friends facing the opposite direction as the rest of the group. Unfortunately these photos were lost in time despite my efforts to try and retrace what happened to them.

SUMMER, 2006:

Earth – United States - Idaho

Father discharged from service, possibly dishonorable. Abuse on ~~-censored-~~ worsens. I stayed away this time upon getting the indication no more children would emerge via my “sources,” though later revelations would indicate my stepmother had more miscarriages. It should be noted that the signs of rather dark activities involving many parties were always quite clear but my somewhat naive mindset at the time wasn't able to process it all, even the mind I carry at the age of 22 (how old I was at the time of this initial addition to this listing) still struggles to comprehend the first hand knowledge of it all.

November 23rd, 2006

Earth - United States - Idaho - Murtaugh → Twin Falls → Boise

Thanksgiving my gall bladder gave out. I was staying with my grandparents while my mom worked. While normally a day I would practically be stalking the kitchen, I mostly slept as I was not feeling well, barely able to eat a bite of ice cream and a turkey sandwich.

That night I had a sharp pain in my side, violently getting sick from anything my grandmother tried to give me to help. I was rushed to the hospital, where I was deemed to be going into renal failure. The doctors at the hospital said my case was too severe but the parent facility in Boise would be willing to take me.

While on the hospital ride I would cycle in and out of consciousness. I remember seeing flashes of the stereotypical description of "Heaven," with my deceased relatives watching with others as I seemed to flicker in and out. They were confused as to why I was there so soon, only led to asking somewhat panicked questions when they would be seeing me just phase in and out.

Hospital in Boise verified that I was going into renal failure. My gallbladder had shut down, infecting the rest of my system. They managed to get me stabilized but said I would likely need surgery to remove my gallbladder. I was in the hospital for a month to recover.

Throughout the ordeal I remember visitors stopping by, other than relatives. Some were the deceased rela-

tives who crossed over, others were patients in the hospital who were already dead or close to it, others may have been “star family,” trying to offer words of encouragement and helping stabilize my system from their side. Apparently the disruption in this physical vessel was reflected in my other body. Possible quantum entanglement. My alter ego / higher self (whatever the heck people call it) seemed to thrash about from inside the pod while alerts were sent of the disturbance.

January 19th, 2007

Earth - United States - Idaho - Twin Falls → Boise

Surgery to have my gallbladder removed got moved to my eleventh birthday. I was in the fifth grade. I remember brief dreams of what I now know is a medical ship similar to the Excelsior, an alien mothership tied to the GFW. I looked older than I was, mid-20s. And I had hair. Before the surgery a woman came up and explained that others would be posted at the hospital to keep an eye on my Terran body while it recovered. Once again, blood samples would mysteriously disappear.

There were complications during the surgery, excess swelling in the abdomen that had to be cut away. It seemed that if the surgery hadn't been forced to change dates, I could've been in some serious trouble.

While in recovery, for a couple more weeks, I remember flashes of the stasis pod bay. My consciousness

seemed to directly switch between both vessels thanks to the state I was in.

FALL, 2008:

Fights at school, and at home, start to drive my mind into dark places leaving suicide as an option. Around this time, I moved in with my maternal grandparents as well, leaving me to attend school with a group of rather prejudiced individuals I thought were friends. My grandparents lived in the small town of Murtaugh, and I spent some time in my elementary school years growing up there. My childish, naive mindset made me believe these people were my friends. The people there seemed friendly but the second they found out that an individual was not a member of the local church, that individual was treated as an outcast. Just about anyone who left the area could back me up on this statement.

The constant conflict made it so I would start planning how I would end my own life. Upon a warm fall night, I decided it was time. In my bedroom was a large closet with metal railings that looked sturdy enough to hold my weight. I had decided the best method to approach this was to hang myself from the railing using an old belt. The closet itself wasn't very high and I have always been tall for my age, making the attempt somewhat of a challenge. I didn't want anyone to stop me,

and I tried to mask any noise I made to make it just seem like I was having a rough night's sleep.

To counter the challenge, I set a chair in a spot where my feet could touch it just enough to focus my weight more towards my head as I dangled. The plan was to kick the chair back and cut off blood flow. The belt would squeeze tighter till I was deprived of oxygen... maybe that was what triggered it.

I honestly cannot say if my plan had worked, or if the "intervention," had timed its arrival to stop me; but the following spooked me nonetheless. In what would've been my final moments, something caused my body to freeze. A bright blue light emerged out of nowhere, completely overriding my senses. The energy from it was so intense, it made my surroundings vanish; giving the appearance I was floating. I took a few moments to look around, as my eyes were the only parts of my body that could move and saw light dance as if I was deep underwater.

Suddenly a man appeared before me; his image blurred. I could tell he had long brown hair and facial hair, and wore what looked like a white robe. The vibe I was receiving from his presence felt calm, friendly, and concerned about my well being. My external senses tried to give me an indication someone else was nearby, but my focus was centered on what was unfolding before me to really take notice. The man walked closer to me, his image looking clearer as he approached. Soon

he starts to speak. No judgment, no criticism, just concern.

"Dakota, there is someone here that you should meet."

The man stepped aside and revealed a young girl, roughly the age of five or six. She had long blonde hair, somewhat tan skin, and the brightest blue eyes I'd ever seen. Immediately, I could tell the little girl was kin to me as she had a striking resemblance to my sisters. Tears filled her eyes making them sparkle like the ocean on a blissful summer day, instantly sending my heart into a deep abyss as the sensation of guilt overcame me.

But it wasn't her appearance that pulled me out of that trance, rather it was what she said to me. She approached me, placed her hand on my cheek, and cried, "Daddy, please don't do it."

As the little girl leaned in to kiss me on the cheek the vision disappeared and I am back in the closet like nothing happened. I tried to shake off what I had seen by going to bed but the image would find ways to interfere in future events. Her interference lead to me giving her the name "Olivia Hope," after the name was passed on to me through "future" experiments meant to help me try to make contact with her to understand what I had witnessed.

SPRING, 2009:

After a few chats with a love interest and a “coming to Jesus” meeting with one of my uncles I had decided to move back in with my mother as Murtaugh was not the place for me. It held answers as to what I needed to do in order to progress. My thoughts centered on finding Olivia’s mother, but in order to do so I needed to try to get answers from my little girl. I knew the possibility of time paradoxes of these attempts, and just how likely it was my daughter would know it was well; I had to try. Research on various online forums and radio podcasts revealed several possible methods I could try to make contact; as my previous experiences proved the possibility of latent psychic powers.

The method that seemed easiest to work with was automatic writing. For the uninitiated, automatic writing is a form of spiritual channeling that allows for the “spirit” to take over control of the hands belonging to the “channeler” and would allow for them to convey messages in writing. I must note that such a process can easily be hijacked by negative beings, doing such experiments can be highly dangerous, but I was desperate enough for answers.

Naturally, my first target was my seemingly time traveling daughter. Experiments with making contact seemed to be successful, for the most part. Each session I was able to establish it was her and got her to answer a few questions. The question set for the sessions

went something along these lines (as it was recovered from an old notebook I dug up):

I am looking to make contact with the little girl who saved me...

Is this little girl who referred to me as "Daddy?"

Spirit: "Yes"

Are you actually my daughter?

Spirit: "Yeah"

About when will you be here?

*Spirit: "2025" (*time travel? This was before aliens were contemplated... then again 2024 is supposed to be about when the human looking ETs reveal themselves. Different sessions alternated between the years 2024 and 2025)*

What is your name?

Spirit: "Olivia"

What is your favorite color?

Spirit: "Green"

Do you have any siblings?

Spirit: "Yes. A brother, Michael."

I tried to format the questions to get a general idea of my daughter's personality, as well as what the future may have had in store for me. When I finally worked up the courage to ask for Olivia's mother's name, one of two things would happen. Either my head would fill with what sounded like radio interference and I would lose the connection to her, or Olivia would say she wasn't able to reveal that much at the moment.

But, if I didn't make it clear before, this was not going to be our last encounter.

LATE FALL, 2010:

Further research on paranormal activity leads to my decision to pursue paranormal investigations but being I was barely in high school, I had no funding source other than occasional babysitting payments my family would brush up on me whenever I grew frustrated by constantly having to watch my younger relatives.

Paranormal investigation was an expensive hobby, especially at the extent I wanted to take it, so I was forced to wait out for holiday and birthday gifts when babysitting wasn't as fruitful. I started reaching out, through social media, to others in the field to start studying and getting ideas on how to put together my own team. I was forming the Paranormal Raider Force, something to stick out from the so called "serious investigators."

Further notes came from watching the various paranormal shows on television. My main idea was to watch the shows to get ideas for tech and methods, then tinker until I had a fitting practice. It would work rather quickly in my favor, as I used the fact most assumed my age to be almost double what it actually was to my advantage. A local radio DJ outed me, but by then most were impressed enough by what I had built on my own that my age was not a concern.

This was comforting in many aspects, as one of the things that motivated my decision to pursue this life, and maybe build a name for myself around it, was the fact that this was about when my father was imprisoned for sexually assaulting my sister ~~-censored-~~. Being that I was around them, I was mostly kept away from the investigation. However this didn't settle knowing that my siblings from him were being placed into foster care. My youngest sister at the time, ~~-censored-~~ who I had yet to meet, was only six months old. My mentality was dirtied enough that the Hatman, as he's dubbed, made an appearance offering to take care of my father for me. Part of it felt like he understood the turmoil in me, but I promptly told him to fuck off. This would not be the last of him.

APRIL, 2010:

I met my high school sweetheart.

Springtime, halfway through my freshman year, I had met a beautiful girl in class. The class was Touchstones, it was supposed to "help" kids figure out how to move on to the important milestones we were supposed to reach in our teen to young adult life. Early on in the class, I noticed this shy red head that usually kept to herself. Her name was ~~-censored-~~. I had tried to think of a way to conveniently bump into ~~-censored-~~ (I gave her the name of Shandra in my *The Ones Who Walk All Worlds* series) so I was able

to ignite the flame, but could never patch one together until the teacher of that class assigned us both to the same group for a skit. The skit was supposed to resemble scenarios out of a self described “teen self help” book meant to teach better ways to react to stressful situations any average Joe could run into on a day to day basis. My group was given a skit meant to depict some jackass cutting off someone in traffic, resulting in a wreck.

The group was comprised of ~~-censored-~~, myself, and a few classroom idiots. ~~-censored-~~ being shy, stayed separated from the group. As the idiots discussed the skit, I made a point to introduce myself to her to light the flame. She tried to shy away but I was able to get her to open up. Read the first entries of *The Ones Who Walk All Worlds*, if you want an idea how that conversation turned out.

Soon, she would become the first “patient” I would lose. We got into an altercation when a third member of our group joined, turning the situation into a love triangle. I didn't handle the situation well, she was getting close to someone who was becoming physical abusive towards women and the very thought churned my stomach.

April 23rd 2011

Earth - United States – Idaho - Murtaugh

Noted: The first ever investigation as the Paranormal Raider Force took place in the Highway Department Building.

The initial plan was to look into strange noises that suggested a residual type haunt. Two faces, an old lady screaming, footsteps, and flaring motion sensors later we learn that these spirits are very willing to make themselves known. A side case at the time was looking for a toddler that had been seen around some nearby train track wielding a chainsaw which was believed to show itself, in photos, as a green orb with feet. Not much time was invested in this phenomena due to the approaching coyotes and the fact right next to the area in which the sighting occurred is a bar.

I had finally gathered enough decent equipment to actually hold a well orchestrated investigation. An offer from my grandfather to check out his place of work came at a convenient time, since I was staying at my grandparents for the weekend while my mother recovered from surgery.

The location was Murtaugh Highway Department, believed to be haunted by former employees and the old foreman of the location. Reports came in to strange smoke, the shop doors rattling without wind or passing semi trucks, footsteps, and occasional disembodied voices. One of the alleged spirits was my grandfather's old boss, who apparently had kids that went to school with my parents; his cause of death was lung cancer...

same for his wife. Both were heavy smokers in their lifetime.

Due to my age at the time, the state of Idaho has a curfew law for anyone under 16, I was accompanied by my grandmother. I was 15 by the time I landed this investigation. I was originally against the idea, noting my grandmother's tendency to try to control a situation, and my desire to keep any and all activities outside of my family's control (which they would do on a few occasions). But in this situation having my grandmother on board would prove useful.

I published the results of the investigation, with brief case reports, as a YouTube video to help promote business. The case was able to gather strange faces making appearance on a video camera and strange audio recordings. Off camera, was a screaming woman's voices during setup, footsteps moving through the gravel, and voices coming through a radio session.

The radio session was an idea to try and replicate results from the infamous Ghost Boxes without any tinkering. The idea was to simply set an available radio to the lowest possible frequency to make it easier for spirits to communicate. The snag was making sure nothing was coming through on the selected frequency. This location has been the only spot it seemed to work.

Through this and a follow up (mentioned below), I have deemed "Murtaugh Highway Department" as a legitimate haunting site.

SPRINGBREAK, 2011:

Earth → United States → Idaho → Twin Falls

During spring break of my freshman year in high school, I was involved in a car accident during my driver's ed class. I was the driver of the vehicle, but was not found at fault. The drive was scheduled to take those of us in my group at the time out into the county and on the freeway. As we came back into town, an old lady tried to dart through six lanes of busy traffic. Obviously, as should be indicated by the inclusion of this event, I was the one to strike her. The old lady tried to plead innocence and reason with the officer but she was the one found at fault in what the cop himself described was much like a failed game of "Frogger." On impact it felt like I was thrown into an astral project, seeing the car crush on the front end as I was rendered unconscious.

JULY 2-4th, 2011:

Earth → United States → Idaho → Sawtooth National Forest → Near Diamondfield Jack

My first Sasquatch investigation.

As my grandfather continued his battle with cancer, the family decided to take everyone camping rather than doing our usual drive to Wyoming for illegal fireworks then lighting them off for the Fourth of July. One of the locations that was being considered was of interest as it was the area I spotted a possible

Sasquatch years earlier. There is a series of caves near the Magic Mountain ski resort a family of 'Squatch seem to reside in. Given the time-frame of the appearances, and the possible age of the juvenile I was able to encounter, at least four specimens are in the region.

I received a possible tip earlier that week about Sasquatch dietary preferences to help lure one out from a news video that was circulating depicting a retired forensics analyst utilizing pieces of chocolate to lure a specimen in front of a trail camera. A small ape-like creature approached me from behind as I was setting things up, but quickly bolted when it realized I knew it was there. Its fur was almost black, it was dark out, and the little monster was fast.

I didn't have a trail camera at my disposal for this hunt, but I did have soft enough ground to gather a foot casting should I be successful. The second night into the trip, I finally laid the trap but had fallen asleep before any appearance was made. The following morning I was able to examine the area and successfully extract a foot casting. My estimates show the possible specimen had a foot large enough to fit a man's size 22 shoe... my own foot being a size 18. Unfortunately years later the casting was destroyed while moving to a new residence, but I have this photo comparison to show that I did not fake the casting since I was the person with the largest stature and foot size. Comparisons I made with photos from a University of Idaho

professor who hunts Bigfoot himself show striking resemblance.

I should also note during the entire stay at the campsite, signs of some sort of a larger animal stalking the area were prevalent but no one was able to confirm exactly what.

Conveniently I was able to catch a radio interview with a show titled "Second Sight," that had a guest star who was a renowned Bigfoot hunter and was able to gather notes of what to look for to possibly track a Sasquatch, which paired with the news segment I mentioned earlier in this listing, provided valuable insight. A few weeks later I was able to contact the same guest on the show and was able to relay my story, landing me a guest appearance on his own show called "Monster Theater."

Chapter 5

Becoming the Man

AUGUST 13, 2011:

My grandfather had informed me of an incident at his work, which sparked interest and a slight fit of rage with the conditions present at this time. My grandfather, who was near bone thin due to cancer treatments, and my uncle were possibly attacked by a spirit. The incident as reported to me, was that while sitting in the main office, a shelf was ripped from the wall and thrown towards them. Based on the report, the attack seemed to be aimed towards my uncle; knowing how he could've easily mocked the idea of the spirits in general thinking no one would hear him I must acknowledge the possibility he may have had the attack

coming. But, that did not excuse attacking a man who was dying!

I did the investigation, with the sole purpose of angering the spirits in the building, and letting them know the attack was not going to be tolerated. I had researched methods to potentially drive out spirits from the location, and had threatened to utilize them if such an incident happened again. Either because of my stature, or that they knew I was serious, there was almost non-existent activity.

Throughout the night I felt as if I was being watched, but could never get the “watchers” to screw up and reveal themselves. As the night went on, a new idea came to mind that I thought could potentially help get some sort of reaction from the residing spirits. What if they just wanted to be left alone?

Using a motion sensor as the trigger object, I offered up the following terms... no more attacks, no more visits from me. They could stay, hell if they felt like pulling pranks on the living that was fine, but no more attacks. If I had made any further appearances, they were to be taken as me simply passing through since my grandfather was still working there and visitations on my part was likely.

Up until the date of August 22, 2017 no further reports of paranormal activity at this location have reached my files. This renders the location to be classified as no longer haunted.

FALL, 2011:

MarsOne Announcement

A program to set up to establish the first human colony on Mars by the year 2035 and I was contacted to potentially join the first launch. While the program is an interesting prospect and it could pave the way for entirely new face of humanity, two problems are faced with the idea of me being a part of the launch... 1. I'm five inches too tall and 2. I was younger then the main players for this company thought I was. However the chance to be a part of a historic event such as colonization of another planet is too good an offer to pass up, so I decided to at least put my name in the hat just to see what would happen. A part of me was trying to mentally alleviate the stress I was putting myself under by comparing the name of the company to the DOOM video game, stating a company under a similar name was among the first expeditions to initiate a literal Hell invasion.

The irony behind that statement...

OCTOBER 31, 2011:

I had the chance to go hiking with one of my uncles and my grandparents just past Sun Valley, while they went hunting. The only two reasons I bothered to go, since I'm just not into traditional hunting, was because I was told abandoned mine shafts were in the area and I like to check out wildlife. High amounts of quartz were

also in the area, which is a mineral believed to act like a battery source for spirits.

Once we came across the mine shafts in question it felt someone was on the inside looking right back at us and a couple photos seemed to reinforce the notion.

I took home a large quartz chunk, managed to save the photos and show them off to a few individuals that had been on ghost hunting shows... their opinions suggested they felt it was a good capture.

But the biggest lesson I had in this? Do not push yourself past the point of physical exhaustion just to outdo your loud-mouth cousin... your body will make you regret it.

DECEMBER 4, 2011:

Perhaps the most heartbreaking moment of my life in my earliest years on the job, the day I lost the one family member that actually felt the most supportive of my endeavors. It should be obvious by now that my grandfather was more of a dad to me than my own father, and he extended that courtesy to my sister and cousins on my maternal side. But because I was the oldest of the bunch, I had the closest relationship with him. While we all had taken a loss the day he died, it hit me the hardest; though my seemingly lack of emotion caused concern for the rest of the family.

My grandfather was the type of guy who didn't want to be made a big fuss over, and my grandma and I were

the only two who remembered this. While everyone continued to fight and prod over how to handle family affairs, she and I were the ones who wanted to simply get past everything and move on. My own mother tried to pry me into bursting down into tears, going as far as saying I wasn't human, on several occasions which continued to build the urge to smash a glass bottle and jam the shards deep into her temple. I didn't trust her with showing any emotion because it would be turned against me, or be used to talk about me like I was nothing more than a mindless ape when I was in the room; hell I still don't trust her in my 20s and our relationship had improved.

But back to my grandpa, though I still miss him, I have to admire how long he managed to hold up against his cancer despite it continually spreading throughout his body. For the service, my grandmother had him cremated and his urn was placed on a display table between two large monitors (this taking place at a funeral home) as a video showing a series of photos from my grandfather's life played. Seeing him as a kid, to old photos of my grandparents together, to the most recent of me and my cousins... this all made me start to reflect on the type of person I wanted to be in this life.

I've always known that I wanted to be just like my grandfather, but it wasn't until after his death I was starting to piece together what all that really meant. Those thoughts continued through dinner that night, as we spent the night in Jackpot to dine out at a casino

my grandmother used to work for, and really those thoughts still linger with me today.

Which leads me to this point I want to make for any younger readers seeing this, particularly the young adults in the stage of life where they believe they won't need their parents when they turn 18.

Though my grandpa wasn't my biological parent, he was more of a parental figure than my own mother and father and as I am now 28 at the time of writing this entry, I can tell you in full honesty that I wish I still had him with me today to sort out life. When I know it's time to move up in the world, how to make a good impression, all of the typical father-son moments, how to be a good dad when my own kids come along, to knowing when he knew my grandmother was the one... I find myself asking him these things only to be met with an echo of his voice that still resides inside my head.

On some occasions the voices provide clues, but nevertheless I am still met with silence and the annoyances of having to piece together all of those on my own. Hell, I wish at times I wasn't such a brat when he tried to teach me about cars. But needless to say, I wish he was still here because I've come to accept the fact there is much more to the world I have to learn. So if you can, don't be quick to toss out your parents, or whoever steps up to properly fill that role in your life.

LATE DECEMBER, 2011:

My emotions from having just lost my grandfather became tested as I learned of someone I thought of as a friend struck a young lady in our class. To go from the best of my memory, ~~-censored-~~ struck this young lady after she called him out for his behavior towards women. I do not care for jackasses that do that to girls no matter the situation. I tried to avoid him, knowing I was going to do something careless out of anger but I could not avoid letting my face reveal my true intentions. ~~-censored-~~ did try to confront me, which is where I let him have it. I even promised to kill him if he tried to put his hands on another girl ever again. My message got through to him, as he was soon escorted around school by teachers and eventually moved to Arizona with relatives. He was out of sight, that's all I cared about.

As for me, I was put into what was called "PASS (Positive Alternative to School Suspension) Room" for the one class ~~-censored-~~ and I shared, just to help ease tensions. Though the next day, when I showed up to the designated room, the main teacher informed me that the notice never actually went through. I stayed just to avoid further issues. ~~-censored-~~ saw me as I left, which apparently moved her to ask around about what happened and our final blowout which lead to the breakup of the "team" took place.

It's not like we were gonna last anyways.

Truth be told, this only lead me to dive further into the supernatural as a way to keep myself in check. One of the subjects I'd start researching more of is demonology, even looking into how to summon a demon if I were to ever end up in a truly desperate enough situation. I scoured through the lore and found one that caught my eye the most, a being named Marchosias.

Some say Marchosias can appear as male, some say female, other who saw the demonic form saw a wolf with wings and a snake for a tail. What attracted me the most to this particular being was that Marchosias, according to the "lore" wasn't necessarily fond of the idea of the angels falling, in fact hoping that differences can be mended and both sides can return to Heaven. Her choice to fall was because she had family also fell.

When I conducted the ritual, the summoning was a bit more successful than I anticipated... the being that came forward... well let's just say the she-wolf with a snake for a tail was not an exaggeration. But aside from the initial

JANUARY 7, 2012:

Rumors of a possible spirit haunting the halls of a local elementary school lingered as my mother held a position at the playground for work. Initially I tried to schedule the investigation close to when my mother first started working there but her nerves about approaching the boss too quickly led to me having to

hold back until this date. The principal was a family friend and she happened to attend my grandfather's funeral, so seeing people she would trust under those circumstances helped open up the doors. The only major issue was that ~~-censored-~~ had to come along due to needing my mother's keys and having no backup babysitter. I was against the idea at first, but figured at the very least having a kid around may stir up some activity.

The building itself was recently celebrating its 100 year anniversary, and I was informed by the principal that the interior itself was renovated several occasion in that time frame. The investigation, however, proved to be rather dull as all claims were disproved. Chatter in the basement was the rapid clicking of a water heater being twisted by a half tired mind, self flushing toilets were lack of water pressure, and reports of hearing children at play were due to nearby families taking their kids to play on the grounds in the middle of the night. There were parts of the school I didn't have access to in order to disprove any claims, but all in all the location was not haunted.

Students at the school quickly spread rumors, but hopefully they stay just that. Research has shown it may be possible something may emerge if the kids believed in the rumors, causing a manifestation.

JANUARY 27, 2012:

During my grandfather's funeral I was able to land another case. The client was my grandmother's best friend from high school who had mentioned her home was a possible paranormal activity, after my own ventures were brought up in conversation. It seemed the location was plagued by shadow people, voices in the night, and phantom feelings of being touched. It was also brought to my attention that several violent deaths were tied to that location including one decapitated woman.

At least four violent deaths occurred on the premises, the decapitated woman found in a ditch just outside the house. My interest in the location peaked to say the very least.

The house itself looked like an oversize shack that could've easily toppled over with a good enough windstorm, and it was surrounded by much farmland. Old wells were scattered on the premises, a long ditch ran for about a quarter of a mile from the residence... the entire place felt like the setting for a horror show to go down. It quickly proved to be one of the scariest cases I faced.

The ditch outside, right where the body was found, started to glow by itself. This was enough to scare my skeptical uncle who decided to tag along for this case. Voices kept trying to speak up but barely audible enough to hear with the naked ear, cold spots, and phantom "touching" sensations were only the begin-

ning. Evidence review cleared up some of the communications with the other side but one EVP recording soon took the case to new heights; as it was a woman's voice saying she was inside the well.

On the property, in the basement directly below where the tape recording was captured, was a sealed off well. It had a metal plate with some kind of sun symbol on it, partially covered in cement.

What in the hell was in there? I have little clue. But the thing is standing over that thing... just felt like something evil was trying to drag you in.

Evidence collected from this location is perhaps one of the strangest yet. Orbs reflecting off of metal surfaces, the voices, the strange lights... what the hell was going on?

Further investigation was obviously warranted... if the client could've just stayed out of prison.

One last question still lingers about... what the hell was my grandmother into to attract this kind of stuff?

MAY 2012:

I was informed by a mutual friend that ~~-censored-~~ had gone missing, apparently leaving a note behind on Mother's Day of all days to tell her mother she had gone to live with her "street family." Eventually the student resource officer approached me, knowing that there was a point up until recently that ~~-censored-~~ and I seemed rather close and, while he knew

I had nothing to do with her disappearance, he asked if by any chance I had heard something. Obviously I didn't, having not spoke to her after the team broke up. but as he and I spoke I noticed that another friend of ~~-censored-~~ was watching intently, a look of panic coming over her. I knew right away she knew something, and would probably be the one link directly to ~~-censored-~~ to figure out where she went.

I utilized this connection to slowly feed information to ~~-censored-~~ in order to trick her into thinking I was closing in her location, to either trick her into coming back or revealing where she was. Being new into the supernatural, I used my early knowledge of police investigation procedure of knowledge to slowly tighten the noose over the next couple weeks. Pairing divination methods my great-grandmother recommended, reported sightings, and simple deduction I managed to get a good idea of where ~~-censored-~~ ended up.

She had left the state with some guy and headed south into Utah. I tried my best to use what I knew of remote viewing to get a rough idea of where she might've been staying, building description and all. When I'd felt confident in my findings, I would ensure that the friend would overhear that I was closing in. After two weeks of searching, it was within 24 hours of me announcing the city ~~-censored-~~ was in that ~~-censored-~~ would eventually call her mother to come get her.

A part of me wanted to see if we could rekindle the old flame, but seeing how every had unfolded it seemed she had some stuff of her own to work through before committing to anything big. I missed her, and the thought of her disappearance worried me greatly. It felt weird seeing her picture on a missing poster hanging on the wall of a local department store. But, at least she was brought home safe.

JUNE 23, 2012:

I found a website that hosts audio broadcasts for free, and contemplation began to start up my own radio show to help keep up appearances and boost my audience. For a while I ran with the title, "Journals of Supernatural Adventure," and the basic premise was I would discuss ideas and theories on various phenomena. The show managed to stay afloat and old recordings still float around on my old Youtube pages of nearly all the episodes I recorded.

JULY 6, 2012:

First episode of Journals of Supernatural Adventure airs. Obviously not many people listened in given the show's new status and lack of funds to pay for marketing.

FALL, 2012:

During my first two years of high school, I went to school at ~~-censored-~~. Honestly, I hated my time there and during class registration periods nearly all the courses I would choose would get removed from the curriculum. I honestly got tired of this happening because I had a rough idea of what I was wanting to accomplish in life and what little they had to offer me in those regards kept getting pulled so I knew if I were to actually have a chance to do what I wanted to do in life I would have to leave. It was probably one of the best decisions in my life to trick my mother into signing me into ~~-censored-~~ to finish out high school. Had I not done that... a lot of what follows in the next entries probably wouldn't have come together. Yes it was an online school, but at least I would be taking lessons in subjects that actually interested me.

OCTOBER 10, 2012:

Phase 1 of Scrapped Documentary on the Supernatural. Given the extensive nature of what I had yet to learn, it seemed better to just put this project on the shelf until more resources could be allocated for it.

OCTOBER 27, 2012:

JSA Emergency Broadcast for ~~-censored-~~ case. Protection prayer asked of the audience for a family

in turmoil. It was quickly proved the source of activity was a pissed off dead mother-in-law who was not too happy with the unfaithful and abusive husband. ~~-cen-~~
~~sored-~~ soon filed for divorce after I told her what to look for, basing my warnings on the actions of my own father when we started seeing my stepmother while still technically with my mother. Basically, he tried to write off my stepmother as a babysitter for me.

Nevertheless, as much as I almost crossed professional boundaries... this case was a win.

SUMMER 2013:

I think I accidentally came across a skinwalker. Something massive was out, stalking the area. I assumed it was probably just coyotes stalking some of the stray cats nearby as one that seemed to favor coming by my house had disappeared. I stepped outside one night and saw something that would convince me otherwise. The "coyote" looked like it had mange. It seemed sick and was eyeballing me like I was its dinner. I looked closer and it started to stand on its back legs... seemingly pulling something out and pressing it near its snout... this thing was about to attack. Thankfully the noise of a fighter jet passing through from military maneuvers in the air caught its attention and it scurried off. This was too weird. Canines, usually if their front end is severely damaged, can walk about on their back legs but... this just seemed too human.

SEPTEMBER 23, 2013:

UFO Fireball Investigation

Green ball of light seen in the sky, causes some property damage to homes in the area where the “light” disappeared. No media coverage, in spite of reports of an explosion and aforementioned property damage. Quickly ruled out as a meteor, rich in iron causing the green flames. Though likely unrelated, I personally saw possible Men in Black within the same week. Three of them, sitting in black SUV, pulled up on a nearby street and just stared at me. No feeling of danger, more of a “you wanted to see us, now what?” sort of vibe. I had been looking into alleged sightings, out my own curiosity, but was not expected to have an actual encounter.

FALL, 2014:

Finishing touches on “The Ones Who Walk All Worlds,” a book series based loosely on my paranormal exploits and understandings of the phenomenon at the time. The book itself has undergone a couple different rereleases, the latest being a collection of all books released under the series as one title, “The Ones Who Walk All Worlds: Origins.”

MAY, 2014:

I graduated high school and jumped straight into the workforce rather than attend my graduation or any se-

nior trips. It just felt weird being that I hardly ever actually saw other kids who were in my class, except when we had to go to a local hotel conference room to do our SATs. My mother tried reaching out to my councillor under the assumption I didn't want to do due to her chaotic work schedule, but it honestly couldn't be farther from the truth.

Chapter 6

Officially an Adult

MAY - AUGUST, 2014:

First job out of school at a local call center. It was an outsourcing company, and because of my knowledge of computers I was assigned to an internet service company that didn't even offer service in my area. What was even more messed up was that any motivation to potentially move up in the company was quickly burnt out when it was revealed the position I was given was the highest one. Moving up to a supervisor, even in the same "area" would require a pay cut.

It's not like I wanted to move up, but seriously made me question the motivations of those who tried. Especially when a guy who was in my training group started sleeping with my direct supervisor. Oh well, not like

it mattered in the long run anyway. The main reason I applied for the job was because I knew that I would recognize some people who already worked there; my stepmother and my first girlfriend from middle school. My stepmother seemed like she was trying to get her life in order after dealing with my father. As for my ex... enough time had passed and we were both adults now. I also knew from back then she was diagnosed with dissociative identity disorder, or more popularly known as multiple personality disorder.

When I got onto the job, even more familiar faces happened to be hired on at the same time, which did help ease my nerves a bit. Yet in the long run my anxiety got the better of me and I would start hanging up on customers, leading me to get fired.

OCTOBER, 2014:

I got into a car accident while moving to new house. My grandmother happened to be near the scene and was present as the paramedics helped me get out of the car. Something caused the car, a 2002 Chrysler 300 my grandmother sold me, to start "bucking" randomly while accelerating, giving the impression someone was quickly slamming on the brakes repetitively. As I was helping move a few last minute small items from the old "house" to the new one, this "bucking" started while I was trying to cross an intersection leading me to be struck on the driver's side by a pickup

going 60mph. Just moments before impact, Olivia manifested, screaming "Daddy, look out!"

It was too late. I decided to go with the paramedics just to make sure there was no major damage. I was feeling out of it from part of the car frame being slammed into me, had the other driver been going any faster I would've come close to losing my left foot for how far the wheel-well was bent back. Thankfully, in this state and too full of adrenaline, I didn't feel anything and walked myself to the ambulance. During the ride to the hospital I explained to the medics that the reason why I went with them was because after impact, I blacked out and started seeing my deceased grandfather at the end of a tunnel of blue light. CAT scans at the hospital determined no visible brain damage was detected, even though I had dizzy spells for a couple months afterwards.

Because of my mother's connections with local law enforcement, the crash had to be taken by a border jurisdiction. The dispatching facility my mother worked for at the time managed four counties worth of police, fire, and EMS services; the crash took place right on the border of her jurisdiction and another (the exact mapping of what districts were and weren't connected to her can be a bit confusing). However, because of how long my mother had worked the job she still knew quite a few who worked in jurisdictions outside her own.

It was because of this I learned that the officer who took my case wrote the fine on one ticket, that wouldn't be a quick "fix-it" ticket as he called it, at the lowest amount he could get away with. The remaining tickets were easy to get off my record, as they were standard lack of license and registration ones given on account that no one could spot where my wallet landed in the car after it fell out of the loose shorts I was wearing.

I had argued with my mother and grandmother about the fact I had my information on me, rarely ever leaving the house without it. How they would push the issue, emphasizing that how others couldn't find my wallet must somehow magically mean that I was hallucinating having my own wallet on me at the time of impact. It wouldn't be until I had the chance to see the car, a couple days later, at the junkyard so I could recover anything salvageable in it. Even as I started looking, my mother tried insinuating I was trying to make a bigger scene than I was to escape having to pay tickets, only coming to silence when I held my wallet in front of her as even I was starting to doubt myself.

Thankfully a commission payment I had from my previous job came through and that helped me pay off the remaining ticket. I was able to get the ones about not having a license or insurance sorted, as they were the aforementioned "fix-it" tickets.

NOVEMBER 14, 2014:

My mother asked me about a girl I went to school with, after she came home from work. Her job as a ~~-censored-~~ this was immediately a bad sign. A friend of mine and her mother were gunned down by her stepdad. Unreleased to the media, the stepdad later texted his aunt to confess to his crimes before turning the gun on himself. This information and more was leaked to me, justifying that after a GoFundMe was posted by the family allowed more liberty to discuss the case. And quite frankly, this one hit hard, knowing what I know. I'm not at liberty to discuss the full details, but plenty of people involved carry regret for not doing more.

I was out of a job, didn't have any money on me, but did have a small following thanks to my reputation as the "local teenage ghost hunter."

As I did what I could to help raise money, my friend paid me an ethereal visit through dreamstate to thank me, also revealing everything that happened to her. I had heard through my sources the reason the stepfather did what he did was because my friend's mother discovered he had been sexually assaulting her and she filed for divorce to get the kids away from him. She also admitted to having a crush on me back in school before disappearing. Whether or not this was just a dream, my mind's way of providing closure knowing that it would be impossible for me to have done anything more to help her... I honestly can't say.

I did try for an EVP session afterwards, just once to see if I could confirm the vision of her I saw was just a dream. The audio was weak and required extensive post work to bring out the recording, but it seemed a voice was present confirming my suspicions. Exactly, who was it though?

MARCH 22 - 30, 2015:

Towards the end of high school I was nominated to go on a big trip to China. It would've been for the year after I had already graduated but this was an opportunity to fulfill a bit of a bucket list item. The trip was overall amazing, people were friendly, I got treated like the Laughing Buddha. I'm vaguely sure I had some visitations while this took place, the most prevalent was when my group succumbed to likely food poisoning and ended up being hospitalized while in Xi'An about half way through the trip. The only food and drink in our systems was the breakfast from the hotel that morning. The fact we were just barely flying into Xi'An when we started falling violently ill didn't help at all.

Conditions in the hospital were horrific; understaffed and unclean. Walking into it felt like I was being led to a butcher shop. I was in and out of consciousness from lack of fluids in my system, being yelled at in Mandarin when the IV line would fall out. It seemed like someone in my head was trying to translate but that could've just been my head being twisted. I re-

member a “displacement” in space and just “floating” through it to a futuristic looking flight deck. I remember a tall blonde man standing next to a woman who was operating a series of holographic panels. There was a brief mention of the word “triad.”

I was in and out of consciousness. There was blood drawn to examine for parasitic exposure but all tests allegedly done were inconclusive. However, a male subject was confronted for recording us on camera. Whatever happened to that I do not know.

My paternal grandmother, who had abduction experiences with Grey and alleged hybridized children and claims she can see “angels,” made reference to this incident being an attack from the Chinese mafia (as she worded it). I remember brief visions of what looked like the deck of a starship but not much else from it.

SPRING 2014 - WINTER 2015:

It truly pains me that I had such a hard time appropriately documenting this timeframe... as much as it changed my perspective on life. As I am writing this, to finally acknowledge the truth, I came to realize through the help of my therapist that my own perception of the timeline was altered from the trauma. The nightmares just compiled on to what I already fought to suppress, I wish I could've done more for her.

Just before I left for China, I joined up on an anonymous messaging board meant for PTSD support groups.

Through there, I met a woman, she had initially messaged me asking about something I posted... wanting to know more about feelings I expressed... wanting to fix the world. As time went on we became close, and we officially started dating. The main issue was the distance being across country, and that she literally had discovered she was pregnant. The distance wasn't too much of an issue for me, the China trip gave me the travel bug and I was eager to look for any excuse to get out on the road yet again. The pregnancy should've been a red flag, there was no way I was ready to be a stepfather... and it would be obvious I'd be stepping into a rather complicated situation.

A couple months into the relationship, she decided to get a flight across country to come see me. I was absolutely ecstatic to see her in person but didn't tell many people due to the... baggage. She wanted me to keep it secret as she was trying to escape her abusive ex in order to protect her baby. Much to both our surprises, the baby seemed rather excited to meet me as she would seem more active when her mother and I were speaking.

During her visit, I did something a bit extreme to show her that I was serious about being there for her. After all she shared with me, it's understandable how she'd be anxious to try settling with a guy. Her ex did a number on her, and she was committing to one single bravest acts I've seen anyone in her spot do... run like hell from an abusive prick of an ex to save her child.

It doesn't happen enough.

I proposed. No ring, no flowers, no fancy suit or dinner... only my wits to weave together a promise I hoped would be enough to convince her. I asked her to marry me with only the words I could muster in the moment and she said yes. I actually felt excited, kissing her for what was the first time as I held her in the air. She was squeezing me tighter than she ever did the entirety of her stay. Were we fixed on becoming something more? Maybe, if her life was taken from her by her ex. It's my understanding she did put up a fight but it wasn't enough. Her and the baby died. The ex was later shot by police, likely high out of his mind.

The upcoming Paris trip was supposed to be for the both of us.

MARCH 26 - APRIL 2, 2016:

While on a trip through Paris and Rome, a couple of interesting incidents took place. I remember flashes of being in a spaceship but something else entirely took place that is noteworthy. Well... two things happened that made Paris enjoyable, but a gentleman doesn't kiss and tell. It was just nice to connect with someone after losing my fiancée, even if small amounts of alcohol may have been involved from the dinner we had together. I suppose I should count myself lucky she still looked as attractive as I remembered from the night before.

A couple nights into Paris, I was mostly unimpressed with the area and realized why "Paris Syndrome" is a thing. My group convinced our tour guide to drop us off at a riverboat cruise that would take us by the Eiffel Tower. The night was a bit chilly, and during the cruise it had started to rain so most had tucked themselves away to the lower deck of the boat, leaving the topside all to myself. As we approached the Eiffel tower, I felt a tap on my shoulder as if I was standing in the way of someone's photo. I went to step aside, quickly glancing over my shoulder to apologize, and had to give a second look seeing a familiar face. My deceased grandfather, standing next to my daughter Olivia. You can imagine my surprise being that it was just over three months since he passed away. He looked similar to his younger self that I've seen in old pictures, but there were also differences that seemed out-of-place. Meaning there were features that seemed a bit excessive for distortions in an old analog photo... But the bigger question was... what the heck was he doing with my daughter?

Obviously, the million questions running through my head were far from enough to take away the enjoyment of seeing them. I asked them what they were doing there, to which my grandfather replied that I was on the road to where I needed to be and that their guidance wasn't needed anymore. They might pop-in from time to time just to check in, which they both have done, but it became time for me to take the reigns of

my life. My grandfather muttered something just before he left.

He said he was proud of me.

When in Rome, I had much more excitement in me. The ancient history, the views, the food... it was a much more fun experience overall. I opted in for a "Dinner with Tenors" optional event, and boy it did not disappoint. My first time really drinking alcohol, I figured if there was ever a good time to satisfy my curiosities it would be while I was on vacation and not gonna drive anytime during.

While at the dinner I let it slip to some of the others that went with me I did a bit singing, and could play a bit of piano by ear. Upon hearing this, and hearing that the performers may invite people on stage, there was a heavy push to try getting me up to sing along. Eventually, after a birthday cake was brought out for a guest at another table and the champagne unleashed my inner opera singer... I was invited on the stage to help close the show.

Even the trip into Vatican City was filled with this energy about it. If walls could talk... it would be astounding to hear what those walls would have to say. Plenty controversy surround the Vatican, especially in the circles of conspiracy and occult. But it almost felt like somewhere... there was something tied to me lingering in the ether.

But.. what?

JUNE 2016:

I had a bit of a panic attack with news I had received. The woman I had a one-night stand with in Paris reached out to me through my website. She had noticed her body seemed off and took a pregnancy test that said she was positive. Too anxious about my reaction, she reached out to me wanting to schedule a video call to talk about things one-on-one, as she had felt with her lifestyle she didn't have too many people in her corner that would be supportive. I was hesitant to even tell anyone, already suspecting the snaky comebacks about, "not using protection," "she's just scamming you," etc... etc...

What attracted me to her was the fact we were both trying to be entrepreneurial types. And despite what influencers on social media make it out to be, that kind of lifestyle is lonely. Not many people want to associate with you, especially if you actually start to gain traction. It's hard work, mentally draining, and remarks of a clueless public can push one over the edge if a mental fortitude isn't developed.

No one wants to admit how many people who go down this road try to take their own life.

I wanted to wait for more facts to come forward before I said anything to my family, but this was too big! Was this it? Was the daughter I was looking for the byproduct of some exotic love affair? How would I support her and the kid? Would one of us have to move

countries? Part of me wishes I kept silent but I had to get this out of my system because I just couldn't focus.

A couple days went by, and ~~-censored-~~reached out to me yet again with updates from the doctor... it was a false positive. She had the onset of ovarian cancer triggering the false positive on the pregnancy test. Thankfully her options were open for treatment and she managed to beat it, meeting someone new along the way.

MARCH 13 - MARCH 14, 2017:

Last minute preparations for the Thailand venture have started with slight interference due to my debit card being compromised by some jackass in Florida using it to pay off court fines. Real ironic... I got the emails that my card had been declined and I did as I was supposed to in order to stop further usage. Three attempts were made on the 13th and a fourth attempt on the 14th. Only one charge was reflected in my account. Being my bank statement reflected a court payment service ran in Florida, I was able to quickly find some contact information on the firm in hopes it will help push things forward. I also made a note with my bank to let them know further contact may be difficult as I will not be in the country and just checking my emails might be an issue pending our hotel wifi signals.

MARCH 16, 2017:

~~-censored-~~ was invited to ~~-censored-~~ birthday party on the 11th, and my mother finally mentions what ~~-censored-~~ had to say about what had taken place during the freeze out I had placed on my paternal family. She mentions that her asthma is triggered every time she is in contact with her mother, my stepmother, because of the drugs. This will be my ticket in to finally bring punishment. I will need to test my siblings for contact high... I have opened back up communications in order to get my reestablish the mission as I have caused enough confusion to mask my true intentions. If this is successful, I may lose my family, but it will be for the best. I can't keep doing this dance.

~~-censored-~~ had once again came to try and instigate an altercation, all because I was the one who got his brother arrested. This likely getting him banned from the store. I notified management to keep an eye on him. Whether or not they choose to listen is their folly. I am not really concerned about him, because my Thailand adventure is ever so close!

MARCH 18-20, 2017:

Finally the Thailand trip is among me. I had a long travel day ahead, from leaving town early to avoid the traffic and a potential call in from any one of my jobs to the flights and long layovers. This trip will take me through San Francisco and Hong Kong before fi-

nally reaching Bangkok. Since our group was spread throughout the entire state of Idaho we all had different meetup locations. We were split into two groups, one that gathered at Spokane the other was to meet up in Boise. I was in the Boise group. All in all there were 24 of us in total.

I had utilized my resources to at least get an idea of who I needed to look for while we were all gathering for our eventual meetup in San Francisco. I only knew 4 people from my past tours, which makes for an easy ride in but usually for someone in my position I would like to have somewhat of an idea of who I am going to be with for these excursions. Utilizing email addresses attached to our group leader's messages I was able to track down just one face, ~~-censored-~~. It wasn't until everyone had finally arrived at the Boise airport, that was supposed to, I was able to start reading everyone.

The group dynamic seems to be a good one. Several of the kids didn't travel alone, if they did they didn't take much time to find someone to bond with. It is a good measure. So far I have only identified 4 possible problem children should an incident take place; all of which seem to suffer from mental complications that even put stress on their parents. One shows nervousness when in one location for very long and complains about people taking pictures of him without consent (which is only irritating since gigs like this require both), and the others just show possible signs of autism. I try

not to judge, and profiling is just a habit that never turns off once you've walked a similar path to my own.

Upon arrival in San Francisco we located our group leader, who tried to meet us at a rendezvous point. Those who were with him at the Spokane group were already waiting at our next gate. We had managed to make it this far without incident, except for a young lady, ~~-censored-~~, mistaking a random stranger for our group leader from behind and proceeded to sneak up behind him. I will vouch that the man did bear a striking resemblance but her approaching the matter like that could have easily instigated a hostile situation. With threats of possible ISIS attacks and the methodology showing anyone with authority issues as likely to be "recruited," I must stay alert.

Once everyone was settled, we played card games and charged our electronics to pass the time. From San Francisco to Hong Kong was an over 12 hour flight (along with the 6 hour layover) I was both crammed on and was barely able to get to sleep. I managed to get in about 2, maybe 3, hours in as well as a few 10 minute naps spread in between. From Hong Kong to Bangkok was easier to manage as it was only about 3 hours.

In Bangkok we crossed paths with a group out of New Jersey who was, I believe, actually on their way back home after one more stay. My Idaho based group seemed to have been all placed on the same floor, so in the event of an incident I can reach most of them in a timely manner. All of them don't seem to possess

much self defense skill, some only do so when provoked. I may have to utilize them.

Once we got settled into our hotel room we were supposed to meet up to visit a nearby shopping area to get some food since meals were not covered for our first night in town. Unfortunately for me, I had overslept my alarm. In my defense I was hardly able to get any sleep on the way over here and the second I got into a shower, and was able to relax, my sleep deprivation took over.

Unfortunately for me, I got too comfortable to the point my nightmares started to rear their ugly head. This time it was a plane crash back on US soil, and kept with the theme of not being fast enough to save an innocent. I woke up as the bodies were burning.

MARCH 21, 2017:

It appears one member of my travel group has already come down with illness. One of the girls seemed to have contracted a strain of the flu virus before reaching here and it decided to make its move last night while they visited the shopping mall. We let her rest at the hotel and her condition seems to be improving, but as expected she is nervous around our more exotic food choices. In just hearing one has succumb to illness, though made obvious the manner of infection was different, my nerves have been set on edge as well.

Regardless, I cannot let it ruin a good trip. Earlier today we paid a visit to both the Grand Palace and Emerald Buddha Temple. The scenery of the area is absolutely breathtaking, though the weather that accompanies it has managed to fire areas of my skin. Seeing the Temple was reminiscent to my visit to the Sistine Chapel last year; as there were many guards to enforce the rules of No Photography/Video, No Shoes Inside, and Being Quiet. The first 2 rules I mentioned were readily enforced, as exhibited by two individuals the guards made delete photos they took on the inside. The quiet, they were lenient on.

Following the Holy Site visits, we walked to a taxi boat service and enjoyed a ride on the Chao Phraya River. Many local residents have homes along the riverbank, and a view of architectural sites really gave the place a historic feeling. Plus, getting to feed some catfish in the river itself was an interesting experience. After the boat ride, we had lunch at a nearby buffet, before we went back to the hotel for a couple hours.

~~-censored-~~ girl who felt ill finally made an appearance before our dinner with “classical Thai dances.” It was good to see her up and moving, but as mentioned before she wasn’t up for trying anything really exotic. She mostly had water, and a couple pieces of watermelon. Chatter among the group shows she may have tried to eat too much at one point, aggravating her condition. I guess we just have to learn the hard way sometimes.

Sounds like another has been found ill, likely due to not being used to the conditions of the area. She, her siblings, and their (maybe) mother opted out of the dinner, seemingly due to motion sickness. Though... she didn't seem to have much trouble with our flights into the area since they were fairly turbulent... It should be noted the second child succumb to illness is one of the "problem" ones I mentioned before.

MARCH 22, 2017:

Another temple visit was done today as my group enjoyed a nice bus ride to the Grand Summer Palace. Shade from the many gardens helped keep us cool for the majority, as we checked out the architecture inspired by Chinese styles. Afterwards we stopped briefly for shopping before going on a tram ride into a historical area... truthfully I can barely understand our tour guide and it was hard to hear due to noise. The scenery continued to impress, and an elephant ride vendor was also nearby.

After, we had a buffet lunch and boat ride along our way back to Bangkok and to our hotel. I have actually been impressed with the local cuisine, enjoying it much more than I was anticipating thanks to warnings of Monkey Ball Soup. So far there has yet to be an incident similar to Xi'an, which I hope is how it stays for the rest of the trip.

MARCH 23, 2017:

Last night was our semi-last night in Bangkok. We will have one more night on our last day. But today, we took our bus from Bangkok to Kanchanaburi. On the way, we stopped at the Death Railway museum, the Floating Market, and a brief visit to a Coconut Plantation.

The coconut plantation was a rather interesting experience, as it not only harvests local vegetation but it houses several cool animals. According to our tour director ~~-censored-~~ some of the animals serve as important help on the plantation but are very well treated. There were squirrels, fighter fish, some catfish, eels, gibbons, and a large python (who looked like he had just had a good lunch). The tour company that arranged this trip tries to monitor local attractions to make sure everything will be safe for their travelers and the companies run like they should so no danger was there. I was also able to pick up a couple souvenirs here.

The Market was an interesting experience. We rode there on a 20min klong ride, which took us through the backyard of many residents. We stopped at the market itself, which had many cool souvenirs but nothing that caught my interest. ~~-censored-~~ recommended we try a mango sticky rice that was sold there, and trying to be a bit more adventurous on this trip I had some. As we were trying to get it though, an older woman ambushed me with a massage using Tiger Balm. The massage sucked and my too damn kind travel face got me

into buying four of the stupid things; which I am going to have to toss because I won't be able to take them on the plane. It won't be a waste of money since the exchange rate here is amazing coming from US dollars. 1 Thailand Baht is roughly 3 cents in US dollars.

Afterwards was the Death Railway museum housed information from Japanese WW2 POW camp information. The sites depicted were truly heart wrenching, for the normals. Ever start to wonder, whether the horrible things that happened will repeat.

~~-censored-~~ stayed close to me for most of this trip, often saying she's "seeking safety in tall people."

The hotel the company hooked us up in Kan-
chanaburi is absolutely amazing. It is a resort located right on the river bank, and it is not far from the controversial Tiger Temple. Our guide said the resort itself translated to "Sweet Honey Bee." I honestly wouldn't mind if I were stranded here for a while, there is plenty to do; two pools, an archery course, paintball & bb gun course, bicycle and ATV rentals, a deer park, a nice outdoor restaurant, and plenty of scenery to enjoy while on a hike. The wildlife here and fantasy decorations make for nice touch ups. Hell, there was Spider-man hanging out by the restaurant.

MARCH 24, 2017:

A wonderful day outdoors, with a river swim, train ride, and a hike down Hellfire Pass. It wasn't planned

to necessarily be too much of an educational day, but more of a fun day in the tropics for the kids. I will have to admit, the river was a little intimidating as someone who sinks better than he swims; but, I am proud of myself for doing it. The boat took us up river, past a small waterfall, and dropped us off at a calm point. We were all required by law to wear a life vest (surprisingly they had one that fit me) due to the current having a reputation for taking tourists underneath some of the boats and them not making it out. The danger factor, was somehow appealing to me. The danger in itself didn't really arise till trying to get back on the boat as the current was getting worse AND trying to rip off my shorts! We took one of our group photos in the mentioned waterfall.

The next item on the list was a ride on the Death Railway, a train system built by Japanese POWs. It was quite an interesting ride through some of Thailand's mountain system. A huge plethora of tropical jungles, monkeys, and other exotic animals I was hardly able to photograph. Oh well, the elephants are coming up soon enough.

Hellfire Pass was an interesting hike. It contained some remnants of the original tracks from the Death Railway. Memorials to British and Australian POWs were along the path. A new display was actually being built at the bottom of the trail, but it looked like it would be a couple months before it was finished.

MARCH 25, 2017:

Today was a transfer day as we drove further into the Thai countryside. The bus ride was long, and uncomfortable due a tailbone injury I sustained at the last hotel; keeping up with some of these kids is literally injuring me. Our first stop was at another temple, which was known for it's fortune telling and "make-a-wish" activities. Naturally, I tried my hand at both. The fortune telling was setup to operate like this: place a coin into a slot that corresponds to the day of the week one was born, wait for the spinning roulette light to stop on a number, then take a piece of paper the corresponded to that number. Mine landed on number 1 (naturally) and, according to the translation from our tour director, my fortune involved "dreams coming true, always stay in good health, lucky in love but not in gambling."

The "make-a-wish" was a bit more like a prayer ritual. One had to pay 20 baht for a bell they can write their name on, ring the bell, then make the wish facing a giant Buddha statue. My wish was to simply have everyone in my family find the answers they've been looking for and for a peaceful ending for what is to come. I know it probably defeats the entire purpose of the wish having jotted it down in these pages, but it is still worth mentioning.

After the temple, we drove for another 2 hours till we reached our lunch reservation at a nice little resort. The layout of that resort was a lot more reminiscent of the river at home, but it was not the last stop. There

was a pepper plantation near the resort, which lead up to our director suggesting we try the fried chicken. Like much of the Thai cuisine I've had a chance to try out while over here, I actually quite enjoyed it.

From lunch, we went straight to our hotel which lead to may of us diving straight for the pool when we got settled. I am sure going to miss these kids, and I should try to keep in touch with all of them when this is all over. There is already talk of meeting again on my old teacher's next trip, Scotland and Ireland.

MARCH 26, 2017:

The end trip depression has begun. Everyone has the "excited to go home but sad to leave here" mentality. I try to keep reminding them that the best things to do are to plan the next trip and keep in touch with one another.

Anyway, we visited an umbrella factory today. They made the old school straw umbrellas that typically aren't seen outside of performances in the modern day. Several painters were there that offered to design anything given to them, Hell you could have them paint your face if you wanted to. After a tour, and a stop in the market, some of the kids tried to convince me to get painted on my head after seeing a photo displayed of an older gentleman (with a similar hairline to my own) doing the same. I pointed out to them that the heat and humidity may screw up the look, and that

our tour director mentioned where we liked to hit the pool every chance we got would have the same effect, so we settled on getting my camera case done. It was only 100 baht, which is a little less than 3 USD.

After the Umbrella factory, we had a short stop at a silver factory which showed us a brief tutorial on how to spot real silver before we were able to do some shopping. I walked around a bit, checking out some of the designs that were available, but didn't buy anything due to most of the people I would buy for would probably ruin them.

After dinner, our tour guide hooked us up with a Took Took ride. We were in Chiang Mai at the time, and our drivers actually started to challenge one another. We had 3 stops, two at markets and by the US embassy, and our last stop naturally being our hotel. My friend ~~-censored-~~ and I rode together the entire time, and our driver happened to be the one who pushed the others into the race to show us a good time; though one of the drivers happened to rear end a car on the way through.

MARCH 27, 2017:

As I have grown tired with the long days that seemed to be a poor attempt to extend our trip, I have forgotten to keep this journal updated as I went on. It is through photos I took that I am able to jot down the rest of my trip, so the exact days may be slightly off.

This was the day we were all waiting for, the day we got to play with the elephants! Early in the morning, we took off for an Elephant Sanctuary, as our tour director was able to have our group in particular get to stay a couple hours longer than originally planned which made everyone in the group very excited. We were instructed to bring our swimming suits, and a change of clothes, as our activities would include bathing with the elephants. On top of feeding, and just being in the presence of these beautiful animals, was an absolutely amazing experience. The elephants themselves were apparently quite mischievous, especially the 18 month old Tum-Took. There was a warning about getting too close to the baby, as he liked to squeeze people from behind, usually going for around the neck. ~~-censored-~~ furthered this warning by showing us a picture of him in that very situation. Tum-Took wasn't trying to hurt anyone, he just wanted to play.

After our time with the elephants, it was time to go to lunch at a butterfly and orchid farm. All of our lunches were buffets, and as I mentioned before, the food was surprisingly delicious.

MARCH 28, 2017:

Last day in Chiang Mai, the post travel blues definitely settling in among the group. We had a couple more activities to check out just to get our minds off the end of the trails. ~~-censored-~~ are all feeling it

pretty heavy, but we're doing what we can to embrace the last moments, and keep in touch once we were forced to walk our separate ways. I think I might have to do a book dedication in their honor. ~~-censored-~~ actually gave me his email, so I can actually send him a free digital copy of it to prove it.

Anyway, our first stop was Kayaw Karen long neck tribe. ~~-censored-~~ handed us out biscuits to give to the tribe's children. They must've received a lot of tourist because they had several shops with nicknacks and a few other activities. They even had an option to test fire a crossbow. Our tour buses couldn't make it to where the tribe was located, so we had to hitch a ride in Thai taxis, which were similar to transport rigs for troops.

Afterwards we visited one more temple, the Grand Palace. The monks provided fortune telling, Holy Water blessings, and the monastery had a gorgeous view of Chiang Mai (if the fog wasn't there). It was quite interesting to see the many statues, and the history was always an interesting read. I never understood why but cultures with many thousands of years of background history always appealed to my interests. The Romans, most Asian cultures, things of that nature.

We ended the day with a trip to the nearby shopping mall. I did notice that sex trafficking warnings were posted all over, so those who knew my connections understood why I did what I did. I had suspicions the girls

were being watched, so I did what I could to discreetly get the individuals watching the to turn away.

That night we didn't go back to our hotel for long, as we were scheduled to fly from Chiang Mai, back to Bangkok. Because it was a domestic flight, all of us had to check in our bags. Once in Bangkok, we were going to have a brief dinner at the first hotel we stayed at and head straight for bed. Before I could fall asleep, my own post travel blues hit me hard. I started crying about leaving the group... I was just going to miss everyone okay?!

~~-censored-~~ brought around copies of the first group photo, actually setting off the post travel blues even more. I found myself saying the photo itself to feel empty because it was the day ~~-censored-~~ had to stay at the hotel since she was sick, ironically it was also the reason I felt like I need to watch over her.

MARCH 29-31, 2017:

We checked out of our hotel extra early so we could have a couple hours to relax and find our way around the airport. ~~-censored-~~ wasn't able to join us, but made sure to get photos with all of us as we got checked in. I made sure to get one, in case I wasn't able to find him so he and I could keep in touch. ~~-censored-~~ and my old teacher said they would try to find each other online, and I can use that connection to find ~~-censored-~~

The flights, were naturally uncomfortable. We pretty much followed the same path we took into the country, on our way out. From Bangkok, we hung out for a few hours in Hong Kong. There ~~-censored-~~ wandered around the airport to find a good shop to get something to eat. ~~-censored-~~ recommended a fried prawn dish at the joint we settled on. Little did we realize, we ran short on time and had to scarf down our meals. Fearing our time was running even shorter, we ended up sprinting across the airport. Of course we only rushed to sit for an almost 13 hour flight to San Francisco.

San Francisco was the point the Spokane and Boise groups were set to split up, but since we had at least 7 hours before flying out we took some time to hang out before going our separate ways.

Since the Spokane group was set to leave, those of us in the Boise group decided we might as well head to our gate. I confided in ~~-censored-~~, just to get the feelings off my chest, as we waited at the gate. I could feel the trip slipping away from me, so I naturally turned to some comfort food to ease my stomach.

When we got on the plane home, I was stuck on a window seat. It was only a couple more hours till I was back into Boise and would have to say goodbye to everyone else. We arrived shortly before 10:30 at night, and I was met at the exit by my mother and grandmother. Before we left the airport, I snuck over to baggage claim to give a few more last goodbye hugs

to everyone. After the drive home, I did not arrive till shortly after 1:00 am on the 31st.

I should note one of the mother's on the trip, who I confessed about my post travel depression settling in compared my situation to soldiers coming home after getting close to others in their unit. So the cliché "walls around my heart" have to be put up, and I have to maintain a certain attitude, to protect myself so I can keep going and reach out to more people.

When I started traveling, an interesting phenomena took place... the walls came down. The protective instincts my life has given me, and my training, stay there but the walls find openings within themselves and allow others in.

APRIL 12, 2017:

Not much has been taking place since I got back to reality. A fugitive that caused a chase was apprehended, no updates on the racial incidents mentioned in the last posting, not much to mention. One of my friends from my day job is leaving, but nothing too special. This is more of a reflective posting...

I meditated on images from Thailand, as some of my automatic writing sessions indicated I saw this venture coming and it somehow may be linked to Olivia. I swore I've had dreams showing me in lush tropical areas identical to areas I visited in Thailand. Something was watching me, someone very similar in appearance

to one of the girls in my travel group. At least in passing...

APRIL 23, 2017:

It's been nearly a month since my return from Thailand, and there have been some noteworthy developments. In my social circles, ~~-censored-~~ also seems to have ceased communication after learning about my enrollment in a private investigation course. Despite being a friend, he sometimes shows envy as I progress in life. He acknowledges my strategic approach but his actions suggest some underlying discontent, personal conversations about what's been going on in his life, however... show that I've been blind to what he's been going through.

Moving on, I plan to reach out to ~~-censored-~~ this week to obtain ~~-censored-~~. They showed interest in the Scotland and Ireland trip, especially ~~-censored-~~, who seemed fascinated by the tales of leprechauns and fairies. My experience in paranormal investigation might pique her interest.

In family matters, a disagreement erupted between my mother and me when I shared my candid opinion on escorting ~~-censored-~~ to her school play, which I found lackluster. ~~-censored-~~ was prevented from performing during school due to a sudden drop in her grades, and I believed she should have been excluded entirely. Further discussion uncovered her aggressive

behavior towards other students, which my mother dismisses, likely because it supports my apparent "hostility."

In my pursuit of crime fighting, I've applied to the ~~-censored-~~ to further validate my investigative skills and promote my business. My application is pending, and once accepted, the program should take 3 to 6 months to complete. I plan to finance my studies independently, eager to engage with material that will be of practical use.

Regarding the arts, I'm considering a strategy to increase music sales. My distributor recently introduced a licensing feature, allowing for legal cover song distribution. My plan is to weave unrelated songs into a narrative, starting with "Desperado" by the Eagles, "Hurt" by Nine Inch Nails, and "I Don't Want To Miss A Thing" by Aerosmith, crafting a tale of an outlaw caught in a relentless cycle of love and loss.

My upcoming book, "The Ones Who Walk All Worlds: Lover's Cry Part 2," is taking shape after overcoming a severe case of writer's block. It's currently focused on the perspective of the love interest from "A Giant's Curse," and I'm curious to see how the story will unfold.

MAY 3, 2017:

I've been accepted into a program that's set to bolster my business and potentially shape my career. In-

terestingly, my law enforcement activities garner less public skepticism, perhaps due to my presence. The program has already proven beneficial, offering resources for new equipment and investigative techniques. I'm confident in my choice; it allows me to self-fund my education, learn subjects that fascinate me outside the standard curriculum, and leverage my innate skills. With the rise in infidelity, drug crimes, and general folly, I could very well establish my enterprise locally.

This path, however, presents its own set of challenges, but I believe I have some solutions. Like all my endeavors, I must approach each step as a strategic risk, planning for as many contingencies as possible.

Prioritizing car maintenance is key for me right now to extend its life. It seems the car needs minor fixes, like an alignment and a hub bearing replacement, which are manageable for a car-savvy person, unlike myself. On the bright side, a substantial paycheck from my day job, including overtime, is on its way to cover these costs. I've also paused the automatic payments for my Scotland and Ireland trip to free up some funds.

On another note, my t-shirt fundraiser for seed money hasn't been successful, so I'm considering it solely for charity now. However, I've discovered stock brokerage as a potential funding source. I'm exploring a platform that allows investing in stocks with any budget. I plan to maintain my day job for financial security while I navigate this new venture. I've already

invested in a film studio called ~~-censored-~~ whose recent movie ~~-censored-~~ has been well-received. Although it's not showing in Idaho, I'm awaiting its DVD release and considering increasing my investment as the studio gains more recognition.

Either way, things are about to get interesting.

As it stands, I'll need to adjust my various projects accordingly:

IN Music - I'm putting a hold on the cover song plans for now. I might consider doing a single song to accompany future book releases as a thematic element, but that requires further exploration.

IN Books - I'm aiming to establish a new daily routine that includes at least 30 minutes to an hour of writing to meet the increasing demands. I plan to pause work on "The Ones Who Walk All Worlds" after releasing "Lover's Cry Part 2," to explore other genres. Although I started designing a title for this journal last night, it seems this task will have to be postponed.

IN Movies/Television - I've decided to remain off-camera for the time being. I'm looking to delve deeper into an investigative role, which I believe will yield plenty of fresh material for screenwriting. I'm open to making cameo appearances if opportunities present themselves, but for now, I'll continue with my usual approach.

IN Gaming - I attempted to launch a gaming channel on YouTube, but I've decided to drop that endeavor and keep gaming solely as a stress reliever. Holding

onto my childhood favorites should help maintain a clear mind.

IN Travel - There are no planned changes here unless a major conflict arises. The experiences are too enriching to give up, and the travel company I use consistently delivers engaging adventures. The upcoming Scotland and Ireland trip will likely be my last with the high school group. The tour company offers various programs tailored to different age groups, and after my next European trip, I'm considering joining the "College Break" tour, designed for 18-28-year-olds. While I enjoy chaperoning the younger crowd, it's time I travel with peers closer to my own age.

May – June 2017

I'm being stalked at work, tires slashed twice. All because I told a guy I thought was a friend a baby his fiancée was pregnant with was not his child. It didn't take much to figure out he was involved, the fucking moron needs his head bashed in for how stupid he's acting, but he's not exactly thinking with the head on his shoulders.

MAY 12, 2017:

A scumbag I have been monitoring for the past few months has committed vandalism today and I was the target. As I was working at my day job, I received a

phone call from my mother stating ALL of my tires were flat and I needed to get outside immediately. I was able to clearly see the entry wounds on all tires, but another thing caught my attention; a familiar face was watching me from a truck. The suspect's boyfriend, an old friend of mine from High School, drives an older model red pick up truck with a large American flag sticking out of the bed of it... the suspect was watching me from a vehicle by the same description. I am going to pester the managerial staff at my day job until they let me see the tapes, just so I can confirm my suspicions. The woman probably thinks she would get away with it since she is set to enter a guilty plea come Monday.

Jesus, my friend is pathetic moron for wanting to stick with this chick.

Motives for the actions likely stemming from me egging my friend on about alleged pregnancy news. My friend has admitted she has cheated on several occasions, purchased drugs from another suspect I have been monitoring, and I have caught her breaking into my friend's truck the last time they were together. It should be noted my friend is also suicidal, and the last time these two broke it off, he got very dark. But in light of recent events, I have classified him as "Stage 2-SI," SI standing for "stupid idiot."

Little do the outsiders realize I have a tendency to set up my targets to attack in order to get enough witnesses to throw out any speculation of innocence, and

once again the system worked. I just have to tie the evidence together.

MAY 17, 2017:

On Mother's Day, my tires were slashed again, finally pushing forward the investigation as it was easy to determine this was a targeted attack. I was able to spot at least 3 possible suspects stalking the area as I was leaving my day job and passed the collected intel to the officer who took the case. I was also able to uncover that the tire department that worked on my car had a few other similar incidents take place over the last couple weeks. As I was speaking to the officer yesterday, I brought this up to see if she was aware of said incidents, but none came up. If my incident is indeed connected, I may have to approach this at a new angle.

At home my sister ~~-censored-~~ came home with an interesting invite from her school. One of her teachers is organizing a summer vacation trip for the 2019; going through Paris, Nice, Florence, Pisa, and Rome. The trip is organized through the company my last few trips have been through, so I already know she'd be in good hands. My mother has a stipulation she would need a chaperone with her to keep an eye on her. Naturally, ~~-censored-~~ leaned towards having me join her. She is at the age she won't want any relatives with her, but having her brother along who's been in the region and less likely to pressure her the entire time and actu-

ally let her have some fun is easily the more tolerable choice. There is a meeting next Wednesday I might try to sneak her too so she can actually get the information from someone she'll at least (pretend to) pay attention.

My mother tried to bar her from going, but a part of me wondered if getting to go on one of these exotic trips would do my sister some good to get her act together. I took her against my mother's wishes, with the only stipulation she keep out of trouble. One incident and it was done for.

A teaching moment? Perhaps, if my sister hadn't been caught yet again exploiting herself off to boys in her class. It probably worked out for the best... as I learned that the HR lady at my work goes on this trip every year.

MAY 18, 2017:

The management finally revealed surveillance photos to me, capturing the person who slashed my tires. I could just make out the culprit: a male in his early to mid-40s with a skater/gang look, foolish enough to shop right after his first offense. This shifts the case's strategy somewhat, but my immediate action was to apologize to my friend for my initial reaction, though not for my words. Interestingly, the suspect showed up again today, providing a chance to uncover his identity,

and my friend obvious to the fact I watched him signal the suspect to get away.

The case is unfolding.

MAY 21, 2017:

The individual who has been targeting me has yet to make another appearance, which is probably the only smart thing he has done. I will continue to wait for the opportunity to get a photo of him, with other subjects in question. But, an interesting note should be made in the event it turns into something. A male in his early 20s was taken by ambulance to the hospital for a series of stab wounds, not much else was reported. It could be unrelated, but it could mean a confrontation among the group of suspects took place. The one who started this chain of events didn't show up for work today, when he looked just fine yesterday. I will need to continue to monitor the situation.

Regardless of how it unfolds, I still gotta keep going.

MAY 24, 2017:

I did some surveillance at my day job in order to hopefully spot the suspect who slashed my tires, but was unable to locate him. It seems my "friend" passed along the news I was looking into a gun and that the suspect was caught on camera. That only points it all to him even more. Managerial staff showed the photo

to my uncle, however, and it should be noted deception in is the air. It appears my “friend” lied about the suspect’s identity. I cannot say for sure yet, but it's an interesting development.

As for the weapon, I am looking into a EAA Witness 9mm pistol as my sidearm. I found one for a good price, and will be talking to an old friend at a local pawn shop to see if they can help with the arrangements. People should really stop underestimating how far I'll go to stand my ground, or the people who will only stop me to make sure I use the right tools to get the job done.

If you're gonna do something, you may as well be smart about it.

MAY 25, 2017:

I recently grabbed a copy of "LOGAN" after its home release. As a film industry enthusiast, I recognize its exceptional production, yet it stirs unique thoughts within me, especially following the tire incident.

Continuing down this path, I feel compelled to embody Wolverine—not just the battle-scarred loner, but the formidable weapon. I'm already the person who cares deeply, perhaps too much. It's now a matter of all or nothing. I need to delve deeper into learning—mastering firearms, blades, self-defense, martial arts, and advanced weaponry. I must grow stronger, quicker, wiser. I must confront my inner demons and prepare for battle. Wolverine is a part of my identity, integrated

into my brand, but I aim to evolve into an unprecedented force. I must absorb wisdom from the greatest.

OCTOBER 31, 2017:

Rumors of a satanic cult in the area participating in animal sacrifices started to resurface again, possibly due to the fact it is Halloween. I do believe there is something to the rumors but as far as finding a tangible thread to take the threat on, that has proven difficult.

NOVEMBER 11, 2017:

I contacted an old friend, who has bugged me about joining in on a hunt since I met him about 5 years ago to discuss the details of the time travel investigation to see if he could prove any more ideas to better improve the already slim chances of actually pulling off such a stunt. He didn't provide much input on that matter but brought up another situation he was dealing with that I might've been able to provide an assist. He believed he was being stalked by an entity known as the "Hat Man." Eyewitness accounts, including my own, describe him as a shadow person who appears to wear a trench coat and a fedora-like hat. Others include details of glowing red eyes, a suit, a briefcase, and even a cane.

Many people believe the "Hat Man," is a bringer of misfortune... that he likes to cause chaos. The truth is he simply can sense when someone is under heavy

emotional stress, and likes to stir things up a bit. I have reason to believe the, “Hat Man,” was once human but was quite the asshole. I had a run in with him in my early days, right around the time I was dealing with my father’s actions. It was through this encounter I was able to figure out how to get rid of him, which the advice I forwarded to him. Just tell the guy to piss off.

The exact specifics are much more difficult but it is the basic idea. The “Hat Man,” is a supernatural bully so telling him to screw off is part of it but there are entire processes to completely eliminate supernatural threats like that. I may include something like a “paranormal encyclopedia” in the “Frandsen Files Initiative” when I finally get around to writing it (Maybe a sort of compendium, rather...)

Chapter 7

Becoming the Specialist of the Strange

NOVEMBER 24, 2017:

Remains of ~~-censored-~~ found 3 weeks ago IDed, leak not has not been made public ~~-censored-~~. Turns out it belongs to a 2 year old missing persons case from a nearby county. Female, early 20s, reward money might be available, I may need to help dig into this under the circumstances.

NOVEMBER 25, 2017:

Officially on investigation of ~~-censored-~~ located key details on events leading up to her death, first priority is to find the rest of her.

I can't shake the idea of ~~-censored-~~ from my mind, so I'm officially taking the case. I did a little background on the victim and was able to find a timeline of events leading up to the initial investigation. It appears two suspects are already in line; one being an ex boyfriend who fathered the lady's baby that didn't live past a month, and the other being a new fiance who is currently serving time for drug charges and evading police.

According to news reports, there was an altercation between the two gentlemen beforehand because the ex tried to convince her not to move in with new fiance. Further investigation already done revealed the victim's clothes were found at a spot in ~~-censored-~~ I have a few ideas, but nothing can be proved without ~~-censored-~~

NOVEMBER 26, 2017:

I had a possible communication with the victim through dreamstate vision, it's looking like the spirit trying to make contact since the remains were found, guy who killed her already in prison, must find ~~-censored-~~

NOVEMBER 28, 2017:

Scrying for ~~-censored-~~ barely turning up anything. I'm getting more and more of a bad feeling this is something more than just a love triangle turned fatal.

DECEMBER 2, 2017:

There was a shooting just moments before I pulled into the parking lot at my workplace. State police had set up a drug bust that had gone wrong, hoping to add more charged being that my workplace was across the street from one of the local high schools. One suspect attempted to run into the store to try hiding from police, not realizing the store had started locking its doors at midnight in response to theft. Both suspects apprehended, one shot and wounded by police.

December 23, 2017:

My aunt shared a voice recording from a psychic session where she claimed to hear my grandfather's voice. Intrigued, I conducted my own audio session and received a message urging me to stop bothering my aunt, eerily reminiscent of my late grandfather's voice.

Additionally, another voice emerged, claiming to be that of a missing girl whose skull was recently discovered. She expressed awareness of my search for her and indicated she's been attempting to lead me.

December 27th 2017:

Hitman request

A woman I was talking with on a dating website mentioned that she lived with abusive parents and would ask if I would kill her parents for her. Obviously I cut my ties right then and there. Whatever happened with her, I honestly have no idea... probably for the best that it stays that way. Seriously, how screwed in the head do you have to be to try getting some random guy online to murder your family. I discussed the situation with one of my police contacts and they said they'd look into it.

January 24th, 2018

Angel sigil experimentation.

Using sigils from the book "Angelic Sigils, Keys & Calls by Benn Woodcroft" and taking design elements from communication sigils from The Keys of Solomon I designed a protection sigil I dubbed "The Walls of Eden." The power of this thing would not be fully shown until years later.

March 19th-28th 2018

Earth → Scotland and Ireland Trip, Nessie and Crowley

My last trip with my travel group was a tour of Ireland and Scotland. My initial plan was not to go, how-

ever I quickly changed my mind upon learning the last stop on the trip was at Loch Ness, a location I always wanted to visit with the hopes of seeing Nessie. Part of my attention was diverted due to being in the middle of a breakup at the time but overall the trip was amazing.

Before the day we rode out to Loch Ness, we visited spots through Ireland and Scotland, I remember brief images of seeing craft in the sky. I would also get views of the landscape as if I was on board the aforementioned ships. One such instance I was taken above the waters of Loch Ness days before our group made the official trip and was shown the high concentrations of quartz in the region.

When we got to the Loch, my eyes never left the water. And to my surprise a large aquatic animal breached the surface as it was trying to avoid a black speedboat. I did my best to capture photos, with only two showing the large object in the water but nothing that clearly defined what it was.

I reported my sighting to the Loch Ness Registry when we got back to the hotel and the story started to go a bit viral as I was on the plane ride home. I also came to learn that I may have had supernatural assistance from my great grandmother who passed from old age roughly an hour before my arrival at Loch Ness.

The following pages will show up close potential photos of "Nessie." It was the best I could get under the circumstances, but regardless of supernatural as-

sistant or not getting something on the first attempt, when others can go decades with nothing to show for it, is impressive. The ordeal managed to capture the attention of producers for a National Geographic special called "Drain the Oceans."

While getting ready to leave Loch Ness, we caught a view of Aleister Crowley's house where I swore I could see a cloaked figure watching us. For lack of better word the figure looked similar to a KKK member cloak. If that was mister Crowley... I'd be more intrigued to explore this without children hanging about me.

November - December 2018

After a YouTube channel called ~~-censored-~~ (one involving the family of the missing woman) tells a couple incidents involving me, I was reached out to by a gentleman who believed he may be possessed by a large demon dog-like being, one that had him enter a blood contract while in a dream-state.

What caught my interest was the claim that upon waking from the dream, the client claimed that his hand was completely torn apart as if he just smashed a window. Even more disturbing was the claim of animals behaving oddly, as if they were frightened by an apex predator.

The nudges in my gut told me to take this case, something was genuine. Further developments identified the being as Vapula. All methods to try dealing

with the situation remotely were not working, this incident was going to have to require a personal session. Very quickly it escalated into a violent exorcism that nearly came to spontaneous combustion, the man's skin started to blister as if he was exposed to extreme heat. Eventually the being broke the connection, escaping the room as a dark mass before proper bindings could be completed. For now, the kid was safe. To this day I'm not sure what lured this thing to the kid. There weren't signs of drug use, abuse, alcohol, nothing of the sort. Mostly this was a kid stressed out over college exams.

About two weeks later, in a dream state, I was presented with a vision of walking through what looked like an abandoned internment camp with several years of overgrowth. As I was walking through it I could hear a radio playing what sounded like 40s music. I found a room with the radio on the floor and walked in. Immediately static broke through the music and I recognized it as something making contact. Towards the back of my head I felt another transmission trying to break through, warning me that this was a trap. Whoever was coming through the radio didn't seem to register the warning as it continued trying to taunt me. I demanded the being identify itself again, bringing up the cliché "in the name of Christ," line and that only pissed it off further.

The being jumped out of the radio, wrapping its hands around my throat, growling in a low and raspy

voice, "It's Vapula bitch!" The next thing I knew I was pinned to the wall of my bedroom by my neck by a large shadow mass, and it was squeezing harder. This was no longer a dream...

I grabbed at this thing's hand, trying to let myself a few more breaths of air. Its "skin," felt like the leather of a manged animal. I managed to mutter the words, "Michael... help... now!" I could see this thing's face looking up at the ceiling in fear. The next thing I knew there was light shooting out of my eyes and mouth, Valpula just let out this huge squeal, similar to a herd of pigs being slaughtered at once. I quickly lost consciousness.

The next morning I woke up on the floor and went to go outside to run out the garbage. My neighbor approached me asking what the heck was going on because something about my house was scaring the hell out of her dogs, she even mentioned seeing the light and hearing the screams of an animal being butchered. She was also knowledgeable about my supernatural endeavors, often joking I should be driving a '67 Chevy. That's when I noticed my neck still had red marks belonging to the hand of someone, or rather something, much bigger than myself. At the sight of the marks, my neighbor nearly had her eyes pop out of her skull. I just left it at, "It's better that you don't know. I'm hoping what it was, is done for," and went about my business.

The next few weeks chatter was quiet on the supernatural wavelengths, possibly figuring I was needing

time to process what had happened. By the time someone came through, a male's voice told me that word quickly spread that I severely wounded Vapula, and there was a newfound fear of me. Angels, regular spirits... they knew about what I was and sometimes came across as being intimidated as the story spread. Apparently the "other side" is filled with gossip. Though intimidated, they knew I could be trusted. As for any "demonics," they would be scared to approach.

What the hell am I?

December 2019

The Hunt for Infinite Earths was underway. An experimental procedure to utilize simple ghost hunting methods, a bit of magic, and clever planning to make contact with beings from other worlds... possibly even "alternate Earths." I knew that it would be unwise to simply just leave an open invite, that simply invites too much risk and the situation over in China already is seeding enough misfortune for darker beings to be roaming about more freely. I anticipate this will only escalate.

In regards to the experiment, after some careful research, I have picked three potentially viable targets to focus on. Setting the intention on these individuals would help prevent interference. A part of me felt the need to get an outside assist in order to get the necessary strength to reach off world. An immediate in-

stinct was to research lore surrounding angels, settling on Archangel Metatron for his insights to worldly happenings. It would seem the angel with a "true face" the size of the Earth would also have sights on alternate dimensions. I would learn later that the Metatron may in fact be a sort of natural frequency in line with Source... a direct line to all other frequencies.

As for my targets, I needed ones who had some sort of visitation or interaction with THIS Earth... and it be a previously documented case. Otherwise it increases the odds of infiltration. For this experiment I picked three individuals that would fit the bill nicely, if they were in fact real.

1. Vrillon - An ET claiming to be connected to the Ashtar Galactic Command that hijacked Saturday morning cartoons in 1977 in the UK. Witnessed by hundreds
2. Val Thor - A Venusian who spent five years living in the Pentagon, Crew of five, including wife Jilian
3. John ~~-censored-~~ - A potential comic book character come to life, writers based character on really occult practices and swear to this day they have seen him out and about in the flesh

Each individual was carefully researched and selected on the fact their individual cases held multiple eyewitnesses, even some physical evidence of inter-

action in our world. That measure alone spoke to increased odds of interaction. By using Metatron as an interdimensional satellite dish, this in theory would allow stronger and more stable communication. What other rules did I have to consider? Hard to say, not like there's much of a manual on these things.

But here are corresponding the results:

1. If Vrillon could hear me, me let me go to voice-mail... so to speak. I have come to learn years later that the Ashtar Galactic Command doesn't interact with civilians, so it is quite possible that no interaction was because I was some random individual.
2. When contacting Val Thor the communications seemed a bit more active. Some audio tapes were erased, and a small spherical craft showed itself while I was visiting the local wind-farm with family, some following audio sessions done after the corrupted files were discovered indicated a hostile exchange but matters quickly settled
3. The strangest of it all. Faint audio sessions, voices matching the description of the character, but a single recording left through an anomalous source of static left a message stating clear as day "If you can hear me, ~~-censored-~~wants you"

Much to my surprise, ~~-censored-~~was the most successful contact, and he has made appearances on

a few other instances when a case has turned south, offering up his skillset. I approached a couple of the writers involved with the original storylines, and they advised me to be careful as ~~-censored-~~ is not a man to be trusted and will screw me over the moment it benefits him.

March - April 2020

Earth - United States - Idaho → North Carolina

As COVID lockdowns started to be enacted in my home state, I was asked to appear in a Paranormal Parody show called Conspiracy Cases. It was something a little different from my usual calls so I went ahead and made the drive. It was only two hours away and it gave me a chance to have a weekend away. Filming was only a few hours at an old bomb shelter in Boise and on my days off, no better time to do it.

Plus this gave me a chance to visit a local zoo, and go back to the Old Idaho State Penitentiary to revisit where I learned there was life after death. Being that I was on my own for the weekend, I wanted a chance to go visit some places in Boise I didn't normally get a chance to when I was with my family and the women just wanted to go shopping. I don't mind a shopping trip but there's so much more to do!

While I was deemed an "essential worker" and able to still work through the pandemic, I decided to start looking to making documentaries from home to hone

my skills, and maybe try something new. Being I had personal interest in from previous encounters was brought to the forefront of my mind as a spike in reports of him making an appearance. Figures that the world would go insane and he would emerge to watch it all unfold.

During my research, a post on Reddit made the comparisons between the **-censored-** to a being from Breton mythology known as the Ankou, which is essentially a type of Grim Reaper. When I went down this rabbit hole, one of the origin stories for the Ankou was that the being was none other than the first born son of Adam and Eve. Cain, from Cain and Abel. When I read this, I could swear I heard a maniacal laughter.

Almost like something out of a movie, a phone call came through on a “hotline” I had briefly set up right as I was coming home at about 3 in the morning. A father out of North Carolina was frantically calling any paranormal-based groups and exorcists looking for help regarding a being that was focusing its attention on the man’s then 3-year-old son. The second I heard on the voicemail that was left that a child was involved, I immediately called the father back.

An almost four-hour conversation detailing nearly all the cliches (smells, scratches, voices, shadows, a “dead” room where life seemed to be drained by anyone who entered. ramped up in intensity when the voice of what sounded like a five year old boy say, “Put down the fucking phone or I’ll kill you bitch.”

Needless to say, I was fully convinced this was a legitimate call. I got more information from the father. He detailed that this being had apparently been around for a while, since the father was in his teens, and had been offering up a position as a “general of some army.” Being that there was an obvious effort on the being’s behalf to establish some kind of rapport, I asked the father if it ever said its name.

The father, not knowledgeable about biblical names, did not understand the significance of the name but I knew it well.

The being identified itself as Cain.

Naturally, having the world’s first murderer hanging around would be unsettling for anyone. I calmed the father and sent him detailed instructions to break the ties with Cain as he finished up the move. So far, no further incidents have been reported and the family is in a new house here in Idaho.

Within the same week of this revelation, a visitor appeared in my bedroom right as I was getting home from work. The time was just after 3am, I was pretty much just beat and heading straight for bed. As I walked into my bedroom I watched a woman walk out of what looked like a closing portal. Just feeling the energy coming off of her was overwhelming.

It wasn’t that she was anything negative, in fact quite the opposite, she was very motherly... her frequency denoted that she was ancient. She identified herself as Eve, as in THE Eve from the Garden of Eden.

She felt the need to show me something in relation to Cain, something she felt would help me understand who and what I was up against.

Eve placed her hand on my temple, instantly showing me the Garden of Eden through her eyes... Cain was not Adam's biological son... Adam knew it and was the first abusive stepfather... Cain was manipulated into killing his brother, siding over with darker forces... who was that he sided with?

He seemed familiar, almost identical to the "dragon man" I saw the day my stepmother stabbed me... that was so long ago. Eve seemed to know me, know about me, know that I was someone who could probably help shift the tide... why?

Because, according to her, I was very similar to her son but became something better like she hoped he would.

November - December 2020

Close to Christmas, my grandmother and mother were trying to think of some kind of plan to get my younger cousin, ~~-censored-~~, away from her mother. There have been disturbing hints of some nasty abuse taking place at the hand of my aunt's latest boytoy and alleged father of her two youngest children. They lived in ~~-censored-~~ at the time, about a three-hour drive from my location. Visits were rare. All I knew for sure was that my aunt's children were not making attempts

at their own lives before the “stepfather” came in. Well, within 24 hours, ~~-censored-~~ called my grandmother and asked to come stay with her because her mother threw her into an insane asylum for saying her “stepfather” molested her and told ~~-censored-~~ that she could not come home.

This was after ~~-censored-~~ had reached out TWICE to get help because her mother was letting this piece of shit hurt her.

We get ~~-censored-~~, we discover how much has been going on. ~~-censored-~~ reached out a couple times before to try telling us about the abuse pushing her to where she contemplated suicide, all messages forwarded to the authorities immediately. Conveniently I was “banned” from my aunt’s shortly after. But the extent of what ~~-censored-~~ had revealed honestly made it so it was probably for the best I never saw my aunt again.

~~-censored-~~ was released from the mental health facility for a two week break, which she spent at my house. Apparently it was meant to be a bit of a holiday for long-term patients so they can spend time with family and gather their things. My aunt didn’t even let my cousin have that much. This whole mess was heart-breaking to watch.

When ~~-censored-~~ left, I was honestly heartbroken. She was the one of my cousins I was closest to, and knowing that someone deliberately let this happen would’ve made for any “crimes of passion” defense

moot if I were to do something. I needed a distraction, something to get my mind off of how much ~~-cen-~~
~~sored-~~ needed help but I couldn't do anything. I got a notification on Twitter about an international paranormal group, ~~-censored-~~ looking for members, and figured what the hell. I signed up, quickly rose through the ranks, then... well... I witnessed a battle between literal Heaven and Hell.

Chapter 8

This Was War

January 2021

My attempt at a documentary, "The Hunt for Olivia," was picked up by a new paranormal based streaming service, with added investigation footage. My attention was brought to this streaming platform by one of the former heads of "The Company" that had me helping him edit some investigation clips for him. Working with this man lead to some conflicts, and not knowing who to really trust in these matters I stepped away and pursued my own interests. Was it a smart move to make? Probably not, not much has been made from it but it's still good to get out and experiement.

February 14th-15th 2021

I was visiting a friend in Coeur d'Alene for Valentine's weekend. For ~~-censored-~~ I managed to get access to decent wifi so I could attend livestreams we did to promote the company. We'd talk about company updates, research cases, various forms of phenomenon, etc...

I was continuing my research for the ~~-censored-~~ documentary. ~~-censored-~~ was internationally based and gathered reports from all over the globe. Apparently a ~~-censored-~~ case had emerged prompting a company wide allocation of resources to uncover the truth. While on the livestream, it seemed that somebody wasn't happy.

Shadows racing around people, mysterious voices, growls, all started to scare the audience but it was far from the worst of it. Knowing I had experience against this thing, the CEO asked me to speak about my prevailing theory on the matter. When I said that the ~~-censored-~~ was Cain, the battle had begun.

In the UK, one of our members messaged me about a burning sensation around his throat and he was coughing up blood.

Another member claimed that a huge gust of wind burst through his front door, followed by shadows and a deep cold dread sensation.

Texas, a woman claimed she saw three beings sizing her up. The skin around her throat seemed to compress as if an invisible hand was choking her.

West Virginia, another woman had a redness and shortness of breath around her throat.

Idaho, I started to feel a tingle up and down my spine, my system overloading. It honestly felt like I had a seizure. I had to disconnect to recalibrate myself. On the other screen I had up, I watched as more people dropped, leaving the three overwhelmed. As one of the guys, ~~-censored-~~ who remained started to suggest ending the stream, recapping the events, another gentleman, ~~-censored-~~ started to act strange. ~~-censored-~~ leaned towards his webcam, as if trying to stare “through the screen,” immediately putting the fear into ~~-censored-~~. If one had to describe the vibe coming from ~~-censored-~~ it would be best described as “I won, what will you do now?”

For a brief moment I noticed something. As ~~-censored-~~ went to mention my name, ~~-censored-~~ would flinch as if the very mention of me triggered a PTSD-esque response. ~~-censored-~~ said my name again and the same thing occurred. I may have had a way to end this. My issue was that ~~-censored-~~ had several small children in the house, and was on and off chemo, this could’ve gone south very quickly. But inaction was the only thing which guaranteed a worse outcome.

I left a message to “Let me in, I can end this,” in the livestream chat as only two remained on the screen. ~~-censored-~~ had left, leaving ~~-censored-~~ with our ~~-censored-~~ at the time. ~~-censored-~~ was trying to

get ~~-censored-~~ to speak but his words fell on deaf ears. My web connection held and I was able to step in. ~~-censored-~~ quickly showed fear but tried to hide it.

"I know who you are. I know what you want. Let Him. Go."

~~-censored-~~ slowly shook his head no.

"Now," my voice reverberated.

The being that took influence of ~~-censored-~~ broke the connection, but far from willingly. It took a few minutes for ~~-censored-~~ to gather himself and the livestream continued on.

Before the playtime began, I asked ~~-censored-~~ what he saw while he was under, to which all he said was "You already know."

End of February 2021

As progress was being made in helping heal those affected the worse by Cain's assault on ~~-censored-~~ there was a visitation from a rather unusual party. Potentially Lucifer himself. Lucifer seemed worried about one of the members most heavily affected by the assault, as well as the absence of the accompanying entity tied to this individual, who identified herself as Lillith. Lucifer was pleading for a favor, appealing to the side of me that had started to catch romantic feelings for ~~-censored-~~ to justify my taking part in what would amount to a rescue mission. Lillith had gone missing. ~~-censored-~~ was not even able to sense her.

There was a deliberate cut-off... Lucifer had a rough idea where she had gone off to but there was something blocking him from getting close to Lilith. That's where he needed my help. I could sense that this being, whether it was THE Lucifer or not, was genuine in his pleas... in fact I got the sense he was worried I may harm him.

It was on that pretense I agreed.

The next thing I knew Lucifer paced his hand upon my forehead and we were transported somewhere dark. I seemed to... glow... the light of my being illuminating my surroundings. There were whispers, the drops of water echoing through elaborate cave systems. It seemed like we had somehow gone underground, but the state I was in made the space feel much more vast than I anticipated.

I followed Lucifer down some steps, seeing vines gripping the walls, until we reach a large opening that Lucifer seemed warded from. He couldn't pass through, no matter his efforts, but I was unhindered by the barrier.

I traverse further, finding an opening illuminated by a large flame. A river passed through, more vine-like plants growing into the surroundings, all leading to a large flat stone where a woman laid upon her side. It was Lilith, beaten and rattled by Cain. It took some convincing... the fact that ~~-censored-~~ saw me as a friend and the possession revealed Cain was afraid of me, it didn't take much for me to get through to Lilith.

She apologized... the situation was just too much, assuring me she would return to ~~-censored-~~ in a couple days. That's when the vision Lucifer induced stopped...

The following morning, I received a text from ~~-censored-~~ confirming Lilith had in fact come back. According to ~~-censored-~~, Lucifer confirmed he had solicited my help.

Where did he take me though? Hell? Hades? Inner Earth? With all that has come forward I am reevaluating nearly everything.

February - March 2021

The following is a summary report of the events during and after the ~~-censored-~~ attacks:

Entity: ~~-censored-~~

AKA: Shadowman

Lord of Shadows

Death

Location: Global

Classification: Dangerous Intelligent Entity

Likely Nephilim

Potentially Godlike

WARNING:

This entity has shown the potential to cause significant harm or even death. Those who feel they may

not be in the best state of mind should probably avoid reading this text in detail as it may make you a susceptible target. The Hat Man is highly intelligent, most likely older than nearly every religious practice known to man, and has proven itself to be capable of almost every alleged form of spiritual attack. Personal information involving various individuals will be mentioned in this report for simple documentation and reference purposes only. This information has been shared by the individuals in question and is NOT by any means meant to discriminate against any of them. For the safety of civilians outside of the company, and who haven't established a public appearance, names have been altered.

Summary:

First identified by author ~~-censored-~~ is an entity that visits countless people seemingly around times of personal trauma. Most eyewitnesses report he appears in times of poor mental health, domestic violence, and drug use. Often he is stated to appear in the bed of night in his intended target's bedroom and just watches. He has also been known to show up at locations of significant tragedy that may respond to the circumstances mentioned above. It seems most common that individuals report visitations from this entity right around puberty. ~~-censored-~~ has set up a point of contact on her official website to send in encoun-

ters with the entity or request her aid. She has also published two books regarding the entity, shadow people in general, and how to deal with them. Her publication company and herself have also trademarked the terms ~~-censored-~~ allegedly as an effort to throttle misinformation to prevent further injury to potential victims.

Personal Encounter:

I know not how long this entity has had its eye on me. The earliest I can account for something similar to its presence was roughly at the age of three. This was after my life was almost taken by my stepmother, but I could fight back. At the age of fourteen, I had learned my father was being charged for sexually assaulting one of my sisters; and it prompted another visit from this thing. Only this time, it spoke, offering me a deal to join him in return for the death of my father. As for what, I don't know. Other voices that came through pierced my own as I yelled for it to get away, and it seemed to deter it.

Other times when it appeared circumstances were surrounding further domestic violence, suicidal tendencies, violent and psychotic episodes, etc... For location reference - the incident involving the knife and my stepmother took place in November 1999. In 2001, I somehow transported 30 miles away from home. Thankfully the location I turned up was my grand-

parent's house, likely in response to possible trauma (psychic teleportation or alien abduction has been suggested). When I learned of the charges against my father and the subsequent deal, it was June of 2012.

Preliminary Research:

Outside of the book by ~~-censored-~~, not much information was present to fully understand this entity or its motivations outside of the uneasy feelings numerous witnesses claimed to receive. As this was a continuing pattern, the official investigation, as "Specialist of the Strange" and other previous titles, was put on hold until further notice. The standard procedure was, and in many ways, guiding the clients into overcoming the traumas that may have triggered the Hat Man's appearances. Eventually, he will lose power and interest. With this veil of mystery, it seemed the entity was relatively harmless, just a figure that took joy in misfortunes enough to where he may influence it to come. Even mentions of this entity, and possibly connected phenomenon, are said to be lures for further troubles.

A Change:

For years I shelved the investigation into this entity as nothing new seemed to come forward. However, in a casual conversation with my ex, ~~-censored-~~ I was told of her encounter with the ~~-censored-~~. In-

terestingly enough, it showed a deviation in behavior. When visiting a former boyfriend in the summer of 2015, she reported that something slammed a bathroom door on her and held it shut. This was right as a shadow apparition matching the description of the ~~-censored-~~ pulled out a knife and charged at her former significant other. Needless to say, the relationship didn't last much longer afterward. ~~-censored-~~ managed to fit all the criteria mentioned above for ~~-censored-~~ victimology for lack of a better term. She had apparent signs of childhood sexual assault and obvious strained relationships with her parents. Severely abused as a child to the point large chunks of memory were missing.

As is unfortunately common for most young ladies of that mindset, she frequented abusive relationships that may or may not have subconsciously reminded her of those times. She never worked up the courage to share the fullest extent of what has transpired with me, aside from feeling triggered at the sight of "kill room" scenes from the Showtime series "Dexter." The telling of this encounter stirred further interest in the phenomenon because any different deviations would provide better insight. Comparisons between ~~-censored-~~ other eyewitness accounts hint at very little change in modus operandi. However, another pattern tied directly to episodes of sleep paralysis draws even more curiosity.

This entailed a "tall, slim, shadow" standing above a witness either just before falling asleep or being jarred out of a deep sleep yet not fully conscious. It needs to be noted these visions do qualify as hypnagogia or hypnopompic (depending on whether the subject is falling asleep or is just waking up, respectively). For those unfamiliar with the terms hypnagogia or hypnopompic, these describe a hallucinogenic state of mind. These cause visuals from a dream-like state to still project visuals from a dream onto the waking world for the laymen. Those familiar with augmented reality may be more familiar with the concepts. As such states are often triggered by stress, the potential of this entity also making an appearance around the same time is not out of the question if not a complete hallucination of an overloaded brain.

Outbreak:

The insanity of the COVID-19 pandemic, and 2020 as a whole, finally turned the tides of the investigation. I left a post on Reddit asking for stories relating to the ~~-censored-~~ A response from an anonymous user pointed me in the direction of Breton mythology to view versions of what most would be familiar as the "Grim Reaper" or otherwise a servant of Death itself. This version is known as the Ankou. As with most versions of mythologies across the globe, there are regional variations. The Ankou is sometimes described as

a man or skeleton with a black robe and a large hat to conceal his face. Sometimes he may even just appear as a shadow apparition as well. One story that tries to explain the origins of the Ankou states that it is the last person, usually male, to die in the previous year. Another report says that there may be multiple Ankou at once, each one that stays within a specific region. Perhaps the most interesting of the tales is that the Ankou is none other than the firstborn son of Adam and Eve; Cain, aka the father of murder.

In the light of this information, more research needed to be done on the events within the Garden of Eden that led to Cain becoming murderous. It was essential to not focus on a single religious text. Instead, analyze all accounts to get some idea of how the Hat Man may be connected if there was any potential to be a remnant from humanity's beginnings. Looking within Jewish lore, a piece of information about the serpent in the Garden of Eden was of interest. Most would think of the serpent in the Garden as none other than Lucifer. However, this is not the case, but quite possibly a case of mistaken identity. Lucifer is listed as a fallen angel, yes. No matter what religious text one should read, he is not the figure one may think of today in association with "Satan." Look through Hebrew translations of various texts, one would find that "Satan" was, in fact, used as a verb to denote an "opponent, adversary, etc..." Only when prefixed with "Ha," as in "Ha Satan," the word serves the purpose of a noun or title.

Going to early translations of Judeo-Christian texts, only one entity was ever called that directly. That being was named Samael, an archangel who ruled over Death itself and was speculated to be Cain's "biological father." After two weeks, a phone call came in on my hotline, right as I was returning home from work, that concerned a family out of North Carolina. Immediately, the overall vibe of the call just sang something sinister was going on. Whatever the matters at play, my moral obligations forced me to look deeper into the situation. The client mentioned whatever was attached to him seemed to be shifting its focus onto his three-year-old son. The conversation took roughly three hours to complete. Once enough time and effort were established to build trust with the client, he shared all the typical signs of demonic influences. Strange smells, deep scratches, things being thrown around, nearly all of the classic symptoms.

When the client, the family's father, was home alone, a particular entity matching the ~~-cen-~~
~~sored-~~ description would apparently sit down and talk with him about topics the father liked. When something would speak ill about the entity, objects would seem to be thrown towards people to warn them not to speak. There was also a particular room in the house, the wife called the "Dead Room," where it seemed just walking into it would cause one to become physically ill. As our chats continued, he admitted that there was one incident where this entity grabbed him

by the neck in the middle of the street and slammed him into a nearby car. On the other end of the call, I could hear the gentleman walking through his house. As he walked to let the family dog outside, a secondary voice emerged, one that sounded like a small child.

The family consisted of a husband, wife, and one three-year-old child. The wife and child were already relocated to a town in Idaho. Upon asking the husband about the voice, he asked if it sounded like a five to seven-year-old. Apparently, the wife had suffered a miscarriage in that timeframe. It isn't unusual for miscarried children to pay their would-be parents a visit. The fact that the alleged child shouted the words, "If you don't hang up that phone now, you little bitch, I'll fucking kill you," was enough of a red flag to warrant further study. I asked the husband if, at any time during these conversations, did the entity identify itself. Obviously, the entity was trying to establish trust, so if you're going to be friends with someone, you obviously need to know each other's names. The name given was "Cain," and Cain was trying to recruit the husband with promises to be a "general" in his army (as the husband put it). I provided the family with a protection sigil I designed with the aid of the archangel Michael. It was initially crafted in response to a case out of Pittsburgh to help a family stalked by a corrupted soul of a child rapist and murderer. This case drew in UFO activity throughout its duration and even caught the attention of Ed and Lorraine Warren.

When writing this report, it is unknown if these facts are relevant outside of illustrating the magnitude of the case. The negative spirit was a man who likely raped and murdered two young girls known of. With the sigil administered, the activity was brought to an end for both these cases. As for the family from North Carolina, it should also be noted that the father admitted to me to experiment with the recreational use of DMT at a young age. DMT is a chemical that is believed by some to be connected to the spiritual phenomenon. The son had shown early "sensitivity" to paranormal elements, which may have been influenced by his father's DMT use (which occurred long before the child was born). Still, it is likely he will grow out of it in time.

A few days after the encounter with the family in North Carolina, a figure appeared in my bedroom that offered to reveal information helpful to the case. Its appearance was short, roughly five feet in height. Hiding within the veil of shadow it cast, I swore I could see the curves of a woman. The figure's eyes seemed to appear first from the cover, with a gentle and welcoming smile. I could make out more details of her appearance as she revealed herself. She looked of middle eastern descent, with sparkling brown eyes, olive-toned skin, and curly black hair. I asked her for her name, which her reply was, "I've had many names, but you know me as Eve." Eve approached me, placed her hand on my temple, and started to show me visions of what I could only assume was the Garden of Eden. I had a sense of fa-

miliarity as if I was there before. Eve proceeded to walk me through her affair with Samael. She showed how Adam mistreated her and Cain because of the ordeal, with Cain holding deep resentment and anger that grew with the abuse. Finally, she showed him snapping.

Abel was the typical annoying younger brother Adam favored and seemed to boast about being the "favorite" child. This was the moment that Cain was driven to murder his brother, leading to the famous curse. By Eve's hand, I was able to see the act take place. Abel managed to successfully land one good blow by slamming a rock into Cain's face. Upon realizing what was happened, Abel tried to beg for mercy, which only angered Cain more. This is likely the true origin of the "Mark of Cain." Sightings of one Hat Man figure's "true face" mention possible scar tissue on the right side of the face. A month later, a woman reaches out to me in regards to postings online. I made inquiring stories about the Hat Man and asked if I knew anything. Upon hearing that I had done an episode of my podcast dedicated to my findings until that point, she was adamant about listening to it before talking to me. She soon got back to me frightened, explaining that she was being visited by this thing around the time her 5-month-old son was born. She grew scared when the entity seemed to focus on the baby. However, she was even more nervous at the news of the Hat Man's real identity being Cain, as that was the name she gave to her child. She

was administered the sigil to help ward off the child and has had no more encounters with the entity.

Enter "THE COMPANY":

I utilized my social media management service to frequently post a notice across my various pages. This was to start pulling together more stories to plot a potential documentary to further explore the phenomenon beyond the "he's just evil" narrative that is currently present. In collecting more stories, ~~-censored-~~ initiated a global effort to gather more information on the entity. During the beginning stages of this, an attempt was made to speak to Heidi directly. Unfortunately, her trademarking the term made any discussions beyond that nonexistent. Her reasoning behind the move was to utilize legal methods to curb the spread of misinformation that could lead to further harm or death. However, her manner in speaking does hint that she is more about capitalizing on her "discovery." As this was the case, the investigation moved forward. Priority one was to establish a timeline of where and when this thing appeared and gather full testimonies from eyewitnesses. I had my doubts about this approach. It seemed heavily rooted in episodes involving severe trauma that often gets obscured as the mind attempts to protect itself. Still, it was the best thing to go on. Many started to simply copy and paste reports from posts on the social media page Red-

dit, some of which were taken from responses to my posts. This approach may seem simple enough to the novice but obviously proved, partially, the main flaw I was concerned about. Thanks to a sequence of attacks on February 12th and 13th during live streams on the ~~-censored-~~ YouTube Channel, these matters were soon forgotten.

As if conveniently planned, most of the damage took place on the 13th as the entity took out members on panel one by one, seemingly traveling thousands of miles in a matter of minutes. This led to one member, ~~-censored-~~ becoming possessed and promptly exorcized on-air; and the official termination of the investigation. In the weeks that followed, the team faced unusual amounts of mental trauma from within the company. One such member even has to take mental health leave due to personal circumstances, ~~-censored-~~. Analysis of audio collected by myself during these attacks returned the messages, "Quit hunting us," "Tear him apart," and the names of two members explicitly named as targets. These members were ~~-censored-~~.

Likely, multiple entities came through on those recordings, even ones who tried to help the team. One other member, ~~-censored-~~ who was in the focus of the attack, claimed she was left with babysitters designated by the ~~-censored-~~. Due to hostile behaviors from ~~-censored-~~, it is unknown whether or not these reports are accurate. Unfortunately, the safest assump-

tion in that regard would be to assume they were, in fact, false. Efforts are best allocated to help further assist other victims. One last portion that should be noted is another member who was not on the panel, ~~-censored-~~ was also attacked upon trying to perform Reiki protections. In comparison, the attack was minor, with symptoms akin to a light sunburn. She was quickly advised to walk away to protect herself and her young children.

In the Dark:

I had a gut feeling that Hat Man was not going to simply leave us be. This is something that could simply step to the left and view his victim's entire world, down to every movement of their internal organs and every little thought in their mind. Have it step right and it's thousands of miles away.

I took on the investigation further, gathering more reports of encounters, more concerning patterns arose. One involved a young man who swore vengeance against the entity for the deaths of his father and best friend. Another involved a mother concerned for her three year old daughter who frequently would shout, "Go away shadow man!" This would be just before she claimed something pushed her down the stairs. Another was a woman reported she had dealt with intense visitations from shadow people before Minimal contact was kept with ~~-censored-~~ to respect their need to

heal. Still reeling from the experience, likely due to reminders of past trauma, ~~-censored-~~ had all records of the entity wiped from ~~-censored-~~ systems to prevent encouraging unprepared individuals from instigating another attack. I know not if this was coincidence or if by some psychic link, but after a couple weeks had past work was done to start severing the dark energies surrounding both ~~-censored-~~. Occult energies were worked in response to sever the connections, first starting with ~~-censored-~~ as she claimed that the ~~-censored-~~ left behind other ~~-censored-~~ to watch her and the team. I attempted to make a deal with the ~~-censored-~~ which offered him a chance to spread his terror without having to lift a finger, in exchange for pulling away from ~~-censored-~~.

This was to buy time then orchestrate a clever counter assault against the ~~-censored-~~ to render him powerless outside of potential duties as a version of the Grim Reaper. Within hours ~~-censored-~~ reached out to report the entities were gone. Apparently there was a conversation that took place between the entities that involved mention of “the Knowing One.” After ~~-censored-~~ was made aware of the deal, she figured they were talking about me. I pondered an idea presented by ~~-censored-~~ to use occult practice to create some form of ~~-censored-~~ to combat any further attacks. Another sigil was designed to help create the being, later to be dubbed the “Knight of Light.” The name was picked through poetic contrast to further

the intent of it being a protective entity; binding energies from the archangel Michael to counter potential influence from the only being known as Satan. Within a couple weeks of circulating this image, the woman who's child was being stalked by a ~~-censored-~~ came forward and Knight of Light Sigil mentioned that her four-year-old daughter claimed she was saved by the "Knight Light." The curious bit, was that during a video call the little girl happened to see me on the other end and grew excited, screaming, "Momma, he's the Knight." No other incidents have been reported. Within the same week ~~-censored-~~ started to slowly recover from his treatments enough to make appearances more with the company. It has been noted on a few occasions that a shadow figure could be seen behind ~~-censored-~~, watching him. This is speculated to be the same "watcher" that ~~-censored-~~ had experienced at her own place.

Months later while backstage for aftershow hangout after a taping of ~~-censored-~~ furthered that he had wanted to bring up the topic of angels for some odd reason and having been a fan of my previous works through the paranormal streaming network ~~-censored-~~ the discussion shifted into my first encounter with the little girl known as Olivia. Upon hearing this discussion, ~~-censored-~~ came forward about having dreams involving a strange little girl he never met before. When he gave a rough description of what the lit-

tle girl looked like, it triggered enough of a familiarity with me to investigate further.

How would I do this? Well, conveniently, I do have an uncle on my mother's side ~~-censored-~~ who physically looks like he could be my twin brother. Growing up, we were confused as one another all the time. ~~-censored-~~ has three kids, a boy and twin fraternal girls, who not only look like they could be my own but all had phases where they would call me Dad. I pulled out a baby picture of one of the twin girls, and ~~-censored-~~ was hysterical. The baby picture was nearly identical to the girl he saw, but he claimed his dream visitor was a few years older. I dug around for a picture that had myself and both of the girls, who were about age three at the time, and ~~-censored-~~ freaked out even more. The only other person who believed she had seen Olivia was ~~-censored-~~, the previously held idea that my potential daughter was only visible to blood family was thrown out when ~~-censored-~~ came forward. The reason it wasn't with ~~-censored-~~ was because she and I found out we had similar genetic heritages so the possibility we were somehow distantly related was pondered but not yet proven. ~~-censored-~~ would also provide even more insight.

When the investigation into the Hat Man begun ~~-censored-~~ was the only member to come forward about having previous experience with the entity, which involved physical attacks that occurred with she was about fourteen years old. She also recalled night-

mares where she was sitting in total darkness and would see the Hat Man's true face just staring at her from above. Other nightmares she believed were connected to the entity all shared a same general theme of being all alone in a time of crisis, possibly reflecting inner fears of not being "good enough" for healthy relationships. After the attack she had to take a leave of absence from ~~-censored-~~ in order to cope with mental health related issues. Out of respect I choose not to go too far into detail about what issues those were as they are not relevant to the situation at hand and to respect her privacy.

Interestingly enough I had a dream one night that mirrored the recurring nightmares ~~-censored-~~ had shared with me, the ones where she would be alone in the dark with the Hat Man staring at her from above. Only this time, I was able to intercept the dream, and approach the being from behind to attack it. The very next day, ~~-censored-~~ started communicating more with members of the team. When I got to talk to her ~~-censored-~~ and I discovered that not only were we close in age (her being born in December, 1995 and myself in January, 1996) but we had very similar profiles in astrology, psychic ability, and genetic heritage. We both even had attachments with strong entities, often viewed as polar opposites.

Further research through <https://maps.leylines.ch/> helped discover that she and I would roughly the same distance from a minor ley line. These connections were

speculated to render it possible for ~~-censored-~~ and I to send messages to one another via the Necrophonic app, and for Olivia to make appearances between the two of us. It was through ~~-censored-~~ I was able to get enough information to render an image of Olivia through apps similar used to age progress missing children photos. While recording episodes of their podcast they managed to capture the voice of a little girl saying “Ding dong” like she was trying to get their attention, as well as what sounded like a tired “Mommy.” The second EVP captured ignited speculation that ~~-censored-~~ may have been her real mother, but it would soon turn out that theory didn't hold much water as information came forward that proposed the possibility Olivia was not traveling alone. ~~-censored-~~'s image was also used to render the picture of Olivia, to which ~~-censored-~~ would later confirm to be an exact match.

Two possibilities come out from this information. The first being that Olivia was not alone, but was being guided by “mommy.” Reports from individuals claiming to have sensitivities to paranormal energies came forward, stating that Olivia seemed to be holding someone's hand but the witness could not see a figure. The second possibility, which may still hold some merit is that ~~-censored-~~ had some physical resemblance to Olivia's real mother and Olivia herself may have vision problems. A connection between ~~-censored-~~ and myself would be further tested when ~~-cen-~~

~~sored~~ an emergency message starting with “Call Dakota, I think I just saw Olivia.”

~~-censored-~~ had mentioned that a little girl with blonde hair had been spotted around his place, since before meeting me, so it is a possibility that Olivia has been watching over certain people for quite some time on top of visiting me. The emergency message contained an SOS that detailed ~~-censored-~~ had seen Olivia moments before being attacked and potentially possessed by a shadow entity. When the possibility of possession was presented, ~~-censored-~~ and I began working on a remote exorcism to sever the connection from ~~-censored-~~. I had a Necrophonic running which helped monitor the situation. Olivia signaled when the connection to ~~-censored-~~ was severed and he would soon call ~~-censored-~~ and I. This is when we learned that ~~-censored-~~ was physically being compelled to avoid the phone at all costs, feeling the sensation that something was growing increasingly angry when he would think of calling me for help. The rendered image of Olivia was later shown to ~~-censored-~~, to which he confirmed with the distinction he didn't get a clear look at her face.

Daddy's Girl... from Outer Space?

To the best of my knowledge, Olivia first appeared in my life at the age of twelve. Though with recent events, she may have been around longer, though the

possibility of time travel remaining leaves establishing a timeline nearly impossible. Olivia would appear at random whenever my mind would slip into a darker place, in order to offer words of encouragement. Three other incidents took place where Olivia would appear in order to warn me of a coming death, either to offer support or to warn me of coming danger. Rendering of "Olivia Hope" based on a total of 13 witnesses.

The second encounter came the day I lost my maternal grandfather, my mother's father, to cancer. She appeared and offered to let me use her sight to see my grandfather's dying moments via astral travel. I would have been in the room personally, but as the oldest sibling I was tasked with keeping the younger ones and dogs locked in a separate room to avoid them getting in the way of emergency personnel. Little did she and I both realize, my grandfather was in a condition that allowed him to see her in the room. The third took place in October of 2014. I was in a car accident, struck by a pickup truck going 60 mph.

The impact was hard enough for me to go unconscious. However, I believe without a doubt that Olivia appeared in the car just moments before impact, screaming "Daddy! Look out!" The third took place in April of 2016, while I was in Paris, France. My tour group was on a riverboat cruise to admire the lightshow of the Eiffel Tower when suddenly it started to rain. The group and others on the boat hid in the deck below to hide from the elements while I stayed topside.

A tap on my shoulder initially gave me the impression that I was standing in the way of someone's photo. When I looked back to see who it was, I was shocked to see it was my grandfather standing side by side with Olivia. The two of them mentioned that they weren't going to be visiting as much as they were as I no longer needed their guidance as much. I can validate from EVP recordings of various cases my grandfather still checks in from time to time to see where my ventures take me.

This report would likely not be as long had Olivia stopped appearing. In time I came to realize that they both were just trying to help keep me going. As for why Olivia has become more active, that is still up to speculation. After joining ~~-censored-~~ I created two films for the streaming network ~~-censored-~~, one titled "The Hunt for Olivia," to explore more about what I knew involving the "Olivia Paradox" as I called it. The other was "Bonds of Beyond" designed to explore overlap between the ET/UFO phenomenon and Spirit Phenomenon. It should also be mentioned that there was an earlier experiment titled "The Hunt for Infinite Earths" that inspired Bonds of Beyond further.

All these projects brought out a number of names of entities that may be showing interest.

These entities are as follow:

- Michael the Archangel
- Gabriel the Archangel

- Metatron
- Yeshuah
 - Actual name of Jesus
 - Translates directly into the name Joshua
- Yahweh?
- El?
- Ashtar?
- Vrillon?
- Athena?
- ~~-censored-~~
 - Referred to as simply “John” in Bonds of Beyond
 - ~~-censored-~~
 - Was based on real occult information
 - Several people involved in ~~-cen-~~
sored- creation claim they saw and interacted him within our world
 - After a spirit box session was conducted, an audio message was left for Dakota with an unexplained source of white noise that said, “If you can hear me, ~~-censored-~~ wants you.”
- Aleister Crowley

- Spirit box communications were held to reach out to Crowley to see if he knew anything about the ~~-censored-~~
- Has offered help in the fight
- By interacting with ~~-censored-~~ two more entities entered into focus
 - Lucifer
 - Lilith
- ~~-censored-~~ offered tips into more entities worth studying, believed to be connected to the Pleiadians.
 - Artemis/Diana
 - Apollo

UFO contact experiments were also conducted focusing on the members of the Ashtar Command, producing interesting video footage of strange objects appearing. When directing attention towards Ashtar's crew, Olivia would appear. It should also be mentioned that seemingly out of random I had a dream where I was taken to a futuristic hospital room where a woman laid in bed while holding a baby boy. Olivia was sitting next to the woman and upon realizing I was there, she looked at me and said, "Daddy, come meet my baby brother." When I woke up, the word "Tachyonis" came out of my mouth. A quick Google search revealed a theoretical particle, speculated to be involved in time

travel, that was claimed by various new-age groups to be the source of the Pleiadians space travel capability. The next day, ~~-censored-~~ (psychic medium) mentioned to me that she needed to one day talk about my experience.

~~-censored-~~, who goes by the name ~~-censored-~~, also gave me a “mini-reading” through a Zoom call where Olivia's voice came through the speaker. All these interactions help render even more images of Olivia's potential mother, and a grown version of her baby brother.

**INFORMATION OF INDIVIDUALS OMITTED
FROM PUBLIC RECORD FOR PRIVACY**

Project: Knightshade

With the added influence of extraterrestrials it seems that ~~-censored-~~ may be on the verge of something that will change the world, hopefully for the better. I know not if it is entirely true that my own matters are a catalyst for this series of events to evolve, but as anyone can see it would be dumb of me not to include it. I truly feel that we are being left a trail of breadcrumbs that will lead us to the ultimate truth about reality.

It is also said that the biggest rule of working with the Ashtar Command (or Galactic Federation) is that if they offer to help us, we CANNOT hold that information for selfish gain. If we work together, we might just

push the efforts of our organizations to new heights. This report does not signal the end of the investigation. I myself have spent the better part of thirteen years trying to understand the situation with my daughter. However, it has been made crystal clear that this has been a part of me for much longer than that.

My family heritage has 400+ years of paranormal sensitives, psychics, witches, you name it (to the best of my knowledge that is). In the year 2020, right as these events with ~~-censored-~~ kicked up, my home state of Idaho had the highest number of reported UFO sightings in the US. I grew up in a haunted small town. The room I tried to take my own life in was the same room I ended up in after the possible alien abduction incident when I was six. It was also the same room my grandfather passed away in and saw Olivia for the first time.

I remember visions of the ~~-censored-~~ logo. There is too much here for it to all be coincidence. Moving forward, I suggest furthering the study into the Ashtar Command. As well as establishing more of a profile on the ~~-censored-~~ and possible ways to divert future attacks, just in case. Some of the patterns indicate that the to-be-dated Japan trip may have something more waiting for us, in already dangerous territories. I plan on researching more into occult methods to provide safety to members of ~~-censored-~~ and the public we release this information to. I believe the Japanese have an equivalent of voodoo dolls we may be able to use

as a sort of stand-in should we get attacked. I highly suggest we keep certain personal details out for the protection and respect of everyone involved regardless of current standings or previous indiscretions. In the event of releasing this information to the public, we need to drip feed the masses to lure out any more potential leads that may be beneficial to the investigation.

Due to aforementioned trademark restrictions, we will need to call the ~~-censored-~~ by another name. I can suggest the name "Lord of Shadows," as I refer to him in my book "Dear Kota: Time to Fess up." Once we are ready, we can present our findings to the public. This can be an opportunity to further the company's focus into bettering mental health. Instead of portraying it like a horror documentary, my idea is something more like an Avenger's formatted presentation. All forms of people, on and off world, coming together to combat a common enemy and better the world as we go. This will also provide ways to cross market other ~~-censored-~~ related brands, and give participating members a chance to promote their own works. If this is going to work, we need everyone. Active members of ~~-censored-~~ listed in this document are to be given top priority in coming together.

Opportunities for others to participate will be available as well.

Chapter 9

Extraterrestrial Revelations

March 2nd, 2021

“Martian Infirmary”

Seemingly a normal night, as the ~~-censored-~~ attacks seemed to be coming to an end, I was taken to what looked like a hospital room out of Star Trek, being led by a man with long brown hair who was roughly my height.. Metallic doors opened sideways, revealing a woman lying in a bed holding a newborn baby. Olivia was with the woman, hanging over her shoulder. Olivia realizes I'm in the room and says “Daddy, come meet my new baby brother.” I walk over to the woman's side and smile at the newborn baby boy, who looked alot like me. The woman's image was somehow being blocked out like a hidden character in a video game.

As I was staring at the boy, giving my daughter a kiss, I looked to a wide window on my left and saw the landscape outside the facility looked like the Martian surface. Dumbfounded I asked if that was where we were and the man just chuckled, as if he knew I was going to make that remark, before starting to correct me. As he started to say the name of the location, an alarm sounded off and immediately the man grabbed my shoulder and said "we need to get you out of here now!"

Obviously I was overwhelmed. I wanted to say and see the baby but I was also trying to figure out what the heck was going on. The next thing I knew, I was physically flying into my bedroom through the wall like something out of Peter Pan. I hovered briefly over my bed before feeling something yanked me downward with enough force that the metal frame of the bed snapped in multiple places and even went through the wall.

October 28, 2021

Earth - United States - Idaho - Between Filer and Curry - Just off Highway 30

Driving home from a Halloween/Birthday party, a bright orange craft octagonal in shape suddenly appears about 10 feet in the air just off the side of the road. The craft seemed no more than 15-20 feet in diameter and had a wobble. Brief glimpses in the window

showed grey-like beings, who seemed equally as surprised to see me as I was of them. The ship disappeared before I had a chance to stop the car and try to get a photo.

Likely species of grey are listed as Airk, essentially intergalactic geologists. Idaho, being known as the “Gem State,” has several locations where one can mine for crystals. The Airk usually don’t interact with people, mostly just use Earth as a quick pit stop before taking off somewhere else.

Some have asked me if there was any “bad feeling,” about this encounter, possibly due to prejudice towards those who fit the “Grey” description. But, no, just mostly surprise. Those beings seemed just as surprised to see me as I was of them.

February 2022

I was notified of an individual in the UK allegedly suffering from multiple, multiple medical ailments thanks to a generational curse instilled by the goddess Kali. The story told to me that the gentleman, riddled with ailments so severe he was attached to a colostomy bag, had been sexually assaulted by some form of Succubus; and that his predicament was the result of a curse laid on his family. Apparently his grandfather had committed atrocities during bouts of religious violence between the Hindus and Muslims in India; one particular young lady that was sexually assaulted by him had a

father-figure who was burned alive that may have been a sahir.

So, to put it in layman's terms, I was dealing with a young man who was so damaged by a vengeful father figure...

It became obvious that something nasty was tied to the young man. Stories of literal garbage shoved into the woman's throat likely was the source of the abdominal disruptions, and the succubus... immediately that rang like revenge. It wouldn't be the first time I've come across an entity who got people mixed up, if it was a generational curse something as little as having a strong family resemblance could be enough for the "curse" to transfer.

Unfortunately I had to pass this on to someone more local to the client, but not after I made at least one attempt to speak directly to the entity in question. I researched Kali, organized a bit of a channeling/summoning using a combination of my protection methods and a psychic jumpstart (soaking my feet in salt water) to put myself in a deep enough trance to approach the client and address the being on it's own turf.

When I made contact, the succubus was clearly, trying to dig itself further into the client's physicality to afflict more damage. Centered in it's haze was the client, almost giddy at the attention. It became clear something else was motivating this curse. The visuals which overcame me are hard to describe, like two gods bending reality on a whim to try outdoing one another,

but seeing I was not so easily swayed I managed to earn enough respect for the bring to take me back to when the affliction started.

Through the victim's eyes, I watched the soldiers burn her "father" alive, the father's spirit crying out in anger and swearing vengeance as she was violated. The anger I felt within... I knew all too well. There was not even a need for English, I understood everything perfectly. Then the vision moved forward in time to more modern day... showing the client starting to take advantage of a young lady.

I managed to convince the entity to break it's connection, seeing the man trying to harm another reignited old angers, but that notion was tearing away at the very soul and corrupting their being. Did they really desire their afterlife to be torn by vengeance? Giving into those emotions, at least in theory, made many literal demons... they had to let go. But the damage done was likely irreparable. If this being was telling the truth about what the client was doing, I wouldn't necessarily have a problem leaving him to rot... but even I know that trying to seek revenge on those who do us wrong usually amounts to nothing more then skinning yourself just to have something to hit others with.

There was one condition I had to follow to break the entity's influence, to walk away as well, which under the circumstances I agreed and left the reasoning to the fact I did not have necessary funds to personally head to the UK for proper investigation and having the client

pay for my plane ticket was wrong. Some rather shady individuals tried to lay claim to the case, as for what happened with them I do not know. My sources on the other side say that the being was lifted to someplace else for them to be allowed to heal, which was a relief in itself because the communication ritual I did to make the ordeal left me physically weak and hardly able to get out of bed for about three days.

April 16, 2022

Interview with ~~-censored-~~ on Bald and Bonkers Show, information about various ET species mentioned in this text and her advice guides my search for answers to new heights. I managed to ask her a question, as several indications hinted that I had a wife in a separate life, if any relationships I was in down here were considered as cheating. The reaction, obviously while unexpected, sparked quite a bit of laughter. But ~~-censored-~~ suggested that if someone involved in a starseed program had a romantic partner, that their partner's in this life would likely subconsciously remind them of their other life. This sparked an idea.

Being that I had Olivia's picture, what if I used AI to essentially weed out my features to create a possible photo of her mother? I utilized a feature on a phone app called FaceApp (a feature now since deleted) to take Olivia's picture and used photos online of various

celebrities I had crushes on throughout my life to enhance certain features.

Eventually, when I reached a certain point in the creation process, my heart sank and I started to becoming emotional. I ran outside, crying to the stars begging for forgiveness because... upon seeing her face... certain memories started to surface. The feelings behind them, most confusing of all, were ones where I felt like I somehow failed her. I felt like I wasn't the man she and the kids deserved to have in their life, literally falling to my knees underneath the stars. In a moment of silence, I saw a flash of light moving through the sky that felt like someone was trying to get my attention. The light directed my attention to the Pleiades. Whether this was intentional or not, I don't know, but what stood out the most was the voice I heard that was responding to my cries...

"It's okay Dakota, we hear you, we know."

April 24, 2022

Earth - United States

While recording a live show, a guest expressed interest in CE5, contact, and various other topics. Her real name was revealed on air through a spirit box session. After recording she reveals a screen memory she believed was covering an abduction. She remembered seeing herself as a young girl in a Christmas themed

nightgown, being taken out of her house, and seeing a “bucking moose.”

Summer 2022

Iron City Paranormal captures strange anomaly involving SLS camera and a computer they had me sitting on through video call. Either they caught y projection coming out of my computer or something physically manipulating the wifi signal to talk to me. They invited me on through a video call to a case to see if I would get any psychic feels of the old tattoo parlor, and to make this entry short anytime I got an inclination of something going on, they captured some form of anomaly.

August 11th, 2022

Earth - United States - Idaho - Twin Falls

I was staying at a family friend's home while waiting for the new house to be ready to move into. My car was in the shop, so I would just walk to her place from work, which was barely over a mile. Thankfully the weather was nice most nights. I worked nights so I didn't have to deal with high temps too much.

One night, it was a fairly clear night, I decided to play Dr. Steven Greer's CE5 tones while walking. With the application, I found that if you messed with the pages in the app a certain way, the tones wouldn't stop

playing and allowed you to play at least two separate recordings at once. This allowed for a bit of experimentation that might take a bit of leg work to replicate since recent updates fixed this loophole.

I played the recording labeled “crop circle tones,” frequencies heard by electronic recording devices while documenting likely ET crop circle formations. I paired it with the tone labeled “Fibonacci sequence,” a sound rendering with the Fibonacci mathematical sequence embedded into it. The main idea behind the CE5 protocols was to allow humans to go around government officials and establish contact with ETs. Different tones presented on the app would likely yield different sorts of manifestations to take place. My idea was to use the “standard” tone and pair it with the Fibonacci sequence, which was noted to help more subtle energy forms manifest easier.

The sound was directed through earbuds so only I could hear it. This was in part a cover for me so in the event someone panicked about seeing a 6’7” stranger walking around at night and called me into the police, I was just a guy walking home and listening to music. The other purpose helped direct the sound into my system so I could feel the electromagnetic charges that often took place in my head that seemed to flow in sync with the CE5 tones.

15 minutes into my walk, roughly the amount of time the app notes it should take for something to manifest, a dark grey diamond craft appeared right

above me. I had other instances of possible craft in the distance that seemed to respond to the tones, but they were far enough to appear as specks of light.

When I first noticed it, I genuinely thought that maybe a large owl was flying off of the 40 ft tree I was next to. The ship then flew directly into the light of the full moon, casting a faint shadow. The diamond was close enough for me to clearly make out the seamless design of the metal, the lack of any sort of lights, etc... it was close enough to where had I been quicker to pull out my phone, I would have caught a damn good picture. By the time I was able to do so, the craft took off. I would estimate that it was flying a good 100 -150 feet off the ground.

September 27th 2022

A quick journal entry

Wide area seemed shiny.. Short being, pale greenish skin, large oval eyes, saw me arrive as I changed out of my clothes into a uniform. Didn't react. Uniform was metallic grey, blue stripe down the torso. Hurriedly got dressed, seeking out someone. Found a seemingly familiar face. Elradon? Tall, darker skin, wider eyes, somewhat more pronounced skull. I asked if my wife or kids were near, he said he hadn't seen them. Must be on assignment. Found a note addressed to me, a woman's handwriting. Another clue? The only word I remember is Enoch...

October 2nd, 2022

A quick journal entry - Recall Dream

I was on Earth, mostly. Suburban neighborhood. Indiana? I remember seeing the Great Lakes as we were rushing down in a small craft.. Possibly late 80s, early 90s based on vehicles nearby. Two figures took a child, a young girl wearing a bright red Christmas themed dressed. One of the things, likely Greys, ran a long finger over her body. It didn't seem to notice me hiding in their craft. As I ambushed them, I discovered more children. More men, GFW, assisted in recovery and wiped the kids' so they wouldn't remember.

As we got back to the main ship I remember staring out a wide window looking at the Earth. Another man approached me to check on me, apparently this was to be my last mission for a bit. The other man, tall, very chiseled facial features... Ahel Pleiadian? I asked him if he thought the kids would be okay to which he assured me, asking about my thoughts on my upcoming envoy deployment. I made a remark about wondering if I would ever see those kids down there, and if I would remember. The other man smiled, winked, and said something along the lines of "Don't worry, you will. Just remember the moose." The man then held up three fingers in a triangle formation and pressed them up to my forehead. I jerked back and asked what he was doing, to which he said "You know the protocol, you're about to leave and we need to make sure you and the children are safe."

A took a deep breath and caved. Upon waking up, I realized who the child was and who the Pleiadian was...

October 4th, 2022

A quick journal entry - Recall Message

The following played in my head during a recall meditation, like it was some kind of voicemail.

You are Alerayon Teuitre of oraa nataru Shari. You and your family are involved with hybridization and giving aid via the Envoy program. You selected a vessel primed with Taali blood to allow yourself to tap into psychic potentials for when you encountered darkness. The one you know as archangel Michael is of this bloodline as well. But things aren't quite as you understand.

I don't know if I heard it correctly, or even spelt the names right... after further analysis I asked ~~-cen-~~
~~sored-~~ if she knew of a being by that matched the description of the one I saw and if he, at some point, worked with her contact. She confirmed that there was in fact a gentleman matching the same description I gave, to which I revealed may have been me. It was also somewhat of a shock to read that she and I have actually met before I came to Earth for this envoy mission. Which would explain why I felt so compelled to seek her out, she was a genuine thread to who I really was.

As for the connection to Michael the archangel, that is a connection I need to establish further. The connection was first suggested by priests I first consulted in

regards to Olivia's first appearances. However further incidents, mainly revolving around the Hat Man / Cain, indicated a much more personal involvement.

One of the witnesses I put together a profile on disclosed to me an incident which Cain (or someone he controls) attacked him in a library and a mysterious stranger with a powerful, angelic vibe came to the rescue. There was a bright flash of light and both disappeared. The only marker of that incident left was a first degree burn on the man's hand of the letter M. Given the situation, the witness came to the conclusion his mysterious rescuer may have been archangel Michael. The weirdest part? The witness alleged that that Michael and I looked remarkably alike, almost as if we were blood relatives.

October 9th, 2022

Earth - United States - Idaho → Moonbase?

I was taken up in a small vessel. My children, my wife, and a fourth being were all present. We took a trip to living quarters on the moon (possibly) to simply have time to ourselves and discuss the future. Now that I learned the name of my Pleiadian vessel, that will open me to even more. It also seems one of last children I helped rescue is confirmed to be someone I met and had as a guest on the Bald and Bonkers Show. The Ahel Pleiadian, was ~~-censored-~~. ~~-censored-~~ confirmed all of this...

October 11th 2022

Earth - United States - Idaho

A quick journal entry

The young girl from previous entries, the one ~~-cen-~~
sored- and I (along with others) managed to rescue, has been informed of the revelation. I scheduled a video call to tell her due to the significance of the information, clearly hitting on something she was trying to find out for years but had no luck. She was practically crawling through the screen as I told her. Other possible rescued kids may be coming forward as well but no confirmation.

October 22nd 2022

Earth - United States - Idaho

A quick journal entry

There's much chatter through the ethereal lines. I suspect in part that it may have something to do with the GSIC conference in Orlando. There was also a giant pyramid in the sky I saw outside my house while heading out for work. Or at least at first glance it looked liked a glowing white pyramid but it feels like there were more dimensions to it. It lasted for barely half a second. Possible Merkabah? It is a known kind of craft that certain species of ET are known to use... psychic projection based. I'll have to monitor...

November 6th 2022

Earth - United States - Idaho - Jerome

While I was recording a live, my mother sends me a text message saying "I know this might sound stupid but I thought I just saw a stationary green object in the sky near work." My mother is a 911 dispatcher for four counties, her work is stationed in ~~-censored-~~. When she has time, she often stops at either the nearby Ridley's, Walmart, or Dollar Tree to pick up last minute snacks to help her get through the night shift.

It should be interesting to note that I had a telepathic communication roughly two-three days earlier with my star family. It is said that if one has these kinds of connections, they may possess the ability to freely communicate on top of sharing psychic ability.

As I was driving on my way to work, I reached out and got a response from my son. The exact message I left was, "If you guys have time, and it is safe for you to do so, can you say Hi to your grandma?" My son simply said with a smile, "Sure thing, Dad, I get it."

It's one thing for me to say that there was an immediate response. My wife and kids knew that while I accepted them with open arms, I was still trying to work on processing the entire situation. The thought was to try an experiment to see if my kids would be willing to show themselves to a neutral party, someone who had very little idea about the situation, but knew just enough to where they would contact me right away the second something happened. However, it still needed

to be someone that my kids would have an emotional connection to (someone they would personally want to meet). What kid wouldn't want to go see Grandma and Grandpa?

November 24th, 2022

Iveena seems to have been visiting ~~-censored-~~ to help with their progress. We managed to positively identify her through the AI generated images of her and the kids; personally validating the visions I've been seeing. It would seem her and the kids share Intel about their visitations to others in the anticipation they would reach out to me for validation. The level of detail in the vision gets difficult in determining whether or not I'm physically there, I suppose that is to be expected. However a slight remark from ~~-censored-~~ about Iveena's and I sexual habits ended up being validated in the process. I have another child on the way, another baby girl. Iveena was wanting to wait until Christmas to reveal it but we took a few moments to talk over some names. Ireena...

I can't even share the news with everyone. One of my best friends is still skeptical about my ET origins, another is almost without a doubt compromised. ~~-censored-~~ are opening up to it... but it is still lacking. The very people I am sharing Thanksgiving with feel empty, seeing me as nothing more than an overgrown trash hound.

I want my family. It's been brought to my attention that there is apparently a way for me to leave, to be with them, but allegedly Galactic Law will forbid me from coming back until Earth is ready for interplanetary integration. Our job is to build the bridge for Terrans to join the Federation, and it seems that will start in two years.

So does that mean I will be gone? Can't say that I wouldn't say no...

Iveena, Olivia, Michael, and now Ireena...

If this keeps moving forward like it seems... I will be one lucky man.

November 26th, 2022

Last night my potentially compromised co-star of the main talk show in the company started going in on one of his alleged contact sessions. Just enough of a “weird” factor keys in to avoid me completely throttling him for his pride, however the more he opens his mouth the more I learn; something he seems to not yet grasp.

Should a soothsayer speak with ego, then that soothsayer is to be ignored, for their ego will forever blind them of what truths they may actually see. Especially one who dodges and misdirects the second he is confronted.

December 12th 2022:

~~-censored-~~ left my company, proving likely a compromise from Grays. The people she was associating with openly promoted Gray interference. She also took issue with my handling of a couple incidents which she was involved with. Primarily that “I didn’t take her side.”

The first is when I addressed a fight that took place on a livestream. ~~-censored-~~ was apparently talking about how I was seen casting out Cain during the Valentines Day incident as well as how I managed to create a healing sigil that could combat strong negative influences. Someone on the panel ~~-censored-~~ was asking about the validity of the claims. He was very professional about it, He felt that the way I was being painted made it sound like I “was going toe to toe with Thor (from the Avengers) in the streets of New York.” Immediately ~~-censored-~~ took offense and started firing off. Everything got heated, and immediately people started blowing up my phone trying to paint ~~-censored-~~ in a bad light. I didn’t respond right away because I was trying to get some sleep before I had to go to work.

I managed to convince the drama queens to give me a timestamp, so I could see what happened and not have to waste time trying to find it while I was getting ready for work. ~~-censored-~~ was asking an honest question. He wasn’t being snarky or anything, he was just trying to acknowledge that my story is a bit

more unusual than most. He even made a valid point that such blind devotion was a dangerous game to play.

The second incident involved claims of racial slurs. ~~-censored-~~ was broadcasting her grievances over a livestream due to someone calling her a "white girl." I watched through just enough of the stream to figure out who she was pissed at and reached out to get his side of the story without talking to ~~-censored-~~. This just pissed her off. As she left the company, she just tried painting the situation as her slowly being squeezed out and took offense to me not begging her to stay.

Everyone, except myself, was legally considered a freelancer. They were able to come and go as they pleased. This was all signed in paperwork to protect everyone's interests.

I made sure to make it known her behavior was unacceptable, that everything was arranged for people to come and go as they please, and her ego was not wanted.

A third incident involving ~~-censored-~~ and the gentleman she was trying to scream racism at, his name was ~~-censored-~~. On another stream, something seemed to be affecting ~~-censored-~~ to where he was hunched over in pain.

To me, it looked like he was having issues with his appendix.

To ~~-censored-~~ and the other so-called witches, he was possessed and they all started bustling out crucifixes. This ignorance pissed me off.

I played the protection sigil tone, slowly increasing the volume. The witches grew silent and tense, as if something was hunting them and they were curled in a corner, but ~~-censored-~~ responded. I increased the volume and ~~-censored-~~ seemed to no longer be in pain, only responding to my voice. I guided him back towards the surface without incident. Later that night though, there was an interesting turn of events.

I remember walking into a dark room, with ~~-censored-~~ laying naked on what looked like an operating table. I was suited up in a silver uniform, accompanied by my wife and two oldest. I was performing some kind of examination and remembered seeing some kind of black goo inside ~~-censored-~~ located right about his hips and was able to extract it without incident. However I noticed some irritation in the region that I was not able to directly operate on. It was like I was only authorized to clear the black goo and stabilize ~~-censored-~~ condition to a safe enough level that Earth doctors could handle it.

As we were getting ready to help ~~-censored-~~ get dressed, my wife pointed out I should make a mental note of a birthmark ~~-censored-~~ had. I asked her why, to which she explained "You're going to remember this so you can warn him to get to the doctor, you'll proba-

bly need something to prove that you did actually examine him."

I made a joke about her not pointing this out sooner. She just shook her head and said that I should listen better because she did tell me, pointing out the incident where I had a vision of an ex-girlfriend cheating and I spotted a tattoo on the guy to help validate what I saw.

We took ~~-censored-~~ home first before my wife dropped me off. Immediately the next morning I woke up to a group message with ~~-censored-~~ and a couple of the other "witches" talking to ~~-censored-~~, vaguely dancing around the incident. In the chat I told ~~-censored-~~ point for point what happened the previous night and that it would be a very good idea that he get to the hospital soon to get checked out. I even pointed out where I saw a birthmark to solidify my point. ~~-censored-~~ became excited by the information I gave, saying that it was like I was reading his medical chart word for word.

Two days later, ~~-censored-~~ ends up in the emergency room with a ruptured hernia, exactly where I told him. While in the hospital, ~~-censored-~~ apparently had a doctor who looked like someone had superimposed my face to their body.

As that situation settled, I got to thinking about what my wife said to me about looking for identifying markers. It was then I realized ~~-censored-~~ was not the first person I took. The other from the Cain attacks

were also taken by myself and my "colleagues." In some cases, I was just a familiar face to comfort the patient. Others I took a more active role. There were also incidents with these same people where I would make a remark about things I would have only known about if I was intimately familiar with them, or at least went on a beach trip with.

February 11th-12th 2023

On February 11th I invited ~~-censored-~~ on the show to talk about her book ~~-censored-~~ and the latest about UFOs being that the "tictacs" were a topic of discussion among the masses. During the show, there was the usual expected interference. I wanted to ask about the potential for more direct energy weapon attacks after I had a dream. Something about the dream itself seemed too detailed to just be a random visual.

I recall being in a city where beams of light were setting things ablaze. I look up and see a massive ship where the beams seemed to originate before almost being struck by one. For some reason the impression I got was that this dream was taking place in Texas, somewhere I've only been while on a layover at Dallas/Fort Worth.

I asked about the potential of future energy weapon attacks to ~~-censored-~~, holding back any specifics to see what she might have. All she had to say on the matter was that the attacks were likely. The next morn-

ing, I find out my 16 year old cousin, ~~-censored-~~ and our grandmother were in a rollover crash. The vehicle rolled six times, almost ejecting my grandmother even though she was belted in. Grandma took the worst of it, which was especially unsettling as she was a heart attack patient. However ~~-censored-~~ and my grandma both survived and have fully healed of their injuries.

February - March 2023

I was taken aboard a ship where the rest of my family was waiting inside, somewhat nervous for what was to come. It wasn't necessarily a negative vibe... more just anticipation. For what exactly? As it turned out we were on our way to a family reunion near Sirius B where my wife is from. The sector was liberated from negative influence involving the Greys, and GFW members were being allowed leave to visit families the left behind.

The reason for the anticipation, the anxiety, was the fact that Iveena didn't exactly leave on good terms, something that she and I bonded over when I left Taal-ihara. But this time was different. Naturally she wanted to reconnect with her family, to simply just have the option to see them, even though her mother in particular and her had a bit of a strained relationship at times. But this visit had something more important behind it, Olivia and Michael had not yet met their grandparents in person. Iveena had also not told her parents about baby Ireena just yet, hoping to leave it as a surprise.

When we arrived I remembered being mesmerized by the crystalline structures. The feel in the air was like something out of old Sailor Moon manga, depictions of "Crystal Tokyo" as it was shown. Crystal, metal, nature... all working in unison to create a futuristic paradise. The sound of the metal echoing under our feet, the constant twilight sky thanks to the weak sun in the star system, this was too intense to be some... dream or hallucination. When we started to approach a certain building, there was an air of excitement and nervousness. It was time.

A man and a woman came out to greet us in front of their home. Both were roughly six feet in height, human looking. The ecstatic smiles upon the faces of everyone around revealed enough about who these people were. The woman looked much like Iveena, big green anime sort of eyes, smaller in frame from her age but in immaculate health. She had this way to just project her emotions towards others, as many from her world could do. The women there were also known to be quite physically expressive and known for their sexual ability. Iveena's father was a taller man, somewhat rounded features with graying dirty blonde hair. He didn't fit the almost anime-like appearance of others on this world, I believe he was originally an Ahel. When he approached me for a hug, it was like I was greeting an old friend.

The love, the joy, the happiness, the excitement quickly overflowed my senses. It was extraordinary to

just feel such a connection with these people. Inside there were others awaiting, family friends on Iveena's side looking to reunited. Iveena's mother knew that I was coming for Earth, and set a holographic projection on the room we were in to almost resemble a holiday cabin. Machines scanned our DNA sequences to prepare a sort of gelatinous food that tasted magnificent. A part of me was not wanting to leave the festivities.

It was during polite chitchat Iveena's mother blurted something seemingly random that threw off the vibes for the evening. She seemed to be the type that had a tendency to blurt out whatever was on her mind, not giving much consideration to how it might affect others. She had asked me how my father was.

Naturally I was confused. I was still early in figuring out how to recall these events and the "father" I thought she was asking about now sits in an Arizona prison. I could almost hear Iveena trying to signal her mother to not push the question even further, trying to tell her that I didn't remember much. This only prompted further questioning on my part, to which Iveena let out a big sigh and set down the food she was holding, muttering how "it was only a matter of time..."

It was not the father I had on Earth, thank god, but my father from Taalihara. Iveena explained that my father had been on Earth to make up for the time lost after he urged me to leave home, feeling like he had somehow abandoned me when I needed family the most. He himself had taken on a envoy, not one of the

same program I was in necessarily but enough of the genetic programming was in the family line to make this arrangement possible. Iveena had me focus deep into her eyes, placing her fingers against my temple, something she had done a million times before to help me relax.

"Think, Dakota. You already figured out that people can sometimes look and act similar to their other incarnations. You're father is not ~~-censored-~~, you really shouldn't be dealing with him but that's your choice at the end of the day. Think back to the day you left Taal-i-hara, when your father told you to leave, who did he remind you of?"

For a few weeks before this trip, my so-called friend and brother in arms had tried to convince me that he was somehow my father from my ET left incarnated, trying to twist me away from those who tried to offer help. I played into the delusion, hoping it was just a simple matter that he's getting things twisted, but this slip of the tongue was more than enough for me to be able to truly address it.

After all, these beings saved my life. They're my family. They've been there for me through thick and thin, and aside from having doubts because of the extraordinary circumstances... I've never doubted their intentions. ~~-censored-~~ was giving a million reasons that multiple people have come forward wanting to address.

So.. who was my father? Only one man I knew on Earth fit all the criteria... my grandfather, who raised me like I was his own.

The second the realization hit me, more memories started to come back. Answers to questions I had about the seemingly spiritual connection my grandfather and I had from early age.

April 2023

Earth - United States - Idaho

My younger sister ~~-censored-~~ has confirmed with her doctor that she is in the early stage of pregnancy.

May 13th I had a visit from a young girl who strongly resembles ~~-censored-~~. We talked about her older brother, who miscarried, and how that was how she knew that she could talk to me. She was worried about her parents, especially her mom, because the consequences of ~~-censored-~~ actions were upsetting her. The girl also revealed her name to be ~~-censored-~~, she would be born just under 10 pounds, and that she would likely be born before her expected due date of December 5th.

Late April - May 2023 estimated

Federation Missions - Deployment

These last few weeks I have had on and off visits, all seemingly tied to Federation assignments. I remember

feelings of pure adrenaline burnout, as if I was on the move. A trick that I've stuck with in order to tell if the certain visits upstairs were recent, or in my "other life" were whether or not I had hair.

If I was bald, then I was acting as Dakota.

If I had hair, I was Elaryon.

For this one, I had hair.

It was a group deployment. Stealth was critical. As a way to suppress intel from Earth, those of us also tied to the envoy program would be given special attention to ensure the blocks in Earth vessels are effective to ensure as little combat detail makes it to the Terran population.

Funny how this ties into right about the time I meet ~~-censored-~~. It should also be noted that about a week after meeting ~~-censored-~~, my sister was the subject of a potential domestic terrorism accusation after someone used a fake phone number to pretend to be her and sent threats to her boss to shoot up the place. She was working at an assisted living facility for special needs adults. Needless to say she ended up losing her job.

In the interest of full disclosure, my sister hasn't exactly been making the best choices in who she associates with and this could purely be a bad-timing incident. Her former boss is known for starting fightings and lying to police, likely manipulated a mentally challenged baby daddy into pulling all this crap...

But within 24 hours after the last time ~~-cen-~~
~~sored-~~ was a guest on my show, and I discussed about
potential approaching direct energy weapon attacks,
my grandmother and 16-year-old cousin ~~-censored-~~
ended up in a nasty rollover that partially ejected my
grandma even though she had on a seatbelt. Best to
monitor how much I reveal in certain channels. It
seems certain methods have been compromised. Either
that... or my history of bad timing continues to this
day.

May 4th, 2023

Location Unknown - Federation Deployment

Large corridor, I was in a squad of five. The other
four, humanoid beings. In my arms was this large grey
thing with weak tentacles drifting to the sides. It
looked like a smaller version of the invaders from the
Independence Day movies. Possible Negamuk? Not
sure. It should be noted I had hair in this vision.

Negamuk said to be joining the GFW soon... was
this a glimpse into the future? Or was I seeing things
through someone else's eyes? I could feel everything
in that moment, there was no way that could've been
some intense dream... right?

May 27th, 2023

Earth - United States - Idaho

There was another visitation. This has been kind of repetitive. Where I was taken seemed dark, barely enough light was present to tell where something was in the room. The room I was in appeared almost Hollywood exaggerated tall, walls covered in what looked like Egyptian hieroglyphs, and there was a throne made to accommodate someone with a giant's frame.

As I jot this down, this may have been the throne room where I first met that being after the incident with my stepmom... the throne was empty and looked like it had been for some time. It should be noted near this time that a prominent figure, whose description closely matches who I saw, was taken into custody and the tides of the war starside were turning in the Federation's favor. Enlil... was it you? Had I taken your deal... who would I be now?

May 31st, 2023

Earth - United States - Idaho

Possible Intel/Recall

Surgical room. Dimly lit. Strapped to a table. I was weakened, being tortured. My chest was cut open as this thing reached its hand inside. I could feel everything, but started to disassociate from everything. The being looked human, but the eyes seemed to shift to reptilian. He taunted me, pressing a finger into my blood then rubbing it against my mouth. High pitched squeals came from the being's mouth, like it was trying

to say something.. An explosion went off in another room, the being and others with it ran. I remember seeing a tall blonde man see me dismembered, pausing in shock for a brief moment before running towards me. Once I could the man was a friendly, I rested my head on the table I was stuck to and that was the end of the vision.

June 1st, 2023

Earth - United States - Idaho

Possible Intel/Recall

Futuristic city. I was at an event, looked like some kind of concert with friends. I was with a woman, alongside another couple. The woman resembled my wife, but a bit younger, almost teenage to early 20s. The other couple was darker in skin. The male, who resembled the guard from the earlier mentioned “Martian Infirmary” incident, felt like he was a best friend. He was tall, dark skinned, deep voice...

The event was wrapping up and myself and this other being got called to a medical office to aid pregnant women experiencing complications. We conducted thorough examinations and quickly were able to help the women, saving the babies, all seemingly as easy as putting a bandage on a papercut. The medical bay was able to show what the father looked like, resembling a humanoid iguana... the complications from the pregnancy itself seemed to be caused by incompat-

ible DNA match... similar to known cases of RH incompatibility.

My colleague and I focused our attentions to separate women, exchanging information as we went along with the procedures. The medical bays could handle everything, we were pretty much there as emotional support as long as the machines didn't fail. If they did it would be on us to take the information given by the medical bays before the malfunction in order to administer the right treatments and prevent further harm.

June 4th, 2023

Location Unknown - Memory Recall

Dark area. The feeling in the air felt like a military base. I remember seeing the flash of a tall being. Slender... female... very high in command. I was with several other soldiers, all lined in formation. I don't recall seeing this woman before... but we were about to go into something hot and heavy. Casualties were expected.

July 3rd, 2023

Earth -> United States -> Arizona - Idaho

First interview for Civilian Disclosure Project. Subject is ~~-censored-~~ who shows evident signs of a trauma-based psychic awakening. Likely abducted for SSP related activities at a young age. She revealed an attempt at taking her own life as being the likely cause

of her awareness to her situation. I have been talking with her on and off personally as she wanted to reach out and get my perspective being that she and I are roughly in the same age group. Interview went well, I identified where her mental blocks were kicking in, indicating a fear of saying too much. Within 12 hours, I received a message from ~~-censored-~~ asking if I would hold off on releasing the interview. I should have expected this, but will politely respect her wishes. It should be noted she started to act distant after seeing the protection sigil. Only time will tell.

July 8th, 2023

I had an interview with ~~-censored-~~ for the Bald and Bonkers Show which had some noted interference and faint voices in the recording, as if someone was trying to hack into the frequencies. The interview was live so others heard it. It is extremely likely the voices were of my wife and ~~-censored-~~. Some controversy stirred in the weeks that followed, connected to ~~-censored-~~.. the situation was serious enough that a voice came through while I was at work telling me to get home ASAP.

The controversy had spread to ~~-censored-~~ and fears of me being compromised due to... misunderstood information were expressed. I took to the airwaves to address the cowards too obsessed with drama to call them out, taking responsibility for my actions,

and thanking ~~-censored-~~ who actually addressed her concerns with me directly. I wanted to lash out more... but I had other matters much more important. I was more pissed at the fact someone would dare to remotely insinuate I would do anything to harm someone who helped me understand my situation and find my family. I owe that woman an immense debt of gratitude and it stands against everything I believe in as an individual to try anything to harm her. Especially how her contact was an old friend and my old commanding officer from withing the Federation. We flew together, fought together, he knew my family... naturally I don't blame him for being pissed about the possibility. I know who I am, I know what I stand for... and I will be damned if I let anyone call that into speculation.

Taking advantage of the moment... I asked ~~-censored-~~ about someone who was in fact compromised and trying to influence my way of thinking. She had confirmed she knew something was up but didn't want to upset the friendship... if only there wasn't something nagging at me for some time saying I needed to cut this individual out of my life.

July 13th, 2023

My younger sister ~~-censored-~~ had a prenatal checkup, to determine the gender of the baby as well as monitor ovarian cysts that tend to run in the women of my family. Much to my sister's disappointment, the

doctor confirmed that the baby is likely a girl. Mostly cause, in typical sibling fashion, she didn't want to admit I was right.

Also, the young lady who I likely rescued as a child before coming to Earth, she found old family photos showing the exact dress she was in, helping validate the timeframe of our mutual encounter from before I was "Dakota." It is a bit of a surreal feeling finding these threads to some other life. I wonder if this is how amnesia patients feel?

July 25th, 2023

I woke up from a dream, the last time I saw something with this much detail meant someone was either coming into the world or getting ready to leave. There was a girl, ~~-censored-~~, I hadn't seen since high school. She looked older, obviously, different hair style but I recognized her right away.

Like something out of a psychic medium TV show, the dream presented itself like it was her spirit trying to reach out after being murdered. I recognize the area as being outside of ~~-censored-~~ in more of a suburban area. She had been messing around with heavy drugs and it ended up getting her killed. I was the one to try finding the body. The body was found in a pile of garbage, near a compound where some major traffickers operated out of. When she was recovered, there was a confrontation.

Apparently the traffickers who killed her were known for taking human remains as trophies. Members had tried intimidating me and showed their collection of severed human heads. Again, this all was in the dream state.

When I woke up, I immediately looked her up. There was too much of a realism to the visuals. It took me a second to remember the last name she was going by. Once I remembered that much, I found public pleas on social media of people asking for prison pen pals to write to ~~-censored-~~. I dug a bit deeper and found court records involving several drug charges against her since 2016. Her latest mugshot matched how I saw her dead body in the dream almost to a tee. She was due to be released on probation soon, but it's obvious there is a downward spiral in effect.

I am honestly not sure what to do with this one. There are rumors of traffickers in the area connected to Mexican cartel. And it's been so long since she and I saw each other, and her compromised mental state might have erased any memory she had of me. The fact she's been in and out of prison alone may be keeping her from meeting this fate.

August 2nd, 2023

Mass UFO sighting reported to authorities. A triangle craft that was first spotted south of Hollister, just over the Idaho/Nevada line, flew over Twin Falls, then

was spotted in Jerome, Shoshone, before possibly being intercepted by other military craft and led towards Sun Valley. The one news outlet that even mentioned it barely gave it the attention of a passing joke.

I was tipped off by a contact of mine in a local dispatch center after ten calls came in about a strange low-flying craft. I was in close enough proximity to potentially catch a look but could not find an easy escape from my civilian job to do so in time. I had literally just clocked in. The reason it sparked interest was that this was the first time that the dispatch center ever had that many phone calls come in about a low-flying craft. The calls themselves weren't necessarily out of the norm, most of the time they were about people assuming small planes were about to crash, not realizing a small private airstrip was in the area. But numerous people, all calling about the same thing? Between the agencies in the area, about 30 calls were placed

Enough calls came in where I was able to get a solid flight path. Videos backed that something was in the sky that night that hardly made any noise. Flight radars did not show it or the occupying jets. So my contact wouldn't get in too much trouble for discussing work related matters to an outsider, they sent me a link to a Facebook group where the incident was being discussed in real time.

My best evaluation was this was a military test flight. Not uncommon for this time of year. While monitoring the news outlets I also learned that apparently

the local military and the Salt Lake branch of the FBI may have had a hand in killing press coverage of UFOs back in the 40s with the Twin Falls Saucer Hoax. The "hoax" was a small 30-inch UFO that was found in someone's backyard and written off as an elaborate prank done by unknown teenagers. This took place roughly three days after the Roswell, New Mexico crash.

August 24th, 2023

At 6:15am this morning I was out walking my cat and noticed an odd light above my house that started to move on its own. I pulled out my phone to record video of the incident and it stayed in view, just inching across the sky. It was solitary, varied in light intensity, and seemed to be flying South by Southwest towards the Nevada line. Strangely enough, it seemed like the object would disappear and reappear at an earlier point in its trajectory multiple times. As the sun rose the object became less visible by comparison, obviously, but still shined bright enough for it to be seen by the naked eye and captured on camera. The incident lasted about 50 minutes before coming to an end.

September 3rd, 2023

An orange light darted through the sky as I was leaving for work. Time was about 7pm... still light outside.

October 19-22, 2023

Earth - United States - Orlando, Florida - GSIC

This is an event I am merely noting to have high potential. A convention is coming together in Orlando, with those who have offered up the most evidence pertaining to my case being in attendance and as speakers. This should get interesting. Some of my communication methods, divination and spirit box based, have also indicated that I may have a surprise waiting for me.

October 19th 2023

I arrive in Orlando after a day of traveling. Seeing ~~-censored-~~ and hugging her for the first time seemed to trigger flashbacks of the day ~~-censored-~~ and I rescued her. Possibly an escape pod, or an empty stasis bay... what was that about?

October 20th 2023,

As usual ~~-censored-~~ triggered flashes, her speech on the Atlantis Resurgence. Did I have something to do with the mass evacuation? Maybe.... During the session with ~~-censored-~~, she taught the audience how to "reach heaven." Suicide cult jokes aside, the visuals I saw seemed much more intense than other who described their situation. I remember seeing hundreds of children, beautiful landscapes, several other people who weren't at the conference saw me up there. Was

I getting an overview of everyone else? Might be. My connections are a bit more involved than most. I do also remember seeing my other grandfather, my dad's father...

~~-censored-~~ was another fascinating tale. His experience going through 20 and backs, paralleled with abuse, does fit into theories about why my connections are so strong. If he comes up on a panel again I might have to ask if he's found any indicators to watch for on finding these locations.

I'm also seeing overlays of two locations, as if I'm here and in a ship. Messages are coming through, saying at least 15 confirmed ETs are present.

October 21st 2023,

I was visited. My family was here. All four of them. I don't recall the full details but the main image I recall, vividly, was my wife's eyes after we kissed. I was hoping to see them in the flesh, get a family photo, but it seems that is still just a bit out of reach.

~~-censored-~~ talking about her experiences and book seemed to trigger responses in my mind. As well as ~~-censored-~~, a man who was (allegedly, for the sake of argument, a man who was physically sent here as a baby). A couple people have noticed my reactions are kicking up and expressed concerns, some taking a religious-esque approach and seemingly ignoring who I

am. I'm slowly learning to ignore this, but it is a bit annoying.

~~-censored-~~, god I love that woman's fire. Gotta get her on a show soon. Anyway, her speech was more aimed towards biblical scripture and pointing out that Yhvh was not the benevolent god people figure him to be. There was some triggers there as well.

October 22nd 2023,

Last night was the disco, and I left because of something nudging me to get away from the scene.

I was taken aboard again. Possible opening directed toward my hotel window. I remember flying with my son, he is definitely like me. I feel there was also something he tried talking to me about, possibly about ~~-censored-~~... there was also something else that I genuinely can't grasp onto at this time.

Granted, from our chats I did develop a bit of a crush on ~~-censored-~~ and as far as things evolving further than friendship is unlikely. Since I deployed I was worried about her, and all the kids I saved and wanted to be able to check in on them somehow. That's all this was, apparently. I still gotta work on my recall. As ~~-censored-~~ says, it's a constant push that I have to try working at daily.

But it should be noted that when I got up this morning, others at the conference photographed likely craft above the hotel. They saw me!

October 23rd, 2023

The final day of GSIC

~~-censored-~~ shared their stories of past lives, how they met before, the jobs they completed, and adjusting to how their lives unfolded. A beautiful story of soulmates and overcoming the challenges. ~~-censored-~~ talked mostly about his background and unveiled a phryll energy device.

With ~~-censored-~~, I had flashbacks. Some of which included ~~-censored-~~. I noted having developed a bit of a crush on her and that was part of my influence for choosing to come. Part of what my son wanted to talk about, apparently. There's a guy she linked up with who is... concerning. Part of me wants to write it off as my old habits getting jealous but... I genuinely hope I am wrong. Happy thoughts, happy thoughts. Michael didn't seem worried, in fact he seemed to like ~~-censored-~~. But he also noted something... she was not his mother... but she is on Earth and about to make her reveal very soon.

~~-censored-~~, I, and a few others got together at Outback Steakhouse to have one last dinner together. It was truly great to get connected with them. There was one lady who was there who caught most of our attention, ~~-censored-~~, who had a very regal presence. The way she would walk, sit, carry herself, you'd expect that to be the behavior of someone from a royalty sort of background. ET? Maybe. It seemed like she may have had a telepathic disposition, and tried getting

my attention as such. I'll need to refocus on what happened. I probably should have taken some monoatomic gold. Between that and business cards to accommodate everyone who recognized me.

October 25th, 2023

After a couple days back to civilian life and reflecting on everything that happened, I posted an update video to talk about everything which transpired. When it came to the visit from my son, I started to remember more about what we had talked about.

It seemed that something was bothering him about the missions he had been flying with the GFW, that he was afraid to take them on because of how much he knew that I wanted to see him, his sisters, and his mother. So much so I asked if they would be able to make an appearance. Which, as my previous updates noted, has exactly happened. My son was a bit more vocal, at least as I remember it. Apparently his mind has been partially on edge because he knew of my anticipations for this event, looking forward to potentially seeing them. He expressed his concerns, doing his best to reassure that they did care about me and that, while they would always keep a line open to talk or offer help when it is needed, they are still needed elsewhere to aid in the war.

The Negamuk are now on our side, which was anticipated.

Taalihara will soon be free.

And when I am done with this life.

I'm back in the fight to finish the job...

But this also means that the one person I have been looking for this entire time is in fact on Earth... but where?

November 30th, 2023

There's something I've been wrestling with since GSIC in regards to my memories; and the emotion has only intensified after ~~-censored-~~ last Star Nation video. It's not anything negative, just overwhelming to say the least. I'm doing my best to swallow my pride and share as I was hoping to get some input. Let's just say, those of you who know about what I've shared in regards to my case, can probably figure this is the only spot I can really share. I'll try to keep it short...

For those who don't know, here's a brief summary:

I'm from Taalihara, went rogue and killed a Ciakharr that was about to eat three kids, joined the GFW as a field medic/scientist after I fled, married a T'Ashkeru woman, had a couple kids, worked with ~~-censored-~~ on abduction rescues before taking on this envoy deployment.

~~-censored-~~ has personally validated this much, I made sure to check with her once ~~-censored-~~ came up before I ever said anything publicly. I was able to gather this much from following ~~-censored-~~ advice

on how to handle recalls and dig for more. That and I found one of the kids (obviously now a grown woman) ~~-censored-~~ and I rescued, even had her on my show, and kept in touch with her to help her out with things she was working on.

The rescue would've taken place in the late 80s, early 90s. Aside from when I had ~~-censored-~~ on the show and it was obvious ~~-censored-~~ tapped in, I hadn't seen much of the guy since then. However, it did seem that during one of ~~-censored-~~ appearances on my show, ~~-censored-~~ pulled out a holographic projection of my wife. That guy knows a bit more than he's letting on... and he seemed to know that I sense it. Oh well, gotta work through the process

I made it a point to go to GSIC because I knew my friend was going to be there. She'd ask if I was going but I didn't want to make any false promises. Obviously I managed to work everything out, and fully intend on making the next one. I also managed to chat with my star family, and while they said they've been busy with some other situations, they would try to make an appearance. Needless to say they kept their word and as amazing as that was, it opened the door to a new "revelation."

When I talked about my abduction when I was six, some suggested that ~~-censored-~~ and I may have had something in common, in that my ending up 30 miles away from home one night might've been an unconscious teleportation episode. As it turns out, you may

have been partially correct. I may have found my ~~-censored-~~...

I'm about 70% certain that not only is my wife on Earth for an envoy deployment. But the thing is, if she is here, her head's either not quite as unlocked or (if I'm reading things right) something's spooking her from digging deeper. The fact that I'm barely turning 28 next month and have as much figured out as I do seems to be an anomaly in itself.

Here's what I know:

After the rescue, ~~-censored-~~ and I had a one-on-one as he caught me deep in thought. Something about THAT rescue hit harder than the others. There was a brief period where I had time to get my affairs in order before going down for my envoy, so it gave me time to process everything. I told him that I was just thinking about the kids and if I'd get to find them while I was down here. It was then that ~~-censored-~~ gave me a clue, saying "just remember the moose." He smiled and playfully winked, his way of telling me "hint hint, you already know"

While I've been down here, I've come to realize my kids were the ones to physically come down to Earth to get to me. My wife would always meet us upstairs... as if she can't physically come down out of fear of upsetting something.

There would be several "visits" from my wife that felt more like I was being playing video messages rather than a physical visitation, something akin to the movie

Interstellar when Matthew McConaughey's character would watch messages from home.

Working with ~~-censored-~~, it seems like some rules were bent to give me a jumpstart on realizing I wasn't from Earth. Technically they aren't supposed to as an envoy catching on too early might cause psychological distress. I've come to realize lately that my kids had a hand in it, they found loopholes with me. Why would they do that? If I'm right, they're trying to help mommy and daddy get back together.

Working with ~~-censored-~~ I've realized that part of why my kids are trying to push things the way they have been is because they knew that I wanted to remember. I wanted it bad enough to help override any "blocks" that were in place early on.

My friend in question, I found her through Tiktok. She would do videos on spiritual, conspiracy, ET sorts of topics and I was quickly impressed by how much work she put into her materials. After a while, I reached out to her through email to ask her for an interview. She was also a fan of ~~-censored-~~, so yes I did name drop her because ~~-censored-~~ was scheduled to make an appearance on Bald and Bonkers that weekend. Ironically this was the episode where I asked ~~-censored-~~ if I was technically having an affair with the ladies I've dated on Earth while I was still technically married upstairs...

While recording her episode, I surprised my friend by using CE5 and a spiritbox to reveal her real name

(that she never disclosed on air). This lead her to reveal a possible screen memory, something believed by ET researchers to be a false memory to cover interaction off world.

December 2023 – August 2024

Keeping a record has been challenging with the balance of work, life, and the supernatural—it's quite the juggling act. Yet, the standout moments are transformative. ~~censored~~ welcomed a baby girl into the world, slightly overdue but perfectly healthy. ~~censored~~ In a light-hearted spirit, my mother and grandmother have toyed with the idea of a nickname for her, ~~censored~~, in honor of her birth on Pearl Harbor Remembrance Day.

The most profound discovery, however, was meeting my star wife. The clues were always there, hinting at her earthly presence. Once we had the opportunity to meet and bond, the ensuing experiences have been nothing short of miraculous. We've witnessed unusual phenomena, she's received visits from Elaryon, and even the children confirmed that ~~censored~~ is indeed an incarnation of my Iveena. This all came to light during Olivia's wedding, held aboard one of the four GFW motherships orbiting Earth, where she married a Meton male. Michael, though on assignment elsewhere, attended via holographic projection, not wanting to miss his sister's special day.

At the wedding, I found a moment to share a slow dance with Iveena. During our dance, I asked her if the woman who had stepped forward was indeed her earthly representative. Overwhelmed by the emotions of the day, Iveena confirmed it with a nod. That moment of vulnerability gave me a glimpse into her mind, revealing flashes of her life on Earth, including aspects of our current relationship. Some of these memories have already unfolded.

Initially, ~~censored~~ had reservations about the extraterrestrial situation, despite her fascination with the supernatural and an open mind. The idea of having another family somewhere out there can unsettle the most fundamental beliefs about life. I know it did for me when I was just twelve. The realization that she could be the envoy of my celestial spouse brought forth a flood of memories that I'm still trying to process.

It just seems like every moment I have a chance to sit and process something new has come forward. Just establishing an interpersonal connection with ~~censored~~ has strengthened the connection to the space family. The communications seem much stronger, my astral self has been photographed in a partial manifestation, and even voices can be intercepted via radio transmission interference. On top of somehow getting the affections of a truly beautiful woman I had spent sixteen years trying to find, just for the sake of seeing she is real, the truth about who I am is coming out.

Oh how I could go on and on about this lady, she is truly incredible. Hopefully the promise I made to Olivia to always keep fighting because "Mommy is going to need me to help her," is much more light-hearted in nature than what I feared. ~~censored~~ has shown an immaculate ability to see into the souls and mind's of others, even though she finds herself doubting the legitimacy of what she sees. In some ways this reminds me of times I'd say that my ideal mate would be akin to television series *Ghost Whisperer*. This woman is simply perfect, even if the supernatural circumstances surrounding us hadn't bound our attentions, I firmly believe I'd still fall hard for her.

But now that I think about it, does this technically put us in a bootstrap paradox? Technically the kids, and our other selves, come from a point roughly 300 years into this planet's future. It's probably best not to give it too much thought at this time... it's a bit of a headache. If the vision I saw of me proposing to her in this life comes to fruition... well I'd be the luckiest bastard alive.

Oh yeah, before I get on to other aspects that have come to light, we now have four children starside. Three girls, and a boy... interestingly enough as ~~censored~~ and I were shown the baby, my celestial mother-in-law from Sirius B and our oldest daughter decided to pay the envoy of my star-wife a visit to ensure her health was unaffected. After some discussion ~~censored~~ suggested we call the newest baby Lily.

It seems something about how strong our connection is might be cause physical ailments at times... a bit scary to think about. But they ensure everything will pass without incident. Which is probably why it took so long for other aspects of my counterpart's history to come forward.

Revelations about Elaryon have also come to surface. During his days within the Taal Shiar regime, it appears that my other self was among a group of soldiers sent to infiltrate the Nazi regime. I thought I'd recognized Nazi symbols during recall sessions, but I couldn't believe what I was seeing. On July 1st, ~~censored~~ posted a video in regards to Maria Orsic and how she had been manipulated into providing this planet with blueprints to build sophisticated craft. This insertion, this act of infiltration, would explain why her image triggered recalls of being in a dark room receiving a mission briefing, and us soldiers being told that this woman was used and was to be killed.

The video mentioned ~~censored~~ stating deals were struck between the Taal Shiar and the Third Reich sometime before 1940. What makes this interesting is the fact that I have found two photos (likely more) of Hitler walking the grounds during Nuremberg rallies dated 1927 and 1936 that show an individual who strongly resembles a young Elaryon (one photo shown above, look at the gentleman behind Hitler looking directly at the camera).

The fact the Taal is perhaps the closest related species to humans on this planet, it becomes a bit easier for them to walk among us without being noticed. The fact that apparently Elaryon spent some time on Earth gives me a chance to piece together some truly incredible evidence in a linear timeframe.

But in spite of the tremendous progress made, I have to report one loss. My partner in crime with Bald and Bonkers and I are no more. We had been drifting for some time, coming to blows over how to do the shows, and in private conversations a perceived lack of personal respect and an eagerness to stir drama pushed me over the edge. I'm just done, but I do wish him well in his endeavors. I just wish, with the remaining aspects of kinship I felt when we first became friends, that he'd just be more honest.

The issues started a while ago when I had suspected me was intentionally trying to deceive and manipulate the events surrounding my ET contact, trying to stir me away from those who actually provided useful intel and doubted in sincerity. The moron had no clue I had him under surveillance. A part of me is able to write that off as misunderstanding, until it became obvious that he was once again seeking to boost his own ego under false pretenses and lied to my face when I had the evidence. Maybe in time I'll find the heart to mend that bridge, but it is for the best we go our separate ways.

August 8, 2024

Visit to Dune-like planet, intense battle ensues after greenish blue meteor strikes, invaded by white Terminator robot looking soldiers. I had to have been away for at least two months, in spacetime. In Earth's linear time it might've seemed like only a few minutes. I've really got to sit on this. I released a recording of Intergalactic Gigolo to publicly timestamp this incident until someone within my network potentially comes up with something connected.

September 2, 2024

On ~~-censored-~~YouTube channel, diplomatic relationships involving the ~~-censored-~~are discussed. The description of this race definitely seems to be a viable candidate for residing on the Dune-like planet. I've discussed this connection a bit in detail on new segment of Bald and Bonkers I have titled Intergalactic Gigolo. The full listing of Intergalactic Gigolo episodes can be found: https://youtube.com/playlist?list=PLkDvo91I6DBAlza9moIrrA-A3fr5RPa_&si=7TRIjq45ZTBI7vBa

September - October, 2024

The final-ish entry for this text...

I am leaving this as a record to let the reader know that this is not the end of the story; much more is

continually being uncovered on an almost daily basis and it has been quite difficult for me to simply keep up. There are more entries I will add in time, hopefully making things understandable for the common man. There's also matter to which I am sworn to secrecy until further notice. More interactions with my star family have taken place, including a revelation that my oldest celestial daughter is pregnant at the time of writing this. That's right, I'm going to be a grandfather. I'm not even thirty!

Within the last couple weeks, I have people wanting to loop me back into my bounty hunting days after police raids took place and human remains were found under similar conditions to a case I worked years ago. I've also been on the lookout for an illegal pet kinkajou some assbat abandoned and let run wild, hoping to capture and transport the creature somewhere it can get the proper care before the winter officially hits. By the beginning of October the creature was found, weak from a lack of food but overall healthy.

In the final days of September, I am also trying a little experiment involving an event being hosted down in Colorado to see if my rides with my star family would be seen by more witnesses. So far it seems highly likely, but the exhaustion from me not properly maintaining the exercise regime is leaving me with physical ailments. Nothing that a bit of R&R can't fix. It was organized by ~~-censored-~~ to have multiple craft show up, and my son was one of the pilots. From

my count, there were at least fifteen separate craft, some utilizing drones for added effect. I could be misinterpreting what I had seen, I wish I was physically at the location to get a closer look but my priorities have shifted greatly within the last year.

I had heard whispers of a mass sighting arranged, a small cluster of craft and maybe an advanced one from Earth loosely based on ET craft. The infamous TR-3B Antigravity craft to be exact. Officially they don't exist. Here in Idaho I've personally witnessed one, as did hundreds of others in a mass UFO sighting that remained off of news media websites. The main reason I was notified was because of my contacts in local law enforcement.

Back to the event, the remote viewing experiment was a success on my part. Crowds were a bit more... eccentric this time around. Which is good, to an extent, you don't want toxic people ruining the vibe of a major event. It made it somewhat harder to focus, many moving factors at play. During the height of the event I recall being able to see at least 15 craft. The alleged TR-3B looked a bit too "sleek," prompting me to believe it may have been a newer model in the same "family" of craft. I had to withdraw a bit of my efforts as I had developed a migraine from exhaustion... my personal life has been in a bit of chaos. Between rebuilding Bald and Bonkers from the ground up after breaking it off with my old partner, maintaining personal relationships, getting myself back into the field for a number of opera-

tions, and even expanding into new avenues... it's safe to say I still have quite a bit of growing up left to do.

I think I might have to end this book with one last section...

October 14th, 2024

As per usual, every time I try to sit down and write out my story in some form something always happens to draw in my attention. Truth be told, I may have to let this particular event slide. In the expanse of space, I have recieved news and can validate the matter with my own eyes, that my daughter Olivia has welcomed her first child into the world. Revealed on an episode of "Intergalactic Gigolo," it's a baby girl named Emily.

Between this and my son being "engaged" to a possible (based on her physical appearance) Zygon woman, who lets me affectionately call her "Viv," the family continues to grow.

I couldn't be more proud of my kids. Ireena is almost a teenager now and baby Lily isn't so much a baby but growing to be a proper young lady. Sure the whole time-travel, being in two people across space at the same time, makes things a bit confusing... but it's all love.

December, 2024

It goes without saying that predictions for 2025 being a major milestone in the UFO phenomenon are starting to come true, seemingly tied to the anticipated second Trump administration. Online memes joking about how 2025 starts with “WTF” might actually reflect the general public's sentiments—and they may be onto something. Between drones stalking alleged high-radiation zones and military installations, the shockwaves from the second Trump administration even before Trump takes office, and the uptick in UFO reports, 2025 is shaping up to be unforgettable.

On a personal note, November brought a major surprise: I was nominated for public office through Robert Kennedy's "Nominees for the People" initiative, including positions at the Central Intelligence Agency, Homeland Security, the Department of Justice, the U.S. Agency for Global Media, and the Small Business Administration. Me—of all people! It was quite a shock to see my name on that list, even more so to learn it was a legitimate opportunity.

The era of change is undeniably here. I've had a few visits “upstairs,” mainly to see Olivia and my granddaughter Emily. Things with my wife's envoy are still going surprisingly well! After breaking ties with my former partner at Bald and Bonkers Network LLC, I've taken the chance to explore new avenues to keep the company moving forward. Despite a sharp decline in viewership, we've stayed afloat thanks to monetization

on the main YouTube channel and funds from book sales.

In my absence, I've focused on personal growth through education, attending courses, and some much-needed therapy. For the new year, I'm planning a complete overhaul of the YouTube channel. The goal is to return to basics while also nurturing the seeds of future expansion. By New Year's Eve, the channel will feature new logos, activated "ghost profiles" to fully utilize all resources, newly formatted main shows for our livestreaming platform, and more.

Artificial intelligence will play a bigger role too. For instance, I'll use Google's NotebookLM to generate podcast-like episodes promoting new book releases on their launch day, among other things.

For investigations, I'm reformatting *Frandsen Files* into a research showcase program to discuss findings and explore supernatural topics in-depth. I'm also implementing an experimental AI concept I've kept under wraps for over a decade—S.A.R.A. (Supernatural Anomaly Research Assistant)—to serve as the show's host.

Additionally, *Intergalactic Gigolo* will serve as a weekly update, discussion, and entertainment program with a format reminiscent of traditional radio shows.

These three will form the core of our content, but there's more in store: added courses, video shorts, occasional gaming streams, and more.

I've come to realize how far I had strayed from my path and my goals. But with these changes, I'm ready to realign and move forward.

Chapter 10

Reflections of the Specialist

"At the time and date I am writing this letter, it is almost twenty-two years since I first came face to face with beings not of the world. Measuring from this moment in time, it's just been over sixteen years since I learned I wasn't not alone in this universe. Thirteen since I started to go public. But yet only four to truly acknowledge what I was searching for and only a few months have passed since I found the one person I've been trying to find all along. I'm only twenty-eight years old."

This was from a conversation I had with my girlfriend, the confirmed envoy of my celestial wife Iveena. It stood as a testimony to how much of my life was bound to the supernatural, how much of it encapsulated by trying to understand what was happening to me, but most importantly trying to find a woman I feared would be a delusion of a lost mind. Thankfully, the odds of such a misdirection have been deemed to almost zero, at least from the perspective in which I find myself.

Once, the UFO phenomenon was not something I paid much attention to, but as I've become more open to it, there are still elements that trouble me. This includes the public's ongoing disputes and the quasi-religious beliefs some groups have integrated into their views. A particularly distressing memory for me is how, during my school days, children would use the tale of David and Goliath to provoke me into conflicts because of my height. I've come to realize that I'm not the only one in my family to endure such experiences.

There's a lot I've chosen not to disclose here, partly out of respect for the privacy of others and partly because I was never good at documenting certain life events. There were things I desperately wanted to forget, to escape from, and to cut off all ties with. Surprisingly, engaging with the UFO phenomenon compelled me to confront these parts of my past; it was as if I was learning to shed habits from past lives. The experience was bizarre and overwhelming, and there are no

words to fully describe it. For the first time, I felt as if I was turned inside out, compelled to confront the truth staring back at me in the mirror.

There were times I wish I was still "upstairs," as many of my friends/mentors refer to space. Up there I was a warrior and healer, a father to four beautiful children, a lucky bastard of a husband to one of the sexiest women I have ever seen, I had friends... there was mutual love and respect. As I was getting the finishing touches of this text together... Olivia had a baby girl of her own. I'm now a grandfather as well. Conflict still existed, but it was for purpose of morality rather than personal gain.

Down here? It felt like I was hated by everyone, more of a ghost than the spirits in the night. People, self conscious about their own stature, assumed that because I was bigger and taller than them I constantly looked down on everyone. Being that now I stand at 6'7", it's only in the literal sense because mathematically speaking only 0.01% of people in the United States are taller than me. I was judged by aspects of myself I couldn't change. My own mother and grandmother would threaten to play the victim card and involve police anytime I would be visibly upset just to assert dominance over me. I'll admit I can be an asshole at times, something I've been working on, but as much as I am equally grateful for all they have done to help me get as far as I have in life; having the people you're suppose to trust turn on you like that leaves a mark.

Some will probably try to say that I shouldn't mention that aspect, keep family drama in the family. In some regards they may be right, but acknowledging what had happened and how my own mind managed to interpret it all is a step I have to take to ensure the wounds left over are healed. If by me stepping out and acknowledging these truths manages to help others undergoing similar ordeals, then at least I'd done some good. The suggestions of memory recalls also allowed certain events I repressed to surface; like my own father trying to sexually assault me, other family members making threats of sexual violence, or my stepmother possibly exposing me to LSD at a young age.

I'm not going to waste these pages to air my grievances, further editions of this text that may have updated information just might do that. This is to admit something to myself, perhaps set the record straight. This is to help others who struggled telling their own stories find inspiration to speak out. The extraordinary claims I have made of otherworldly encounters have seeded an assumption that I'm after fame and fortune; that I should allocate my time and resources to Earthly matters rather than give attention to the frequent strangeness in my life. Others assumed I had made no attempts at a normal human life, without having asked any personal questions to determine such conclusions.

I've come to the conclusion, and I'm more than happy to to admit I could be proven wrong, that many have developed this notion that all they see plastered

upon a two-dimensional surface is the entire story. Which to me seems... lazy. How can one possibly put everything they went through, their knowledge base, their experiences, their feelings, every asset of the human experience onto a flat surface? Put it all in a YouTube video? A Tiktok video or a tweet? Novels may be one such way, but there is only so much one can put into words. Relying on such examples to formulate the full individual; thoughts, feelings, ideas, wants, needs, desires, and all else that makes up the person.

There are a couple things done in this text that might draw some question from the audience; especially considering how many came to know about me. My censoring of names was a choice to respect the privacy of others involved, as finding the time to reach out for proper permissions became a bit of a hassle. It was also a choice to follow my preference to work alone and avoid certain dramas to focus more of my energy at the task at hand, to give more focus to where I felt I could do the most good. Like as much as I shouldn't feel any real responsibility towards helping my sister care for her daughter, me not being a part of that little girl's life just feels wrong... especially with how attached I have become.

The things I managed to do in this life are of my own accord, and while I will always remain eternally grateful for the aid others have provided along the way, I grow tired of the dismissal that certain conclusions are because "they" preached it. I am sovereign in my ef-

forts, open to collaboration, but what you see from me is of my own doing and not from any sort of management.

I chose to follow and study the works of certain individuals because by following their advice, even more extraordinary events transpired convincing me of their legitimacy. Of all the "tests" I managed to compile with my research, they were the ones who passed beyond all expectation. It is only a byproduct of the conversations that transpired I find the honor and privilege to call these people my friends. Indirectly I have referenced their works, mainly in identifying the names of ET species, to give more specification to what sorts of entities I have come across rather than the generic labels such as "Pleadians," "Arcturians," etc... seen in most new age circles. It just seemed more respectful in that way, and in no way is an attempt to try stealing the material of some of the most intelligent people I know.

I came into this just trying to find my family, to understand what was going on, and maybe help others along the way. Have there been missteps? Absolutely, some where it felt like I slammed my face hard into a brick wall. But these missteps are part of learning. And while I may not necessarily agree with how certain individuals may go about their business and how they present this information... I also had time to interact with them one and one enough to know their reason comes from the heart. If anything, that fact alone matter more than all else.

I say this because while this segment is titled "Reflections" there is a statement I wish to make. Just because you read this book, it does not mean you know the full story. I may, one day down the road, decide to rerelease this text with even more entries added to it that might change the entire narrative. My story is far from over, and choosing to substitute human interaction by scoping what materials I released will only lead to further confusion. Believe me, a part of me still gets a bit twisted with everything that happens.

My next new addition to the collection of books I've written to help make sense of my misadventures will be titled, "FrandsenFiles Compendium" and it will go more in-depth to the research side of various interactions. Theories, discoveries, incident analysis; you name it, hopefully I'll have it. My inclusion of artificial intelligence generated images were strictly for illustrative purposes, though I do plan to revitalize some old ideas in order to create my own AI programs. The beginning stages of these are also underway.

I may run my own company, and obviously have bills to pay, but I am not seeking fame or fortune by my endeavors. Numbers on social media may provide a sense of credibility and unlock new avenues, and I'd be lying if I hadn't gotten overly excited when asked to do interviews and such, but that is not the legacy I want to leave. I do what I do because I enjoy it. I do what I do because it seemed like the best way to help others break out of their shell and share their stories so

change could occur. I put myself out there, in the ways I do, because it seemed like the best way to reach others who convinced themselves they are alone... something I know all too much about.

But perhaps that is the main lesson in all this? That we are never truly alone and are capable of so much more. That someone, somewhere, in this infinite fragment of creation is always someone who feels for you, cares for you, wants you to thrive. The day the understanding of what it took, what it takes, for these beings to be in this moment in time with us; will be the day mankind on this Earth will truly have evolved. As for what potential lies in wait?

That's for you to decide. Anyone can give you the information about what is out there in the universe, but what will you do with that information to help others?

The only limitation is imagination.

Dear Kota

Letters

THE BATTLES OF '99

Dear Kota, age affected 3

When you read this, it will seem the world is on edge. You won't understand anything about what is happening. Everyone around you will barely give you any attention because of your age. Cops even start to look at you like you're some monster because of the things that happened.

I know it isn't your fault. Your stepmom is the one who put the knife in your hand then started screaming at you. Your dad is the one that tried telling the cops you were trying to hurt her and your sister Allison when your stepmom started it by trying to stab you in the neck with a pen. Your grandma was the one to point out something was wrong finally, but people still wanted to say you were the bad guy. I know this and every thought that runs through your brain because I'm you (and even as I am writing this, there are still things I barely understand).

Do you remember all of the times you heard your mom freaking out? The days when a bunch of cops

walked in when you were asleep, and they started taking off your clothes? When your grandma and grandpa had to put funny, stinky stuff in your hair to kill the bugs? Your dad, your stepmom, and nearly everyone else in your dad's family tried to do everything they could to hurt you. They tried to hurt your mom and even grandma and grandpa. If you don't, that's okay because something powerful is doing everything to help you not become a bad guy but like a big strong superhero.

You'll meet a nice lady who will let you draw pictures while you talk to her about the things that happened. Be honest with her about everything, and the first step to making the bad stuff go away will be taken. I know part of you are afraid of becoming just like the bad guys, but trust me when I say cool things are coming your way. Do the right thing, and you'll get to become a superhero.

With Love, You

MIDDLE OF NOWHERE

Dear Kota, age affected 7

By now, you and your mom moved in with your grandma and grandpa. Your sister Paisley probably has no memory of it because she was barely a year old. You probably still think it was because of that spider that was big as a soccer ball; how was it still alive even when

you bug bombed the house? Honestly, bud, I wish that were the case.

See, your mom had a lot of issues with money. I won't go into all the details, but there were many problems, especially after she divorced Paisley's dad. Because of these problems, your mom will be somewhat emotional, and it might just get to the point you start to believe that she hates you. How often she'd let herself get upset enough, she got physical; it's hard for a kid not to think like that. As you get older, you'll meet other people just like you, and they'll become some of the essential people in your life. Trust me; you'll need them because things are coming to where their advice will be the one thing that helps you more than any clawed superhero can teach.

Like for example, the town you're grandparents will likely live in for the rest of their lives; Murtaugh, Idaho. A good majority of the people you meet there will treat you like crap. They'll be rude because of your size, your health, your differences, and pretty much every stupid reason they can think of for absolutely no good reason. There's going to be fighting amongst you and your classmates. Even though you will always walk from everyone without a scratch, it will feel awful. I will admit that a couple tries to help you, that will be your friends, but they won't last forever. Nothing significant will happen from it; life just took you guys down different paths. It'll be through these two you'll be able to hold on to the faith that better things come despite everything that happens.

Oh, before I forget, you might want to monitor the brother in this group (the two friends you'll make are step-brother and sister). Some rather strange things will happen around him that'll spark further interest down the road. A Christmas program you'll be forced to repeat for the third time in a row will have some "interesting" things show up in the photos your grandmother will take. Find a way to preserve these photos; they will get lost in time.

But that's not important right now. As I said, things are coming for you that'll change your life forever. Stay strong. The people that make fun of you will never reach anything close to what you've got coming to you.

With Love, You

CHERRY TOP

Dear Kota, ages affected 8-9

Someone special has come into your life, though you don't need me to tell you that much. Perhaps she is the first girl who ever caught your attention, much like how she did with almost every other guy in the school. But in the grand scope of things, she's going to be someone that changes your perspective on everything after a nasty fight breaks out, and you're the one that walks away without a scratch. Cherry will see a side of you that scares thousands of people but somehow won't be afraid. She'll instead become a source of

reason to avoid more fights unless necessary. It's likely this that makes her almost an obsession of yours. But the truth is those emotions won't last.

Shortly after you get ready to move away again, Cherry will do the same with her family. If memory serves me correct, her father got a better job somewhere near Salt Lake City. You'll lose contact with her, but as much as that will hurt, other girls will come along who might even become something more. However, because Cherry is the first big crush you had, it also means she's someone you'll never forget. Always be kind to her, respect her, be her friend, because the next time you hear about her is when something awful has happened to end her life. I never really found out all the details behind what happened, and when you hear from her afterward, she won't be too keen on discussing it.

Yes, you read that right. You'll get to see Cherry again after she dies. Ghosts are authentic, but you'll learn that the hard way soon enough. Cherry will be in the crowds that witness the aftermath of your very first encounter. At least the first encounter you recall. The people who run the prison where it happens are aware of weird things, but this is something you're going one-on-one with personally.

And your life will NEVER be the same.

With Love, You

P.S. Fight the urge to use the rumors about ghosts in the Old Idaho State Penitentiary to scare the girls in

your class. Even though you'll be proven right in the long run, the fact you like to prank people will not help your case. You'll see what I mean very soon...

HANGMAN

Dear Kota, age affected 9

If I timed this correctly, you should've received this letter just a couple of days after the third/fourth-grade field trip to Boise. No doubt you are still trying to process the events I hinted at in my previous message. You probably already tried doing a little research online and feel overwhelmed at the idea that ghosts are real. Part of you wants to deny it even though the idea of discovering something entirely unknown for humankind has, and always will be, a significant dream of ours. I admit that I wouldn't believe it if I had not been there to see it myself. The shadow man you saw hanging at the Old Idaho State Penitentiary was not a figment of your imagination. You did not make him up. You did see him there. You watched him as he lived through his last moments of life yet again.

As scary as it might sound, once you realize who the man was, you can't feel too bad for him. A few years after this took place, Travel Channel's Ghost Adven-

tures comes to town. When the episode aired, it helped identify the ghost you saw. The shadow man in the prison was Raymond Snowden. He went to jail and was executed for killing a woman back in the 1950s after they got into a drunken argument. Before he died, he claimed that he killed two other people, but the police could never confirm it.

During this experience, you felt something in your stomach, like a heavy ball was slammed in it. In a way, it was like you were the one hung. I discovered later on that this was intentional on Snowden's behalf. You know as well as I do that you have dealt with an anger issue for as long as you've been alive and haven't been afraid to use it as a weapon. Snowden saw this in you, saw the potential of you hurting someone, and tried to use his death as a warning.

How he was able to do it is still a little challenging to decipher, but the gist of things is you have actual superpowers, my young friend and Snowden noticed. He used his last moments as a way to warn you of what could happen should you ever lose control and end up hurting someone just like he did. It'll take a lot to overcome, but trust me, bud; things are coming that will make it worth the struggle.

In short, you'll get to explore the world, make movies, meet lots of beautiful girls, perform on stage, make incredible friends, save countless lives, and so much more. There will be times when you'll need to hulk out when the odds are against you, but in time you'll learn ways to trick the bad guys into messing up.

And, unfortunately, some of those people will end up being people you cared about. It is almost pointless for me to tell you not to worry about it, but better people are coming.

You might not believe me, as I know that soon you'll take turns for the worst, but give it time.

With Love, You

LOSS

Dear Kota, age affected 11

If my assumptions are correct, then the first funeral you ever experience was just a couple days ago for you, leaving you with a few questions that no one seems to know how to answer. It may have only been your great grandfather who passed away, but the situation is hard to comprehend at first. The sadness everyone is in, the strangeness in the circumstances, the weird things that have happened since then, it is hard to process when you are still figuring it all out.

I'm going to be honest with you, the only major takeaway for you in this dire situation is not to smoke; though that isn't much of a concern given your allergies. But it felt appropriate to write this letter as I do know you are pondering what life after death potentially feels like. Unfortunately very soon you will get to

experience that feels like, but for now, some words of insight will have to do.

Taking your great-grandfather's death as involving anything potentially paranormal will be hard to do, other than the spirits that break through the veil to help him move on, as it seems the major causes behind his death involved hospital negligence. As you will soon see for yourself, the hospital in Twin Falls holds the nickname of "Tragic Valley," due to several incidents the staff was able to cover up. At the time I am writing this, it seems there are efforts in place to try and better the system, but too much damage has been done. They'll claim more lives close to you in the years to come, and those battles will leave their marks, but trust me when I say you'll power through them all.

But going back to your family, hang tight and be there as needed. The world will continue spinning, even if someone who seemed to better it just by their presence is long gone. However, as you have learned from the past, the dead never stay gone. You'll see you're great-grandfather soon enough and, uh... let's say he'll be a bit confused.

With Love, You

SMALLTOWN THROWDOWNS

Dear Kota, age affected 11

It seems as if your battles cannot be avoided as small-minded punks attempted to back you into a cor-

ner and pummel you into the ground. But as always, you never lose a fight. There is not a single physical fight that you come across where you don't come out on top, but don't let that get to your head. When it comes to the ladies, let's say there will be very little you'll be able to take a stand against.

But this fight should teach you a few things about Murtaugh, things that you already started to piece together on your own.

First off, no one there is your friend. No one cares. No one even bothers. They all think that they are better than the rest of the world... yadda yadda yadda. Also I'm sorry to sound cynical like our mother, there is an unfortunate truth to it all. The fact you aren't a member of the local church is the basis of this rather ignorant attitude they possess. But it isn't their fault. They were taught to act that way as you were prepared to fight against them and against the wrongs in the world and stand for what is right.

You might be interested to know what will happen to the guys who tried to gang up on you that day. Well, I have updates on a couple. The others drifted away, as all people do, I suppose. Do you remember the red-headed kid that whined all the time? He has a genetic condition which will cause him to develop a brain tumor. He passed away almost three years ago at the time I am writing this letter. The other kids? At least one is currently serving time, another is just drifting through life, and the rest ended up married with kids.

This incident would be one of many that compile further reason to leave Murtaugh for a time, but you don't necessarily feel the same. I know you don't know much else about the world but trust me bud, better things are coming. I'd try to convince you to stay away but moving away from your mother will provide some valuable lessons that will end up making you a better man in the long run. She'll hate it, it'll cause friction with your grandparents, and the fights will continue once you are there. However you'll need to see what is coming and hold on to it as a permanent reminder of what you are truly capable of turning into if you focus your energy just right.

And when it happens, I'll send you another letter. It will be an event that defies everything you will ever know, and you'll have to travel quite a bit to understand the meaning behind it. If my research is correct, you'll see the inner workings of what makes up the true form and purpose of God.

Take care, and take it easy. Your grandfather may have lessened the blow as far as punishment from the fight, but there is only so much he can do for you.

With Love, You

CHRISTMAS SECRETS

Dear Kota, age affected 11

Perhaps this can be considered yet another major paranormal event that cements you further into the

worlds of the unknown. It is safe to say, despite us losing the photos in time, it will be hard to deny what was going on for all those who witnessed it. Isn't ironic though that it would have to take place at the potentially your most hated part about school, idiotic plays? I'll touch on that a bit more but for now, let's focus on those weird photos your grandmother took.

Aside from you being a total goof just to get by how much you despised the event, your grandma managed to catch some interesting photos of rather unusual orbs of light. As a rule of thumb, most orb pictures can be tossed aside as either dust, humidity, light effects, or even bugs; but the feet the green one possessed does raise some questions. I cannot say for sure who it was that manifested in that photo, but some other stories around town do give me a few ideas. One that sticks out is a report of a little boy who likes to play with a chainsaw and scare old ladies by the railroad. It does fit that a kid would want to hang around at a school and maybe have a little fun during big activities.

It's hard to say at this point without having a chance to take a look at the location officially. But anyone with half a brain wouldn't want to stick around Murtaugh for long. I happened to run into a couple of guys from back then and learned that out of your original class from Murtaugh; only one guy stuck around to graduate. Even though hauntings will bring you right back into town, and you can't escape the fact that's where you grew up, all that is has in store for you is dead.

It's hard to say for sure what caused those orbs to appear. There are the examples I mentioned before, but the one with the feet below it is a little harder to write off. And it's not like your grandmother had access to some form of image editing software, it's equally as doubtful your tech-savvy uncle would volunteer to make them just to mess with you. However, one capture also speaks volumes on the potential findings or that one of your friends is potentially possessed.

Seriously, try to research what would cause someone's shadow to be laid out in a completely separate direction as everything else in the room. Should you decide to publish these letters maybe try to add in an "artist's interpretation" to better explain it to the people, you show it too. Even under the theories, I have put together, nothing I've managed to piece together can explain it (at least nothing that can be tested easily).

Anyway, as I mentioned before, this will snowball into part of your life's work. Things are piling together to pull off something you've always wanted to do. The people that you've looked up to are coming your way. You'll get to impress the very people you watched and looked up to and have opportunities to build your skills. I know at this point you probably don't believe me, I would be skeptical too if anyone tried telling me the same thing.

But, this just might be able to unlock some of the deepest secrets mankind has been trying to uncover since the dawn of civilization. This is going to get very

interesting, it'll get hard, it'll sometimes get terrifying, and it'll get heartbreaking; but you're screwed from ever being normal.

With Love, You

DEATH AND DISSECTION

Dear Kota, ages affected 11-12

Well, this was probably a situation that could've been avoided all together were you the type that ate healthily. But this could be another case of the saying, "hindsight is always 20/20," when all things are considered.

For years afterward your mother will try to put the entire fault on your father for failing to mention any medical history up to this point and as you might expect it will get quite irritating even if she ended up being correct. At the time of writing this, I have yet to discern if she's only trying to make others feel like crap or if she's paranoid and believes the world is always out to get her whenever she does this. Either way, this happened, and nothing can be done to fix it.

It appears that your gall bladder may have been faulty since you were born and your constant diet of whatever food was in front of you may have ended up killing it, on Thanksgiving of all days (despite not being able to eat anything because you felt so crappy). It leads to your entire system shutting down, and you may have died on the way to the hospital... a few times.

The only reason that this can be claimed is that while your grandmother drove you to the hospital, the pain would become so intense you would seemingly black-out then "wake up" next to your deceased great-grandfather in an area that fits the stereotypical description of Heaven.

You somehow kept popping between both "realms" as the pain seemed to go in cycles. The pain would intensify to the point you'd blackout, and you would appear in Heaven for a few brief moments, then somehow return to this world only to restart the process all over again.

And, despite all the stories of those on the other side allegedly being aware of when you would join them, the ones you saw while over there were just as confused as you. Not that it's your primary focus right now, continually begging for something to eat to get your strength up will end up being your failed goal.

It also doesn't exactly help thing that that hospital in Twin Falls felt you were too severe of a case to take on, so they shipped you to the Boise branch (where you learn of the Twin Falls' nickname being "Tragic Valley"). After extensive testing, and learning the hard way that you are allergic to morphine, they figured out that your gall bladder was infected to the point it shut your system down.

I should start debriefing you on the "visions" before taking on the medical side of these events. Many will try to argue that the visions of Heaven and deceased loved ones are hallucinations of a mind trying desper-

ately to keep itself alive or even some form of brain damage. Others, more open to spiritual concepts, say it is the soul getting ready to leave this world. No matter how you want to look at it, the fact of the entire issue is that you died and managed to come back to life. Something helped you come back, but that will be explored in a future letter more in-depth as I know right now all you care about is just getting some food.

But, do try to be nice to the nurses that are trying to help you (and not just because one of your night nurses looks just like your teacher). In the future, you're going to get close to a few, and they don't get enough credit as is for everything they do.

Don't even try to argue with me like you are with everyone else, cause I have a much better idea on this plays out than anyone else you are contemplating cannibalism around. You have to take your nutrients intravenously because any food you do try to consume will only spark more pain. Dude, you're condition is so bad they're worried about having just a sip of water setting you off, and you have to suck a damp rag!

After it is all said and done you won't end up being able to enjoy much of your favorite food choices as often as you would like and drinking alcohol will also be limited since your pancreas also took some damage that will stay for the rest of your life. Word of the wise, drink nothing more than a glass of wine when you're in social situations with alcohol (gotta look good for a hot date).

Oh, and if you haven't heard by now, the doctors will have to operate to remove your gall bladder. Initially, the plan will be to do the surgery in February, but something will end up happening where it gets moved up to your 11th birthday. It sucks, but the nurses will be kind enough to get you a couple of small gifts and even decorate your room when they find out. It will be excruciating because of the gas they have to inflate you with and the fact there is a great deal of abdominal swelling they end up removing.

However, as I have learned, that swelling I mentioned earlier may have stunted your growth a bit to where you're still able to enjoy activities built for much shorter people, like getting to travel internationally. Few people outside of the immediate family who came to see you in the hospital will believe you though since you turn out to be six foot seven inches by the time you graduate high school.

When you get home, the school district is going to try to send out a letter threatening action because you missed so many days of school by claiming they're concerned for your academic performance.

There was never really any concern in the first place; you're likely smarter than most of your class anyway. School districts gain funding partially based on attendance (how it works will change a bit later on), and if a certain number of students don't show up, they lose a lot of money. Some smaller schools, including the one you went to, actually fudge their records a bit so that they don't lose money. Perhaps that is the fact that

starts some of the matters I am going to talk about the next time I reach out to you.

As for the visitations to Heaven, that'll be discussed more in another future letter. At the time of writing these I am merely 23 and what appears to be the underlying "mechanics" of what makes such events possible is something even the most brilliant and well-respected scientists barely can comprehend.

Until next time. Stay strong.

With Love, You

REBELLION

Dear Kota, ages affected 12-14

Do you honestly think that this move was the best? I know that your mother can be a total bitch for reasons unprovoked, she treats you like you're continually lying or up to nothing good, accuses you of things you never did (even when you weren't around to do them in the first place)... wait, it was probably for the best that you walked away for a bit. However, Murtaugh is far from the best place to do it.

I'll level with you a bit, there are things that were going on that needed to stop, and your mom should try to calm down but where you are going to be living with your grandparents that is only setting you back from your true potential.

Murtaugh's school plans are in fact behind a good majority of the state by roughly a decade. This holds back what you could be doing altogether. But honestly, using the excuse that your 6th-grade teacher looking precisely like one of your cousins is just ridiculous. The guys you were hanging out with? Drugs, drugs, and more drugs. A few other rather despicable acts are in the mix, but every single one of them starts off by using, and that's not something you want.

But perhaps, in some manner, this move is for the best. Maybe in the grand scheme of things, this will help you understand how the world, and society, works as a whole and provide insight into what you can do to help change it. The harsh comments, the lonesome dances, the backstabbing, the constant lies... it all has to be worth something right? Well, maybe it was. To be honest, I'm still trying to sort through what good came out from being in Murtaugh all together; however, with some meditation, I was able to come to a realization.

Right around the time of the 2016 presidential election, immature prejudice will cause the country to become divided with political indifference and confirmation bias. Basically, the whole "democrats" versus "republicans" debate gets worse, to the point people destroy one another for no reason. There will also be people in your own life who will try to do the exact same; some you are related to by blood and some you'll start dating.

In retrospect, many had their own personal problems going on that was the source of their emotions,

but knowing how you are more problems will come up. You being able to find a balance between pissing off the genuine bad guys and maintaining peace among people that matter will get tricky. But, that perhaps part of the greater picture.

You'll have to stand your ground, even against people you love. If you're going to accomplish anything, to make your life genuinely mean something, there are plenty of people you'll have to take a stand against; your family, your friends, some of the pretty ladies you'll believe might be that magical "one true love" that's always shown in the movies.

These parties that get involved will all have their own motivations for trying to use you (so far the reasons I found are to control you, use you, or they just think you're too stupid to know any better) but you'll need to learn how to filter them out of your life. Don't feel too bad about how far you'll have to take things; some of them just won't know to take the hint and try to cause further grief.

But the fights will all be worth it. This experience will help you truly filter out who is on your side, and those against you. There will be some secrets, a little heartbreak, a little jealousy at times but the truth of it all will help you develop stronger relationships; ones that will last much longer than anything else you have ever felt.

Stay strong as always, dude.

With Love, You

THE ARCHANGEL

Dear Kota, age affected 12

Several questions must be running through your head at this moment, and anyone who bothers to listen to your story will likely face a few of their own. There will be some lowlifes with nothing better to do than try to take away from the significance of the event, but their opinions far from matter.

The basics of the issue cannot be argued; you tried to take your own life, something intervened, and you were introduced to a little girl who says you are her father. This letter might end up being a bit longer than the others that I have sent you over the years, but I need you to focus and read EVERYTHING.

Perhaps what should be focused on first is what drove you to do it, and maybe that can help you down the road. This is one of those things that never really go away, especially with your little twist on the events. Regardless, this information will help save thousands by the time you get to write this letter. Maybe even more if you choose to release the messages I've been sending you.

With some thought, perhaps this was escalated to this level is your realization that everything going on with you makes you very different to nearly everyone. That might be typical thoughts of a kid at your age, but the constant fighting you went through with everyone certainly didn't help, right? Take a minute to really

think about it, though, how much of what is happening to you was people just reacting to your negativity?

I'm only saying stop and think for a few moments. Yeah, the situation going on with your family isn't fair. The other kids are assholes, your family acting like you're some criminal is stressful, but you working against your teacher just because she looks like one of your cousins is too far.

But these are merely masks to a much bigger problem. You know something isn't right and want to get as far away from any part of it as much as possible. It is clear that this is the case, and even the alleged higher powers that intervened knew it as well. Dude, you don't want to repeat everything that happened, and that's okay. What you feel now, why you decided to try hanging yourself, why you want out; it's all understandable. But as I mentioned before big things are coming, and this is perhaps the biggest.

When you started to lose consciousness, if we could call it that, you began to see things that don't make much sense. At first, you noticed a brief glimpse of a white light before it turned into this immense blue color that completely overpowered your senses. By the time you were able to adjust, it had looked like you were hovering in this weird space where the light around you seemed to bend and curve like you were deep underwater. Then right when you find yourself unable to move anything but your eyes, a strange man in white appears in front of you. Does this sound about right?

Of course, because you immediately noticed that this man seemed to emit light and appeared somewhat blurry. Right away, you could see that the man was wearing a long white robe and had shoulder-length brown hair. The vibe coming off of him felt welcoming, warm, yet concerned about your well-being. These feelings only seemed to grow stronger as he walked towards you and mentioned someone else was with there that wanted to see you.

And the little girl the man revealed to be hiding said to you, "Daddy, please don't do it."

I'm going to try answering your questions to the best of my ability, cause, to be honest, I still have yet to find anything definitive to verify everything this incident implicates. It honestly gets so complicated that the very "mechanics" that MAY play a factor into it stump the most genius of scientists in the modern-day. In nearly every field of expertise that I have gone through to try to filter out the possibilities, none are able to rule out the incident entirely.

But based on what I've found, what's going on is truly weird in almost every definition out there. However, at least until something new comes forward, these are the facts (rather assumptions if we want to get scientific about it) you and I need to abide by to MAYBE find answers.

It's going sound absolutely insane, but often, as you will discover soon enough, the truth is much stranger than fiction. Many people, quite a few who honestly have less knowledge about these things than you do,

will try to dictate what happened. Some will say that it's demons trying to influence you, some will try to say it's your future self, a few who had lost loved one to traumatic events will try to discredit you and ask why something didn't save other people. These are the people you'll, unfortunately, have to ignore, and it will be hard to do for various reasons, as their judgments cloud the real pursuit of knowledge.

At least, by the time I am writing this letter to you, our methods of research not only helped identify our ethereal visitors (and potentially our protectors) but laid the groundwork for understanding the very evolution of the soul as it traverses the cosmos. The little girl? There is a significant likelihood she is, in fact, our daughter. The man in white? He may not have been human; our mentors suspect that he is an archangel. You aren't into the church scene, but even you know this isn't a small-time player. The archangel is Michael; quoted as being God's right hand, protector of those who risk their lives, leader of the angelic armies against the battles with Lucifer, and believed by some to be Jesus Christ himself.

You don't go to church, and unless somebody was dying or getting married the thought rarely crossed your mind. So according to the religious nuts that attempt to crucify you metaphorically, that makes you unworthy. But in spite of that something saved you, something with the power to put you somewhere seemingly outside of time and space and introduce you

to your daughter who hasn't even been conceived at the time I am writing this letter to you.

In terms of spiritual beings, the only things with the capability of doing it would be something with god-like abilities, if it wasn't a god in the first place. It's hard not to wonder if there is some grand purpose behind Michael helping you out. But as quoted from a future episode of the CW show, "Supernatural," there is nothing more dangerous than an asshole thinking he's on a mission from God, so that train of thought could lead to some problems.

As for why it happened, that might be easier to explain compared to exactly how it happened. A part of it seems to come from a sense of wanting to be someone of importance rather than repeat the events from your father's side of the family (which I'll cover more in the next letter I send). You don't want to become a guy like your father and be able to live a happy life; a life where you can help people and change the world. At least that's the explanation your therapist suggested. Maybe Michael saw this as an opportunity and knew that if you had some confirmation about being able to overcome what's coming, then you would go for it against all odds.

As for HOW... that's where it gets weird. Over the years, I've spoken to a few people that you'll come to respect as mentors. I won't list who all they are, but one includes Father Jacob. He and a few other sources helped ID Michael as the man you saw in your vision

(and ones yet to come) as well as show you ways to communicate with him further.

It's through those methods, and a few other case studies, I was able to put a possible theory together to go by until more information comes up. Unfortunately, you lose someone in your family, who was able to see the little girl before they died. But after they come back to talk to you, they helped get some insight into how it all works.

Before I go further, it feels wrong, referring to the little girl as just "the little girl." To go forward, we named her Olivia Hope. Go ahead and ask her if she likes it when you get the chance, she'll okay it.

Anyway, it looks like only living people able to see and interact with Olivia are going to be blood family who died and found ways to come back (it appears the dead are able to see her regardless). Which could spell trouble if we manage to track down who Olivia's mother is; I have a few leads, but given the whole archangel/resurrection/time travel aspects of it we can't know for sure until the day Olivia is born.

There is going to be a follow-up incident where Olivia drops a hint that her mom is going to need your help, so maybe that has something to do with it. You have to find out more, but thankfully, you have the time to do so. But it also seems part of the reason it was also able to take place is that Olivia may have died in her past life and was in the final stages of reincarnation, placing her spirit in higher dimensional planes

that "Heaven" resides. It might not make sense now, but in time, it will.

Until more information comes forward, the only thing that can be done with it is accept it as a call to action. You've got an opportunity seemingly no one else was able to get, not in this lifetime anyway, DO NOT WASTE IT. Even if the incident only happened because of weird timing, one of the most powerful angelic forces in Judeo-Christian religions intervenes multiple occasions to bring you back to life, that isn't something to take for granted. I know it sounds scary; you may not feel like you can pull it off. The main thing to remember above anything else, that little girl wouldn't try to help you if she didn't care. Obviously, you do something right by her...

Let's do everything we can to keep it that way.

With Love, You

P.S. I should also mention that you manage to find a way to speak with Michael directly about why he has helped you. Apparently, there is something big we are supposed to do in response to everything that has happened to us and part of the deal made was that if we kept fighting and doing our best to help as many people as we can, a loving wife and child would come our way.

The things we always wanted, to simply feel love and acceptance and become something bigger than what made us into who we are, are guaranteed as long as we are willing to show we will put in the work.

SUNNY DAY

Dear Kota, age affected 14

Slowly we are getting things back together after making the mistake of leaving Twin Falls for Murtaugh. Honestly, as you probably already saw by now, there is much going on that can leave you impaired as far as your deeper search for knowledge in the world. Murtaugh is renowned for being behind in its academics, I mean what can you expect from a small town of fewer than 200 people?

This letter isn't something of too much significance if you're worried about that. This is more of something to give you a few friendly warnings about what is to come in the following days. To start things off, let's talk about that pretty girl you were talking to that unknowingly inspired you to make the switch back to Twin Falls.

Don't get all gooshy on me. You know exactly the one I'm talking about. The one who looks like she could be the sister of a couple of different Disney show actresses! You know damn well you only considered switching back to Twin Falls of the off chance she'd date you and MAYBE be Olivia's mother. Well, I actually found out there was a brief time period she tries to get your attention.

But, probably like most guys like us, we were too oblivious to realize it. This is most likely for the best because our mother revealed that she briefly dated her father, and the reason behind the break-up was because you and the young lady were talking and looked like you were going to get together.

Well, I'm going to be honest with you, her being Olivia's mom is highly unlikely. As far as actually getting a date? That doesn't happen either. Maybe there was a time you had an opening, but in reality, it was probably for the best nothing happened between you two. You have much about yourself you need to work on, and I think we both can agree on that matter. Besides, don't worry about her, she manages to get herself a pretty cozy life together from the sounds of things. At the time of writing this, she's actually married and has a six-month-old daughter. It is doubtful she has any more influence within our lives, and the hints that will come to you in time seem to back this idea.

But it is because of her kindness that we are able to step up and start making changes to better ourselves, so that is something we can thank her for.

Upon your return, the idiots will take one look at you and decide that you are worth harassing simply because of how tall you were. Try to take this with a grain of salt, none of them have anything better to do with their time. You could also think of it as a good sign though, people with very low opinions of themselves will always try to find a way to bring you to their level

because they see you much higher in standing. Continue to stand strong as you do then you'll have quite a few battles.

But through those battles, and the surprising kindness of few, that change the landscape of how you operate in the future and help you become the person many people need. Stay strong.

With Love, You

P.S. Oh, I almost forgot to mention. Shortly after your return from Murtaugh, you will actually get the attention of a pretty brunette girl you end up stealing from a guy in your circle of friends. That's right, you become the guy the ladies wish they rope in! Alright, alright the term "stealing" may hold a bit of negative connotation, but the reality is that your friend completely treated her like crap. Even though this is the first real girlfriend you get, it won't last long.

As it turns out, she had issues pretty close to your own, and the fact the both of you don't really have a good grasp on how to handle it all will cause problems. But, as much as it hurts, she does become quite influential on how you act moving forward. All the girls we end up with will in some manner, but this was our first kiss. She probably had the most to show you about becoming a man, as compared to everyone else, yet you don't realize it. Give it time, and you'll see what I mean.

FATHER'S SINS

Dear Kota, ages affected 14-23

This was perhaps the biggest event in your life so far, and it reveals a lot of the answers you've been looking for. But it also makes it one of the most heartbreaking. You always knew something was wrong on your father's side of your bloodline, and this was the event that makes things clear. Your father sexually assaulted your sister, likely started to move in on you and the others, and something happened to get everything to come crashing down finally.

I am going to be straightforward with you right now; someone is lying to you about what is happening. It is the same people the let this happen. As far as the extent of the lies, I'm still not 100% sure. However, it's been enough to where we are effectively estranged from all of them, especially after they learned about you affiliating yourself with local, state, and federal authorities in the near future. Since it took years for me to uncover as much as I have on the matter, I guess I should tell you everything in hopes you can be better prepared though I doubt it will be effective. But here goes nothing...

You're going to be told that your sister stepped up and revealed the abuse was taking place after your father started to move in on the other kids. However, your cousin reveals that she discovered messages on Facebook between your father and sister that detailed

everything. Your father sexually assaulted your sister, your stepmother, beat them, and started to move in on the others. Your stepmother let it happen, used drugs, and may have given you some of the acid she used.

You're probably wondering how long this was happening. Well with just your sister, at least seven years that the police were able to find. Your father is an abusive prick. That likely was just the main effect of him repeating things done to him when he was a kid, and that's been going on longer than you've been alive. Many of your family members on your father's side distanced themselves from him because of this, leaving you and the others stranded. You are going to want to get pissed off at it, and you have every right.

However, it wouldn't be totally fair to base your anger completely on their negligence. You will start to pursue contacts with people who dedicate their lives to stopping people like your father; in fact, they help you understand everything that happened better than anyone. Your father's side of the family will have no problem announcing that they have issues with you hanging around those people. Your aunts, your cousins, your sisters, your uncles, your stepmother, even your grandparents make it clear they only want to wrap you up in how they live their ways instead of what you're meant to be.

Only one relative really proves to be an exception to the rule is your great grandmother. She was able to answer many of your questions as well as get information

from you about how the incidents with your father and sister went down.

I also may have gotten a bit off track. Those seven years mentioned earlier were after your father got back from a tour in Iraq. At least five other guys from his unit were arrested for the same type of behavior. It really makes you wonder what happened over there to make him worse. I'm sure you remember the story he told about the IED that went off and nearly vaporized a guy, and how the first thing your father noticed was the smell of burnt pork. It leaves little to the imagination, really.

But above all else, there is something you need to know and to try your best to remember for the rest of your life.

THIS. IS. NOT. YOUR. FAULT.

None of it is your fault. None of it is on you. There was nothing that could have been done. There is nothing that can be done as long as they continue to be how they are. I know how much you want to try helping your siblings, but there is nothing that can be done without hurting people even more. Your sister, the one that was the center of attention during this whole ordeal, will even try to make you feel like crap for everything but do not listen to her. She seems to have completely given in to the influence and will likely continue the cycles if something does not change.

It sounds mean and completely undeserved (there was another fight recently that influenced this mindset, one where she tried to twist facts and pin this on

your mother, so I do sincerely apologize) as she was perhaps more of a victim than you ever will be, but the truth remains that she continues to use it as an excuse to try getting attention rather than help everyone heal. Perhaps everything I've really said on the matters doesn't make us any better than them, after all, they were once innocent people before they allowed themselves to become who they are today. Maybe I should just stop there, and close out this letter with how it all ends (at least get you up to speed with what I know).

Slowly the ties with your father's side of the family wither after you try to rebuild those bridges. Your father is currently in a prison cell in Texas as part of the state of Idaho's efforts to throw away "lifers" or people who will most likely spend the rest of their life in prison for what they had done. As you start to find ways to leave the country, coincidentally, people on that side of your family start dying.

Of course, they keep you out of the loop by also trying to convince the younger kids that you hate them, so they would stop trying to puppy-dog-eye you into visiting. A few years from now they also don't let you know about three separate deaths in the family, with the added insult of being the only grandchild left out of your grandmother's obituary. Even though your grandmother wasn't technically related to you, and she wasn't exactly someone you wanted to be affiliated with in any way, it makes it obvious how they feel about you.

Inevitably it's not worth it, and unfortunately, unless we somehow come across a major goldmine and start up a "Fortune 500" company you and I will never be able to take them in. You know who I mean by "them." Our brothers and sisters too young to really understand what has happened. It's official by the time you get to start writing these letters to your own younger self; you are on another path separate from them. Maybe we will all cross paths again and be able to make amends for everything, but for now, it isn't certain. When it happens, we'll take care of it then.

But with the hope of leaving some inspirational meaning behind this letter to help you move on, I think there is some mantra-ish saying I came up with that could be of some use to many who faced similar problems like our own.

It goes as follows:

"Remember the monsters as obstacles. Remember the victims as reasons. The heroes as inspirations, But most importantly. Remember the survivors as hope."

I happened to have this come to mind while on a road trip through the Oregon Coast, which I'll likely tell you about in a later letter. For now just try to remember you will make it through this, even if you are the only one to truly evolve from it all. Until next time, bud.

With Love, You

P.S. Beware of the Lord of Shadows. DO NOT TAKE HIS DEAL. Fight. This thing is dangerous beyond any comprehension. You'll learn soon enough.

THE TEAM THAT WAS

Dear Kota, ages affected 14

This is where we start to become the very person, the very man, we are meant to be. Our struggles, our battles, our knowledge of worlds beyond and so much more wouldn't have really lead us any other way. All the tests we've gone through proved that we were in fact of the one-off situations that suggest the things we chase after are in fact real. But don't think that just because we made the call to start looking into the supernatural finally, it will automatically help us find the answers we have been looking for all this time. If anything, it will only add more mysteries to solve. But that is the best part about it, right?

After the shit completely hits the fan in regards to your father's case, you needed a bit of a distraction as you made yourself sick with worry about what all could happen. As the idea of trying to gather some of the equipment you saw in all of the ghost hunting shows and bring together your own little team becomes more and more appealing, since none of the already active groups seemed comfortable with letting a teenager onboard, surprisingly the good-looking red-

head you're dating at the time convinces you to go through with it.

Yet, we were also able to convince a few of our friends from school to join too. Somehow, with the little resources we had and the many legal loopholes we jumped through, word got out quickly about a teenage ghost hunting team solving cases nearly as quickly as it was shown on TV. Our ages were hidden for a while until

The team itself was comprised of us, Shandra (a cover name for the redhead I mentioned earlier), Henry, Marcus, Jose, Kristen, Shelby, Brandon, and whatever "adult" we could convince to come with us to should we ever had to deal with police. For the time being, these became the best hands you had available, and you became a bit of a family. The name you settled on for the team, the one that likely helped you stand out, is the Paranormal Raider Force. You guys tossed a few around that sounded similar to the name of other groups, but that was unique enough to get even the ladies to agree on.

From the old foreman's family that haunted the old highway department in Murtaugh, to the families that reached out to us from across the globe, to the South Hills Sasquatch, and even the green fireball hunt we pushed through and came out on top; we learned more and more about the world with each hunt. However, I should warn there will come one case that breaks up the entire team, one that nearly kills you and Shandra in the process.

Shelby had apparently been dealing with some strange events at home and finally opened up to the group for help. Initially, we were going to run her just like any other client, but the video she provided of her younger brother (a 5'11" 200lb football player) being picked up and thrown by some sort of unseen force escalated the threat level, and we had to act fast. Only Shandra and I were available for that weekend we discussed with Shelby's family.

The reports sounded too much like a cliché horror flick to take too seriously; only the motivation to maintain a professional image seemed like a logical reason to keep moving forward. Yes, she was a member of your team, but you have to remain objective to keep from clouding your judgment. The family could have very well be experiencing something, but a number of factors can actually replicate paranormal-esque situations for those who aren't aware of what's really going on. These can be anything from carbon monoxide poisoning, mental illness, side effects of prescription medications, sleep deprivation, mice infestations, even anomalous electromagnetic activity in the area (anything from old power lines to even magnetic properties of the Earth itself).

The video could've easily been faked in some manner with the appropriate set-up, basically a wire-rig not unlike those used in the film industry. But figures that upon a close examination of every possible outcome you could think of at the time, none panned out to eliminate the supernatural.

So that being the case, it was inevitable to have to pursue otherworldly origins. You need to do a cross-examination of all the facts just to make sure you didn't miss anything. But this case will not let you go off easily, and it will try to kill you, Shandra, Shelby's family, and more. Why? I'm a little sketchy on this notion, but some of our "sensitive" contacts believe the demon is one that goes by Naberius.

Allegedly Naberius has been hunting your family for generations and decided you were a threat to try eliminating (though some question if he also conspired to help you break free from your father's abuse). But heed not, you will pull through this.

You'll have to watch your back, and undergo at least two powerful exorcisms to get Naberius out of you and keep everyone around you safe. But you are going to power through this fight. You also need to watch out for Henry as well because he likes to put his hands on women, and not in that way.

Oh, I should also mention that Naberius is also another name for Cerberus from Greek mythology. Yes, Dakota, it looks like you just might have the original hellhound on your tail.

With Love, You

P.S. My next letter will come very soon. I'm sorry that I can't share more about this case right now, but I can't risk doing anything that might change the course of events. You and your team have to go through this rut in order to become better people all around. There is no other way.

I STAND ALONE

Dear Kota, age affected 14

I am truly sorry that this had to come down to this, but there was no other way to keep everyone safe. Naberius didn't win, and Shelby and her family are long safe and slowly healing from the poisoning they fell upon them so that should count as a win, right? Then why doesn't it feel like it, you may be wondering? That, my younger ego, is, unfortunately, the cost of this life.

We are putting ourselves on the front lines of people's worst nightmares, to things the police and military aren't equipped to handle (at least the groups you will come to work with lightly in the near future). This fight is physical, it's psychological, it's spiritual, and overall exhausting on fronts you didn't know even existed.

At times you are going to be the caped crusader who swoops in at the right moment, the warrior charging into a battlefield, the oracle those come to for wisdom, the guardian to protect those unable to defend themselves, and well as the shoulder for the times when it becomes too much to bear. While we do come to the rescue of countless lives, some we may never meet face-to-face, being all those things sometimes will never be enough to save everyone.

Especially when it was you who was pinned to the ceiling and nearly set on fire while a pack of hell-

hounds was tearing into your flesh as the demonic bastard just laughed.

I mentioned in my previous letter that Naberius, in his twisted way, may have tried to help you escape your father's abuse. He is known to be a sort of watchdog within demonic realms and is able to assist in helping one earn ranks by making them cunning in arts and sciences as well as strip one of said ranks should he feel they are unworthy.

It may be that Naberius knew our ancestors, knew what it was that we are capable of, and grew distasteful in how some of us had used our strengths. The archangel Michael, according to our "sensitive" contacts, had overseen our father's side of the family for similar reasons. As confusing and completely unbelievable as it may be, it appears we have agents in both Heaven and Hell waiting to see what we could become. If so, the concepts aren't nearly as black and white as religious texts make it seem.

Sorry, I got a little sidetracked. I know you probably noticed a bit us getting off-topic in such a way happens often, but it will make sense in time. But back to what I was saying.

There are things watching out for you from the other side, and in doing so prove that Heaven and Hell are willing to set aside their differences for the overall betterment of humanity if they see the humans they entrust are not only capable but willing to follow through with the big picture. In order to make you stronger, you will have to take a few hits.

But it's not you that you're worried about is it? You're worried about Shandra, how she seems to be spiraling out of control.

What she saw during that case scared her, leaving marks nearly as deep as your own upon her soul. Her actions are in response to this, essentially not wanting ever to be afraid of the potential loss of someone's life again. The walls she is throwing up are her self-destructive way not to let anyone that close ever again, but it proves not to be good enough to protect her from the nightmares. She will soon disappear, having run away from home. She'll be alright, but the guys she hangs around will not be ones that will have her best interests in mind.

Focus your sights to Salt Lake City the moment our friend Donald brings it to your attention, that is where she ends up. Like I said she'd be okay and that is something you need to remember as her and her family move away from home soon after. But I did recently find something out that might make you feel better.

Even though it will come clear in time that she is not Olivia's mother, her feelings for you will stay with her for quite some time as the man who she credits for changing her life. Remembering what you taught her about any word or symbol being turned into a protective "charm," she decides to get a tattoo on her right shoulder to do just that, and it's you. Her protection tattoo is your name across a bear paw. Fitting as how the school you two met at has the mascot of Bruins.

She gets better in time. As a matter of fact, at the time of writing this, she's about to get married to a rather interesting fellow. He's about your age but has the cliché mannerisms as a "good ole' Texas boy." I don't get any concerning vibes from him, and Shandra wasn't showing any signs of fearing him at all. She'll be okay.

As for you, yes you'll have your fair share of flings, but I wanted to take some time to give you some advice on how to move forward. After the incident, later dubbed as "Hellhound on Harrison Street," it's going to be hard to convince anyone who is aware of what happened to join you on further cases. The blowup between you and Henry also makes some people nervous, in spite of nearly everyone else wanting to confront him as you did. Yet, because you take on the "lone avenger," persona everyone is even more afraid to approach you in fear you'll turn on them.

It really does help sort through everyone in some way, so you know who your real friends are, people that share similar ideals to you. This will come in handy as chances to collaborate with large networks and agencies that start coming your way. In a way, these will be the moments that help you become a bit of a celebrity.

Your first couple of appearances will take the form of radio interviews. They aren't with any major networks but will definitely help get your name out there. Just remember to keep a cool head and take every opportunity that comes so you can expand and help even more people. But at the same time, you need to remain

the person you set out to be when this all begins. You'll need to stand strong as more will come your way to challenge your empire; including your own family.

Keep up the fight. There will always come a time where you need to tell off those who claim to be your biggest supporters because they attempt to cross the line in their efforts to "just help."

As for Naberius, don't worry about him. Though the history of the demonic entity indicates you might have some sort of tie to Hercules, the only other incident where he is even referenced involves a wannabe cult. I'll try my best to send a letter your way just before it happens, so you know where to look. Their ideals will be fueled by heavy narcotics, so in the end, they are drawing in their own demise. Stay alert, and you'll find a few "members" soon.

Until then, take care.

With Love, You

P.S. A case is going to come your way where a woman is going to claim that her husband is being possessed by a similar demon, but do not act too quickly. While a spirit is in the area, they are there trying to warn the client of what is going on. Her husband is not being faithful, and is being physically abusive in response to it.

That being said, you know what needs to be done but do take a careful listen as the spirit in that house will reach you directly.

SOUTH HILLS SASQUATCH

Dear Kota, age affected 14

You did it, you crazy knucklehead! You managed to capture LEGITIMATE evidence of the South Hills Sasquatch! The creature is real and has multiplied! You haven't gone totally insane (yet at least)!

When a mishap during the family camping trip caused a change in venue, you get directed to a site that has been on your wishlist since the eighth grade ski trip. Though the change leads to a little bit of heartache, seeing your grandpa break down cause he isn't as strong as he used to be from the cancer treatments.

But, as always he's too stubborn to stay down for long. When everyone gets relocated and settled, you finally get a chance to scope out the area armed with knowledge acquired from a conveniently timed guest on your colleague's radio show.

It almost seems surreal, doesn't it? Us being able to go from a weird sighting out the side of the school bus during a ski trip to being able to actually searching for it, the sensation is comparable to adventure movies when the hero finds a lost city. But just like those movies, the finding is just the tip of the iceberg; there is always something more to discover. Like, for example, how the heck did an over eight-foot ape that lives in the woods and cave systems find out about chocolate?

Seriously, think about it? How would, essentially, a wild animal that takes every precaution it can come up with to avoid human contact end up finding out it has a sweet tooth? After a tip from a retired forensic media analyst in New Jersey came forward about being able to capture a 'Squatch on a trap camera when he ran out of other types of food to layout for the creature, you decide to try it yourself.

As if something was wanting to help you have the encounter, a juvenile Sasquatch actually tries to sneak up behind you as you are setting the bait. It is a sighting that helps land another radio show appearance.

But more research will need to be done, my friend. Right now there is speculation that Bigfoot, and similar species around the world, MIGHT be extraterrestrial in nature (some even speculate they are extra-dimensional). The reports are said to come from Native American tribes, though more recent examples are comparable to someone watching too much Star Wars. Until we find more evidence to back this idea, it is probably best to continue studying it as an unidentified creature. Based on the findings from various sources, it will be a fascinating creature to study.

The elusiveness of such gigantic creatures, use of tools, ability to create a language and even speak English suggests they are of high intellect. Some speculate that they can even somehow sense when cameras are around.

The diet consists mostly of vegetation, but some believe Bigfoot can operate like tribal hunters. Some vari-

ations of Sasquatch-esque creatures spotted in other parts of the world seem to be more hostile than others. This will be something to take into consideration if more opportunities arise to take on more hunts like this.

Keep hunting. Keep traveling. The adventure is what it is all about.

With Love, You

GOODBYE GRANDPA

Dear Kota, age affected 15

There aren't any words to describe what is going on through your mind right now. Losing someone is always going to be hard but someone as important as our grandpa. He was our dad, the one we could turn to if things turned sour, the one we could get advice from without some lecture, and the first person that supported what we wanted to put together. He was the person we needed above all else to at least smack us upside the head when we turned too sour.

A part of you wants to bottle up everything you're feeling right now, trust me I get it. You know your grandfather, for a fact, wouldn't want you to get upset over losing him when you knew it was a possibility. Cancer fucking sucks; it shows no discretion. Your grandpa did everything he could to put up a good fight, and you know just as well as I do that had it not been for grandma egging him on he probably would've given

up sooner. Hell, she did the same for you quite a few times.

I know it hurts now for you to talk about it. You want to do everything you can not to break down, so I'll understand if you're going to set this aside for a bit until you are ready. I'm going to keep going so there will be plenty of material for you to read up on.

You were in the fifth grade when the doctors found the tumor. Which, unfortunately, means that the five-year time-stamp he was given was a little too accurate for comfort. Barely a junior in high school, things are likely going to start taking place that you would want his advice on; life, girls, the future, and everything taking place on your father's side of your family are examples that immediately come to mind.

But, dude, you have to lay back. Your grandpa put up a good fight for as long as he could, and that is something you will need to accept in time. He did make the promise to haunt you by possessing the ugliest lunch lady and make her start kissing you, which he more or less fulfills (not the possession part, he might not be strong enough as a spirit to pull that off). You'll get to hear from him again, even manage to catch his voice on a recording.

But that's not the only thing bothering you, is it?

It's the things that happened when he started to lose the remainder of his strength that are on your mind. Are they, in fact, visitors? Did your grandpa see Olivia? Or were they weird hallucinations caused by the mind desperately trying to prevent the inevitable?

I might have a few answers. This incident, among others, may have given you some insight into the afterlife. The dog, your grandfather, said was laying on his chest and making it hard for him to breathe. Who do you think it was? That's right, the same dog that came to you in a dream the very night he died a couple of weeks prior. I think you can figure out the rest, precisely what the fog and the weird images you saw inside it meant and where you saw it again. The dog was trying to warn you of what was about to happen. Why it decided to reach out to you is something I'm not sure of, but it could just be because you're the only one he could reach.

But what about the little girl your grandpa happened to see the exact moment you had your own visitor help you look into the room when you had to help keep the younger kids and pets contained and out of the way of the paramedics? Who else would it be? Olivia came to help you out and was able to let you astral project through her eyes so you could see what your grandfather saw in his final moments. But it should be noted in a weird twist of events; Grandpa saw Olivia.

This, unfortunately, gave you further insight into what we've been trying to solve all along. But it all backs up the idea that nothing can 100% prove the existence of the afterlife without people having to die and come back to report on what happened. Nevertheless, with what's coming your way your grandfather will still be there as the voice in your head. Even though

you were able to somehow able to stow away with your grandfather's spirit as he crossed over into Heaven. I'll explain more in a later letter, right now you need to take time to heal.

It'll be okay, trust me. Grandpa will be one of the voices you'll need to listen to when crucial matters come into play.

With Love, You

BODY IN THE WELL

Dear Kota, age affected 15

There are going to be some people who may question your motivations when they hear how you managed to land this case during your grandfather's funeral. Well, there are a few cases you manage to scrounge up during the funeral.

The first two you acquired didn't hold anything substantial other than examples of what some paranormal groups refer to as matrixing; which is more commonly referred to in psychological studies as pareidolia, simulacrum, or apophenia (all these terms are synonymous to an extent). Yeah, they kind of sound like weird disorders but they are just the labels used to describe when people see funny pictures in random places, like shapes in the clouds, for example.

But I'm getting off track; this case is something you need to pay close attention. Why? Because out of

the roughly ten-thousand cases I've worked over the years, this one sits comfortably in spot number three on strangeness. It also figures that the client also happens to be your grandmother's best friend from high school.

The house is located miles outside of any nearby towns, just a short walk from the Snake River Canyon, there is a run-down house on some farmland that hasn't been used in years. The state of the building makes it look to where either a good windstorm or rouge candle-flame could take it all down within seconds, in fact how it still stood in some of the extremes of Idaho weather is beyond me. This is going to be the house that deals with one of the most extreme circumstances to date, because of the body in the sealed-off well in the basement. A spirit will alert you through an EVP session to its location, and further excavations will prove that someone was in there.

It is also during the investigation that you will start to notice a particular pattern luring in undesirable influences. There is a constant pattern of criminal activity, "certain" individuals are practicing genuine dark magic, and there appear to be MULTIPLE graves on the site. I don't want to reveal too much but one of your uncles, who is a proud skeptic of the supernatural, gets legitimately frightened for his life after joining you for this hunt.

Things are going to happen both outside the home and in the basement on top of a sealed-off well. You need to focus on those areas most, trust me that you'll

feel what I'm talking about when things start going down. What's there will make you feel physically sick, maybe that is a side effect from the Naberius incident. Regardless, something is in that house, possibly from multiple deaths taken place. Dude, the ditch where a woman's body was found decapitated lights up by itself! The energies there also lures a few dangerous men that are related to the client.

Be ready, my friend.

With Love, You

P.S. BEWARE OF THE BROTHERS OF MIDNIGHT

CHOICES OF OTHERS

Dear Kota, age affected 16

The thought of having to write this letter is making me sick to my stomach, but if we are truly going to be able to overcome everything that took place, then this is not something we can brush under the rug. Even though the label on this letter is "Choices of Others," we have to reflect upon on our own as well if we are going to be fair in all regards.

So here goes.

As tensions reign high and the classes you see most beneficial to your overall cause are dropped from the school curriculum, the thoughts of potentially leaving Twin Falls High School cross your mind a bit more frequently. Your urges to be a mighty avenger lead to

toxic mindsets, ones where mass homicide was contemplated to counter the foolish behaviors of your classmates. It seems harsh but don't argue; it's the truth that needs to be rewritten.

But as you already knew that you have better things to do with your life, you slowly start to look into other avenues to expand on your knowledge a bit more while access is still free. So to best accommodate distance, and that the other high school had more artistic-based classes (though in retrospect probably could've been a bit more helpful with a few things that come your way), the option to attend an online public high school goes ever more appealing.

I know that getting away from the idiots does sound like the best option, but as you move forward, there are things you need to be aware of. Your mother's financial status becomes hindered when she leaves the hospital and her finding a decent replacement job becomes nearly impossible, so you end up having to move to a crummy trailer park studio apartment, almost surrounded at all sides by convicted criminals.

Some are half-way decent people who admit fully their life screwed up somehow, and they are trying their hardest to get things back on track, but others are just dangerous. You will have people try to break-in and attack you and your sister. Hell one lady tried getting in just because she thought your mother was sleeping with her husband.

The lows of some people never cease to amaze, do they?

It is hard not to get upset at the latest changes, and some of your concerns are understandable. Being a single mother with two kids, she should've been more careful about leaving her job at the hospital just because of teenage gossip going on in the medical records section of the hospital (which is still going on according to rumors). But even you will make the wrong call from time-to-time.

All of these reasons and more are why I wanted to emphasize an idea to you in this letter. It is not up for debate that, because she had you and your sister, she should've been more careful. This is something that you can learn from for your own future. Your mother left the hospital cause she grew tired of the bullshit from other people, which isn't much different from how you chose to leave Twin Falls High School.

The main difference is between the two is that you had no kids to worry about, but in some manner, it could very well harm your well-being. The isolation and lack of any real communication with people your age doesn't exactly help settle your mind effectively. Not having time to get away from family and vent from any issues doesn't measure well either.

But at the same time, the very people you need to distance yourself end up being the very ones you need to keep an eye on. The fact you are always around is what helps keep some of the assholes at bay that want to hurt your sister. Somewhat reminiscent of the pot dealer that used to live next door to you, huh? In the face of all the opposition, in the face of your

mother's toxic comments, the constant break-ins, and everything else that happens, you need to stand firm.

In the long run, this move will lead to some great opportunities that make the entire struggle worthwhile. It'll be okay. Just remember to take some risks now while you have the freedom to do so without anyone being dependent on your success, and trust your gut. A good majority of the investments you make will work out in the long run.

With Love, You

SKYFALL & THE MEN IN BLACK

Dear Kota, age affect 16

This is perhaps one of the strangest cases we ever took on. It wasn't necessarily spooky, but somewhat unnerving seems to be the more optimal word. Maybe it was the timing of the events that makes you feel that way; I'm honestly still not sure. I know that you also never even tried hallucinogenics or have been officially diagnosed as schizophrenic, though some will try along with those oh-so-caring Christians that claim the Devil is influencing you. I'm all for freedom of religion, but I can tell you for a fact, both angels and demons frown upon those that behave in such ways.

But this is not the time to talk about that, though some speculate that angels and demons might play a factor (a discussion for another time, perhaps). I'm talking about the green fireball that crashed down about

fifty miles from where you are. The sound of it bursting through the atmosphere was intense enough to cause houses to shake and windows to shatter near the impact zone. The following morning you managed to assemble a few guys and drive out to roughly where you estimated the object landed. You were able to find some visible damage, but almost immediately, you notice that someone beat you to the location and seemingly extracted samples in the area.

Alright, no biggy, right? This could've easily been somebody looking to collect a potential meteorite (if nickel and iron are present they give off green flames). Then why in the HELL was the Men in Black in town? No, not the guys from the movies, I'm talking about the real deal. I'm talking about the subjects that have been reported to harass UFO witnesses or anyone who digs too deep into the matter. In the next few weeks, you are going to see them stalking you, just sitting in their vehicle to watch. You eventually had enough and tried confronting them, but that was where it gets weird.

The guys you confronted fit the profile you hear of in the lore. They stay in groups of three, matching outfits, matching sunglasses, pale skin, everything on them looking like it was taken out of a magazine, no visible identifying marks, no expression on their face, no sign of body hair ever being on them, no definition to their lips or nose... these guys couldn't have been human. The MiB subjects rolled down the window of their vehicle so you can get a good look; they wanted you to see them. Otherwise, they would've found a

way to disappear before you could reach them. You wanted to ask them questions, but they didn't physically speak. They instead spoke telepathically. They just told you to walk away.

It's best not to piss these guys off. These guys seem to be able to manipulate their surroundings psychically and even have killed to silence people. There might also be a few missing person cases tied to these guys. But, in spite of the apparent danger, your curiosity gets the better of you. You research them further, to learn about others who had encounters with these guys and lived to tell the tale. It is difficult to determine who is being genuine in this situation as you don't have much to go on other than a profile based on common factors.

Also, you don't deal too much with UFO reports in your area. This is because of the military bases in the region, which have been notorious for contributing to UFO reports due to unknowing civilians catching a glimpse of test flights. Plus, statistically, genuine UFO cases have even slimmer odds than ghosts. They get reported all the time, but how many of them can we consider factual?

The green fireball caught your interest because reports in the 1940s and 50s state similar objects being seen in and around New Mexico. Official statements on those sightings from well-respected authorities on the matters even claim something is off about them. The fireball you went after didn't show anything "weird" about it, so why did they come?

I am not sure, and I've only had a couple more run-ins with them before they disappeared. The last encounter I had, I mentally screamed at them to either tell me what they want or leave me alone. They drove away, going in what looked like a weird black fog. I honestly wish I had more to work with but digging down that rabbit hole seems only to bring trouble.

I guess we'll have to wait and see now, won't we?

With Love, You

JOHNNY LAW REBOUND

Dear Kota, age affected 16

Remember how I said most of your investments would eventually pay off in the long run? Well, my young friend, this is the first sign of it all paying off and securing your future away from the forces that tried killing you all this time.

After your mother is inspired by a movie to return to her old job as a 911 dispatcher, you are able to quickly reforge your connections with law enforcement that deteriorated after you went dark. Many of whom assume that after the case in Jerome where you helped save a mother and her two young daughters, you kept your work silent to protect the people you help.

If only it were ever that easy.

This letter will probably be one of the shortest I send you, but it might be one of the most important. Through the contacts you build, you get even more

knowledge on how to save others, not just from supernatural threats. Who better to learn from than the people that are tasked to answer even the most ridiculous of calls, right?

No matter, in the time that you are in that trailer park, apparently nicknamed "Ghetto Hell" by some of the officers, you deal with so much that gives you the first taste of adrenaline. You get to deal with everything from domestic disputes, attempted kidnappings, drug overdoses, drug fires, deals gone south, and home invasions all within a matter of 100 feet of the house.

Yeah, it seems unlikely that the police would let you get involved because you're a minor, but because they were aware you knew what to look for and because you lived there, you were mostly an informant.

You had to physically intervene a few times, only because if you hadn't someone would've gotten seriously hurt. With some help from the officers, you learn some skills on how to handle these sorts of incidents, ones that can be transferred over to your other endeavors. And to let you in on a little secret, it'll make you one of the most valuable assets out there.

In fairness, I should warn you to keep your cool. Your temper can easily jeopardize our standing with law enforcement channels if you let it out of control in the wrong setting. It might even scare off some important people, someone who makes you believe in the concept of soul mates even.

Sorry, that particular person is back, and it's bringing up old emotions — nothing to worry about, at least

for a few more years for you. We learn quite valuable lessons from her. But the fact you get to assist cops from time to time helps you ease into things with her at first. I'll explain more in a future letter, I'll have to since she will read these letters herself one day.

But my time is running short for today. Just remember how I said to keep your temper in check, there will be people who will purposely antagonize the situation to get you to blow up and look like the villain. You'll get to become something much stronger than them, but that won't stop them from trying. You got this. Lastly, don't be afraid to listen to that voice in your head that sounds suspiciously like your grandfather.

With Love, You

PROM NIGHT

Dear Kota, age affected 17

Prom night, a time where you get to head out with friends and dance the night away. Maybe you find a nice girl to take with you, a couple of slow dances set you in the mood, and you end the night tangled in matters of flesh while playing through a potential future with the person lying next to you; that sounds like a good time, right? Maybe. Even though we had a date lined up, our duties just had to come first, didn't they?

That young girl needed our help, Dakota, in more ways than just dealing with matters of the occult. In

what sounds like a cliché horror flick, she managed to successfully summon a demon that promised her a way out of the grip of her abusive parents. The case was referred to you by a local minister who suspected something much deeper than parental paranoia of paranormal powers and thought that someone of your background could better relate to the young lady. As much as you wanted one regular night as a typical American teenager, you should know better by now that normal abandoned us long ago.

You'll notice something is off with the father, as a very familiar look in his eye seems to spark whenever he merely glances at his daughter. Briefly, he mentions how women "should just shut up and obey men." Somehow, this type of idiot still exists. It should come as no surprise that he was in the same unit your father ran with during his days in the National Guard.

One can try to argue that these so-called "men" (and some women too) already were mentally ill before enlisting, and it was the conditions they faced in combat that aggravated it. Perhaps this is the case, in spite of the over-reliance on psychological screenings that rarely seem to catch dangerous individuals before they go on to commit vicious crimes. In this case, Hell was rising to give him his judgment.

As much as I hate to say it, to avoid sounding like those who praise violent resolutions to every conflict, but this man will need what I've come to call a "German Christmas Special." This is when measures are taken to permanently scare good behavior out of someone,

much like many of the folk tales tied to Christmas in Germany. Even though it would be frowned upon and likely cause a much more widespread infestation, you need to let the demon attack the father. Considering the demon in question could technically be labeled under modern terms as the first "feminazi," she'll have plenty to say.

The young lady was influenced by none other than Lilith herself, or rather something among her ranks. The young lady was somehow able to find a summoning ritual that pleaded to Lilith directly for help getting away from her abusive father. Upon an in-depth inspection of the lore behind Lilith's legend, one would have to be blind not to see why.

Much like the young lady, who I should call by the name of Riley for the remainder of this letter, Lilith was abused and expected to be subservient to man.

Believed by many to be the first wife of Adam, long before Eve was created, the turbulent marriage eventually pushed Lilith to retaliate and make a run for it. As for the depictions of her suddenly sprouting wings and becoming a goddess of Hell, that could be exaggerations meant to make Lilith out to be the problem, but the root of the story points to a woman who grew tired and did everything she could get the ones who hurt her to keep their distance.

Part of the lore also states that Lilith promised she would harm no infants if they wore anything that bore the likeness of the angels God sent to try to retrieve her.

It wouldn't be much of a stretch to state that this could very well be one of the earliest accounts of post-traumatic stress disorder. This very human characteristic may have been what made Lilith, or whoever it was, let Riley go. New evidence will come forward to suggest that Lilith didn't even have knowledge of this incident.

She is going to try retaliating. She will throw you through the front door of the house. But this is merely a byproduct of fear, both Riley's and what still lingers within this entity. After the being attacks the father, you get your opening to exorcise her, but only on the condition that you follow through on your promise to get Riley the hell out of that house. The police response that came when you handed her your phone so she could call the authorities to report everything herself was all that was needed. Giving Riley your old card so she could have someone to at least talk to when she needed it seemed to help even more.

Now for the good news. Should this thing ever reemerge, you know how to have better materials to take her on. Riley has since been relocated with an aunt in another state and is doing very well for herself. It takes her a little bit to get settled and work up the courage to give you a call, but that was expected. She needed to take the time to heal from all that has happened, and so far it seems she is one of our more successful saves.

She even has been seeing a seemingly decent guy, who she confessed shares a lot of similar personality traits to us. At the time of writing this letter, she has

gone on to college and is studying to earn her degree in clinical psychology. Even though she has drifted a bit out of your life, the door will always be open for her should she ever need our help again, or if she wants to catch up.

Perhaps we might make a difference after all.

With Love, You

OUT OF THE LIMELIGHT

Dear Kota, age affected 17

Assess the situation.

Determine the exact risks.

Investigate all probabilities.

Resolve the case and move on.

That was the protocol we began with for every case we took on. More rules exist, like never turn away a child a need, but those were the foundation. Maybe, I mean MAYBE, if something legitimate was found than we publish our results online. This was the last straw, proving that the implications of what the supernatural truly entails is something much greater than what society is capable of handling. Unfortunately it seems this case just HAD to break up a marriage in the process.

But it was for the best, the husband was being abusive to his wife. It was obvious the moment you met her in person what was going on. She had makeup covering bruises, long and heavy clothes in the middle of the summer, the whole nine-yards of concern. When

she disclosed that the activity started right around the time her and her husband had started having marital issues you already knew what was going on. Her husband was having an affair and the spirits, if any, were pissed off about it.

Further examination of the audio taken to document notes about the house shows that someone did in fact make themselves known. The client's deceased mother was hanging around, watching over the family, and was trying to help expose what was going on. The spirit even went as far as tossing a coffee mug straight into his face!

It is heartbreaking to see this happen, but it was for the best in the long run. Had she stayed in that marriage, she and her two adorable daughters could've been seriously hurt or worse. We did what we had to do in order to save them by revealing the truth of the affair. Personal boundaries were almost crossed, but it would've have been right to take advantage of her like that. Plus, she had no clue you're only seventeen, so it would've lead to only more problems.

But, heads up, there are going to be some rather immature idiots that will assume you slept together just because you extended a hand of kindness. Don't let these people get to you, they are the same nobodies who make jokes about sexually assaulting a murder victim. Otherwise, this case helped cement the significance of what these investigations can really do for people. It was one thing when the spirits attacked us,

we have the ability to take a stand, but when innocent people are in the crossfire it becomes something more.

That's where we need to lock this down. Innocent people, troubling lives, and literal nightmares are unfolding before them; we can't exploit that in good consciousness for our own benefit. But, perhaps, it is good as a case study since it is one that solidified our label for Post-Traumatic Psychosomatic Manifestation, or Carrie Syndrome; a label for incidents when the emotional instability of the living aggravates the energies of nearby spirits.

Normally it applies to preteen to young adult females; but it is terminology that needs to be adjusted to best help people in need.

More work is to be done to best understand the functions of what is going on. But what we can take confidence in is that people need help and are somehow being saved by what we do. Always remember that.

With Love, You

GRADUATION

Dear Kota, age affected 18

You finally made it this far, though in the grand scope of things simply pulling this off was a cakewalk. I'm talking about graduating from high school. If you just went by the "playbook" based on the people on

your father's side of the family, the bar was set so low you grew over it just by how tall you grew.

But it isn't much of an exaggeration with all things considered; only by not having a criminal record and graduating high school on time sets you apart on paper. Don't let that notion cloud your judgment, though, plenty of chances will come for you to ruin what you are building.

But none of that matters does it? It's time to get into the workforce and help pay off that trip to China you were invited on by your psychology teacher. But being that you're a kid that just got out of high school your job pickings are going to be rather slim, which is why the only spot in town that will hire you on is a rather unmentionable call center. You'll find out about it all very soon, but in polite terms, what happens is pretty much unprofessional in every definition of the term.

What can you expect though, when the main reason you applied there was because you knew that you would recognize a couple of faces, to ease your nerves? Sounds reasonable until you reveal the particular "faces" you're looking forward to seeing are your first girlfriend and your stepmother (yes, her). Your ex tries to stir up trouble by attempting to brag about a new boyfriend but blow her off, and she won't try again. As for your stepmother, I know you are trying to be forgiving of all that happened, but she'll turn against you very soon.

However, it should be noted that she became useful in helping identify one of your long lost sisters named

Avon. In a strange twist, the young girl your stepmother thought looked strangely similar to you and your other sister at the time ends up in the very same training class at the call center as you; therefore giving you a chance to get to know her a bit.

When your father and stepmother lived in a trailer park near Filer, Idaho, your stepmother noticed a little girl roughly the same age as you who looked almost like a twin. In getting to know Avon, you find out that she still lives in the same trailer park and finds out later that the person she thought was her biological father wasn't the case. There is another interesting coincidence that I discovered, Avon is the granddaughter of the judge that put your father into prison.

Unfortunately, since your father would never own up to any more kids, to avoid losing any more pennies he barely earns working inside the penitentiary, getting a DNA test to confirm the suspicions will be unlikely. You would need a sample of your father's DNA to conduct the analysis since you and Avon would be half-siblings and might not have enough of a match to determine relation accurately. It's bad enough that you already found another sister just by having your seat switched around in Math class your freshman year.

But it doesn't matter, neither of the three (there is one more out there) sisters you found stay in your life for long, which means that you won't get to meet your nieces and nephews. You also don't last long at the call center, having been fired for continually hanging up on customers. But in the long run, you managed to say on

long enough to get the rest of your China trip paid off, so that's good.

You probably expect a bit of a lecture about getting canned from the first job you had. Truthfully, I don't care enough to go too much into detail about it, but one thing you do need to work on is that anxiety. Having to ride around in the bus systems to get to work and BARELY making it on time, let alone coming in late on several occasions, was setting you on edge. Which seems weird cause we could take on things that go bump in the night without any hesitation, but dealing with the living sets us off.

Oh well. If it wasn't meant to be, it wasn't meant to be. You still get to check out CHINA! I'll try to make sure the next letter I send gets to you just after you get back; you'll need it.

With Love, You

MADE IN CHINA

Dear Kota, age affected 19

If I timed this just right then, you're just getting back from your big China trip. An opportunity that your old high school psychology teacher puts together every year for the students to get a chance to grow beyond their limits. In an idea to find an excuse to travel to exotic destinations for free, the potential adventures that come together by him putting together these groups are fantastic. Getting to see the overall

change in the kids for the better was perhaps one of the most amazing sights out there.

In China, you felt some of this emotion for the very first time, and you're probably still a bit of a mess at the moment. You even go to record an episode on your radio show that people could not understand what you're saying because of how you feel in the moment making you blubber like you witnessed the death of someone close to you. I'm not going to judge; I remember how shitty you feel. Remembering what happened Xi'an, and how long it took us to bounce back from that incident, no one can judge you.

But I cannot bad-mouth China at all; despite the pollution, the areas you visited were beautiful, the locals were amiable, the culture and history were vast, and getting to wake up in such a place physically just seemed mind-blowing. Perhaps it was a good thing that you got to go with a group of friends you haven't met yet; it gave you a chance to build a Travel Family. A few of those faces are going to reemerge on future trips as well, which makes it all that more meaningful.

Having the opportunity to start shedding the shell you've built up over the years by going halfway around the world almost makes the nasty food poisoning incident worth it (and kind of puts the American medical system into a better perspective), doesn't it? It helped open your eyes to what can be possible if you set your mind to something and work hard. I mean seriously dude, did you believe me when I said you were going to get to do this? Did you? Most likely not.

Cherish the moments you see here. The family that helped keep an eye on you during the food poisoning incident in Xi'an accepted you without little regard to who you were. Had you not been wearing the shirt your teacher designed they wouldn't have had any clue you were there to help on the trip. Naturally, they looked to you to help keep an eye on everybody once they saw how big you are, but that is a fair enough contribution.

This trip was the first time you realized dominoes are falling in your favor to build a much more fabulous life. While this trip took hard work, a little heartache, the nerves of getting a passport and visa, and a slight near-death experience of having to stay in an intensely under-prepared hospital in China (and the creep who was filming us on his camcorder) it was worth it. The feeling of excitement and adventure becomes almost addicting. Don't ever lose the motivation to go for another extraordinary adventure, and there will never be a shortage of them. Some will be good, some will be terrible, but all of them will be meaningful in more ways than we can describe.

We have come a long way.

With Love, You

RETAIL SLAVERY

Dear Kota, ages affected 19-22

Well, you went from being avid explorers in far-off lands to slaving away at a big-box retailer that is known

for promoting hostile working environments. I think it is best that we don't specify the store's name, for many of the same reasons that mentioning our earlier call center job, but those who read the stories will most likely catch on to what retail chain you are talking about if they pay attention.

Shortly after moving out of “ghetto hell” and roughly a month after coming back from China, your grandma helps you land a job in the deli department at a retail store. Of course she states that because the deli was one of the highest paying departments, you'd be better off and unfortunately in many cases she was right. When there were major store events you could easily skip out on them, the pay was halfway decent, and there was always a shot for you to get off work just in time to freshen up for a hot date. And even though you don't get days off till the middle of the week, at least you can go out and have some fun while the city is practically empty from everyone being at work.

Honestly, I'd hate to cause any discouragement but with this place you really need to watch your back. As mean as it may sound the target marketing for this particular store tends to aim towards the lower ends of society, therefore it tends to attract some “undesirables.” Dude, within a few months your deli is going to be targeted for a robbery but the second they see you they change their mind.

But that is not going to be all, oh how I wish it was. There will be issues that arise from people trying to cover their trails, things going missing, people suddenly

targeting you because you try to help them, and occasionally things that spur from your own negative emotions. It gets to be a little too much, and you really can't take it. Don't start acting tough, you know it gets to be a little much.

Dakota, dude, your anger issues will start to manifest physical ailments. And your habits of not letting things go will carry over and you will end up taking it out on people who are completely undeserving of that rage. A couple retired war vets that you work with help sort a few things and get the idiot managers to back off when they try to can you for making them look bad, and if anything they were the highlights of what will be almost four years of retail slavery.

Yes, four years. But think of it like this, your time will be the hard labor to fund some of the more exciting ventures in your life. This will be the backbone that helps you put together your side jobs, invest in a few start-ups, fund your side of future trips, and get the supplies to personally design surprise gifts for someone very important. Sometimes we have to shovel shit for a bit before we find gold, my friend, so hang in there.

With Love, You

P.S. Don't worry, you'll make friends with some funny dudes that'll help you cool off on the bad days

LEGION IN HOLLYWOOD FILM

Dear Kota, age affected 20

You know... out of all of the events that have taken place throughout our lifetime THIS is perhaps one of the ones the general public has a harder time believing. They'll believe the battles with demonic gods, being resurrected by an archangel, fighting off possession, even that you were versed well enough in forensic and law enforcement procedures to catch the attention of the Feds (events coming soon my friend) but not this. The people don't believe that you managed to help start several businesses, even breaking into the Hollywood scene. But you know what? Screw. Them.

I always believed the only difference between bravery and stupidity lies within the outcome. If the risk was successful, then it is bravery if failed, then it was stupid. And brother, this was a WIN! Even though it is merely a stockholder investment you own, and you don't own enough shares for total control, most of the films being made by the studios so far have been successful.

The plan for both of these companies was to create a democratic approach to film-making, giving fans who participate influence over how projects are done. At the time of writing this, only one of the studios is up and running, quickly gaining the attention of many of your favorite celebrities. Dude, we get to (kinda) team up with members of Marvel's Avengers and DC Comic's Justice League on top of several of your favorite celebrities! The goofy little kid in you that dreamed of being able to do these kinds of things is

practically having an aneurysm just from the sheer shock of it all unfolding. Plus, this opens up a few more doors for better financial security AND collaborations down the road.

Do all the projects that you work on become big successes? No. Do all of the investments you make pan out? Nope. Are there talks that start for side deals to expand your efforts further? Oh, yes. Do they all work out? A good majority so far have not.

Aside from collaborating with some of your favorite actors, you also get opportunities to join in with some famous faces within the paranormal field as well. Unfortunately, not all of them pan out, but that is okay. When it comes to this side of your operation, you will have more losses than wins, but that is all part of the grand scheme of things. The only thing that can be done at this point is to keep going against all opposition.

Being able to do these kinds of creative projects has been the ultimate release for your emotions, so use your hard to charge after it, my friend. Take the time you have without a wife and kids to do more crazy and potentially stupid stuff. That way if something goes wrong, you are the only one it affects!

More adventures are coming soon, and more faces than ever before will join the masses of people you helped influence. Screw the formats of taking to social media to spread your message, with a little imagination what is told about us is akin to various gods from mythology. Let that only be a reminder of your poten-

tial, rather than allow for it to go to your head and you start acting like an egotistical prick. Let your reputation and skill speak for themselves, stay humble and kind, and that alone will help build an even more amazing life.

With Love, You

THE BOUNTY HUNTER

Dear Kota, ages affected 19-21

As tragedy seems to befall you and your friends, you decide to take matters into your own hands to help bring people to justice. You felt in your heart more could be done to help these people, more could have been done to prevent the murders, or at the very least more could be done to avoid further causalities. Thankfully you met Mr. Castle, a former Navy Seal and retired police sergeant, who earns extra cash through his private investigation practice.

Thinking that he was just some old dude that was striking up a conversation as you were sitting in a restaurant, you end up spilling the details about the case; which left you to placing flowers on your friend's grave she now shares with her mother. Of course, you had to leave out that your friend came to you after she died to thank you for helping pay for her funeral, but the skills Mr. Castle teaches you to become valuable.

He is the force that teaches you how to play superhero and go by the book so all your findings can be

used in court. He also shows you a few tricks to provide enough evidence upfront to where most judges don't even bother with trying to bring you in. He also, when you reach 21, helps you get your own badge.

But I'm starting to get caught up again. It is noble that you want to help people and even more so that you took the time to better your skills to do so. While Mr. Castle's teachings in dealing with nearly every worst-case scenario help you enhance your already established knowledge of criminology he also enables you to create a five-tier risk evaluation process for violent incidents; essentially a way to measure how quickly a situation can turn for the worst. The first step or I guess the initial template, was to build a risk evaluation for suicidal subjects then expand as your insight grows.

All of this will come handy very soon. I wish by me sending these letters I could change what is coming, but it never seems to be enough. More people are going to die at a very high rate; some by cancer, some by murder, some by accident, and others happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time. Remember how you felt when your contacts in Japan disappeared after the tsunami? There are going to be more widespread disasters, both natural and man-made, that at least attempt to take the lives of people you care about. One is coming very soon.

Even though it hurts, this was the risk we took by getting involved so personally. Ghost hunting may have provided a unique window for you to look into the

essence of others, but this will put you right next to someone who is facing some of their worst nightmares. Stand firm and learn to separate yourself from the chaos as much as possible before it wraps you in.

You'll see what I mean soon enough; the next big hit is coming out of Washington D.C.

With Love, You

SAVING HER

Dear Kota, age 19-22

Alfred Lord Tennyson once wrote, "Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all." The entry to this letter may sound like the opening to an episode of CBS' Criminal Minds, hell this entire incident sounds like an episode from crime-time television. But, this famous saying was, unfortunately, what happened in near-perfect detail.

Perhaps what wrapped you into this event was not of steady thought but rather a craving for passions of the flesh. Your better nature let you down this inescapable rabbit hole, only to be retrieved after the toxic grounds had shattered the treasures below. Maybe she wasn't meant to be with us in the long run, maybe there was a reason she was taken, but even with some of the "highest powers" at your side you can't help but feel utterly useless. With the things she said about moving on should something happen to her,

even though she occasionally visits to help you out on your cases, her loss will always weigh heavy.

Tori was perhaps the closest to being the type of woman you always fantasized about being with when it came to her overall personality. She was intelligent, thoughtful, understanding, strong-willed, and humble. Fleeing from an abusive relationship, you and her managed to cross paths online and quickly bonded over your mutual interests. You told her about you working as a bounty hunter, and she didn't run off as others have. She also revealed that she wanted to pursue a career in the FBI. She was the closest thing to perfection you knew, absolutely out of your league. But, under the circumstance the relationship itself had to be with conditions.

Tori was trying to escape her abusive ex, who was the father of her unborn baby girl. Because of how petrified she was, there were chokeholds in place to help her feel safe. Even when she came out to visit, you had to seal everything as if your life depended on it. As illustrious and intimate as those few days were, it made you start to contemplate what it would take to step up as a father.

But by the time things start to look serious, by the time you propose to her, her life gets taken from her by someone she once trusted. According to reports she put up a good fight, but dealing with a raging meth head was too much for her. The baby did not make it. Yes, Tori's ex and the biological father of the baby

killed her before being gun down by responding officers. She was gone before they arrived.

Because she kept you a secret from her family, fearing that someone close to her was acting as his spy, no one on that side of the family knew about you until almost two years later. Tori kept journals of her life and kept your contact information hidden in them. Tori's sister was the one who kept them as souvenirs, eventually opening them to find that her sister was seeing someone new. She finally reached out to show you what Tori wrote, which was perhaps one of the most uplifting things you felt knowing that you gave her hope.

But, it wasn't love that made you do it, at least not the fairy tale variety. You liked her as a person, don't get me wrong. You valued her insights on life and the inspiration she left for you to keep going. I mean to this day she still visits with her little girl to help you when you need a supernatural assist, so it is obvious she valued you as a person as well. But even she had to admit that what was going on between you two wasn't romantic love, rather that of a deep friendship between two kindred spirits. She was meant to come into your life to teach you a lesson before she died.

As for what that lesson was, I think I finally start to understand it. Ironically it is the same lesson that comes from another young lady who... well let's say might be the one you've been looking for all this time. The experience is to live life as true to your heart as possible. If you see someone in need, help where you

can. If you see an opportunity to make something happen, take it. If you find yourself opening up a little more space in your heart for someone than make it comfortable, be who it is you want to be. Be the type of man your future daughter and wife can be proud of, whenever they decide to show up finally.

Remember that as best as you can, my friend.

With Love, You

FRENCH LIASONS AND HOT ITALIAN NIGHTS

Dear Kota, age affected 19

Another trip abroad to places we never thought we'd get to see is in the books, and it was a fun one. This round, you decided to go without the kids from the China trip, and it was honestly for the best considering your state of mind. It's been a few months since Tori died and you start to contemplate moving on. Perhaps a trip in some far off country will help get your mind off of things, right? Well, maybe not.

When you arrive in Paris, the area is still tense from the terrorist attacks there and in Brussels. You can feel everyone on edge the second you get on the plane in Seattle, as you overheard the flight attendants talk about how several flights were rerouted in response. Your first night in town the locals lit up the Eiffel Tower in the colors of the Belgian flag to support those

affected by the attack. People were scared and just trying to get back to their everyday lives.

But a surprise was waiting for you wasn't it? You caught the eye of a gorgeous French woman, Serene, and hit it off with her rather quickly. You two have a nice dinner, discussing a few common interests and living a sort of celebrity reputation. The next thing you both know is that you are in your hotel room drowning out the noise of Parisian nightlife with a symphony of sins of the flesh and the animal rhythm of two hearts fueling a night of pure desire. Much like our talents with writing and the piano, we were able to excel the expectations of Ms. Right Now with very little knowledge. I know it isn't right to kiss and tell, especially since you were going to Vatican City of all places within the next couple days, but this was a critical moment.

The remainder of the night, in the moments where you both just lied in bed, your head starts to wonder how to move forward. Was this just a random fling or just a casual venture you both thought of since it was your last night in town? You were both consenting adults, and not in any significant relationship, so there was nothing wrong with what happened. You met a lovely woman, had a little bit to drink, and ended up genuinely experiencing a woman for the first time.

Don't sweat the fact you were already nineteen by the time it happened, nearly everyone who knows your story gets why you were trying to wait it out. Father issues aside, you still knew that being a young parent

was not going to be easy and you would most likely produce bigger kids that could very well cause even more difficulties than what was already expected.

You were just over twelve pounds, and the one half-sister that came from that same gene crop was born about a month early and already weighed almost eleven pounds. That being said, you wanting to be careful and make sure that you could at least maintain a healthy friendship with the woman that carries your child makes this worth the wait.

Why do I bring this up? Well, dude, Serene is going to find you online in a few months to deliver some news. While you are still coming off of the excitement of learning some tricks from Vatican City itself and getting to sing with Tenors in Rome all because you had a few too many, making your singing voice significantly better, Serene has learned she may be carrying your child.

Don't panic, yet. While Serene is at the doctor, she learns the home pregnancy test was a false positive. I'll leave it at that, but let's say from this we learned it is best to advise any woman who confides in you about being pregnant to have a doctor run a test to verify the results.

But this is what I wanted to talk about. You tried to keep this news to yourself until you and Serene knew for sure, but it was so heavy on you that you had to spill. Some jokes will get tossed around, including condoms in your Christmas stocking this year, but a moment of weakness almost put you into a situation

where everyone involved was not going to see life the same way. In some ways that might be beneficial, but when you sit back and think about it only more harm than good could've come from it had she been pregnant.

Let this be a reminder, as I know you would do your best to do the right thing, but if you have to alter your life for someone, make sure they are worth that sacrifice. Serene was never the one you were supposed to be with, but maybe she was a lesson. A lesson that helps you decide what your priorities are.

Just sit back for a bit and think about it, okay? This trip was one to remember, as Paris was ready to remind you of what your life could be like if you didn't hold off on potentially bringing kids into the world. But Rome was also a reminder of the kind of life you could live if you just took your time and explored yourself more.

With Love, You

P.S. I almost forgot to mention this, but the Paris and Rome trip may have been a heads up for what is about to come. Another woman that piques your interest is going to go through some personal matters, and you are already letting yourself get a little too personally involved. An upcoming letter will most likely go into it, as you have already been too stubborn to not listen to the warnings.

BROTHERS OF MIDNIGHT

Dear Kota, age affected 19

It must go without saying that this case should be kept under lock-and-key until we can determine for utmost certainty that it is safe to release this information. In one of my previous letters, I left a warning about a group known as the "Brothers of Midnight." I, intentionally, did not leave any further details as the implications of doing so could have stirred up even more trouble but now that you have officially faced off against them I have no choice but to divulge everything that I know.

The client from the house where the body was found in the sealed-off well in the basement, one of her nephews is involved in cult-related activities. Due to the energies of the house, and the client's cycle of prison stays, he and his so-called "friends" have tried to practice black magics in order to give themselves personal boosts to their dream lives; rap careers, sexual activities, hexes, you name it. As much as I really wish that these descriptions were just the exaggerations of some devout bible-thumper, these "gentlemen" utilize animal sacrifices. By the time we get involved, they try graduating to human sacrifices.

A guy we worked with at the call-center is involved, and he was the one who allowed his own fiance to be chosen that night as the offering. He and his four little "compadres" stripped her down, raped her, and started

their chants as they prepared to kill her while she was still under the influence of the drugs that were in her system. It was in the fighting and the bullets flying that make you realize the nagging notion of putting the house on watch were justified.

Whether it was one of the spirits attached to you dropping the hint, or your intuition reading into the vibrations in the area, you knew that something else was going to happen. You did everything you had to do to get her the hell out of there, because a familiar face was being summoned. These idiots were trying to sacrifice an innocent woman to Naberius, thinking it would make them smarter and boost their non-existent rap careers.

We had to do everything in our power to get her the hell out of that house. Police was involved, but the cult got away and cleaned up before they could get to the scene. Sarah, the fiance, was too scared to try fighting back or to even press charges despite our best efforts to convince her.

Unfortunately, there wasn't much we could do to convince her in the first place but we still need to get her to safety; leaving us with getting her to a safe motel for the night, set her up with about a week's worth of supplies, and WiFi-enabled phone for her to call when she needed, and get her on the next available bus home.

I know it seemed a little embarrassing shopping for women's clothing, especially for a girl you only knew in passing. Sarah needed you to step up like, clearly, very

few ever would. "The Brothers" will likely try harming her again, if not to just limit themselves to stalking in order to keep her quiet. I, myself, have linked at least two more incidents to them which actually helped lead to the capture of four of the members. They try killing more innocent girls but the ladies put up enough of a fight to get help. One member is still out there, somewhere. Though honestly, I pray that our intervention scared him straight as he was the weakest member, the one most likely to break free of the pack.

I know there are probably a couple questions you have, mostly pertaining to why I chose the name and a status update on Sarah. "The Brothers of Midnight," is not an official name they go by, but rather a song they had listed detailing a [similar sacrifice to the one they attempted on their planned album. As for Sarah, she is doing her best to cope with what she experienced. You probably remember how spooked she was we had to give her the talk, the ever so difficult "Yes-Ghosts-Are-Real," talk. Which, honestly, gets to be just as awkward as the sex talk in some cases without the escape some parents take of relying on schools to do it.

But she'll pull through this, I have good faith. She has the added benefit of being able to blame the things she saw that night on the drugs she was pumped with. You know that something was there, those idiots managed to lure the attention of some form of negative spirit. A brief cleansing of the house was able to clear it out, so at worst it was the demonic equivalent of a mosquito. We are much stronger than anything "The

Brothers” could muster, but don't let that boost your ego too much. There are always stronger foes in the horizon who are looking to take you down. You'll see what I mean soon enough.

With Love, You

FIND OUT WHO YOUR FRIENDS ARE

Dear Kota, ages affected 19-21

The actual colors of those around you in work start to show, and they are dark. It feels like nearly everyone aware of the situation is turning against you to protect the truly guilty party. Even the managers of the place are doing what they can to not make them look bad, by going as far as to tell you NOT to call the police on the matters. All of this stirs up because you tried helping out someone you thought was a friend.

Initially, I was going to write this as three separate letters, but due to the number of similarities between each situation, I thought it would be best to pile them all together. Of course, this runs the risk of being off in my timing, but the lessons remain the same. The thefts, the threats to life, the vandalism, the overabundance of alcohol lead to some real toxic types are flourishing, and they don't take too kindly to being called out. Yes, this will be some of the things I hinted at in the "RETAIL SLAVERY" letter I sent you a few years back.

The chaos will start with you getting too emotionally attached to a friend you wanted to help get through a divorce, then the tires on your car get slashed because you called out someone who was about to get himself into a vicious cycle, later on, your supervisor at the time goes through a divorce and develops an alcohol dependence that spirals, and last it will seem like nearly every other person in the store will get fired and charged for theft. The guy that had the pot dealer slash your tires ended up getting charged with at least five felony counts.

During all of these incidents, some people tried to warn you to tread lightly. Granted, for most of them, you are roughly the same age as their kids and grand-kids so that is why they felt like they should say something to you about the mess you were getting in. They explicitly said that was the case. A few apologies even come in order once you see what's going on behind the scenes, but it starts to make you feel a bit unwelcome. A whole world is out there, literally knocking at your door daily, so why the hell would you put up with it?

Perhaps some of it could've been prevented; maybe we could've been more sensitive about the subjects at hand. I get why you chose to react the way you did, believe me, I do. You hate seeing people get hurt when something could be done to stop it, and you've never been one to go down easy. When the kind, supporting friend didn't seem like enough to make a difference, and the chaos seemed to spiral further, it felt like it was

time to step up to face the action. But no matter what it was you did, it seemed to escalate things further.

On some level, I've come to realize that a good portion of what influenced events to turn for the worse was the level of force you applied. While to you, it might not have seemed like much; others might perceive it as much harsher. To put it into perspective, think about it like this; you would likely not feel as nervous about having a dog run up to you as you would a grizzly bear.

Even if the bear was docile by nature, if it were to run towards you out of a moment of excitement, it could easily hurt you without meaning to do so. We have to be careful about how we exert our strengths in these situations because the wrong people might get pushed aside or hurt even worse than they already are.

Some might even say that this can be interpreted as a sign that not everyone is worth saving, some people prefer to be involved in that type of lifestyle, and you shouldn't try to intervene. I don't believe that is necessarily the case. Every soul is worth to a least try to help, even if the odds aren't in your favor, and that stands for any and every medium that help is to manifest. However, the truth is some people genuinely don't want to improve their situation, and you trying to intervene will only make them retaliate.

Try to do your best to learn how to better filter certain people to avoid these things in the future. You can probably say karma came for some of them since as I mentioned earlier, they get busted for stealing, but it

wouldn't be right to celebrate about that. You have to move on to the next case and keep going against all the odds.

With Love, You

X CONNECTION

Dear Kota, age affected 19

This letter might seem a little different from others, as it focuses more on the influence of a film rather than a major life event. As we're planning the last preparations for our next big trot through Thailand, we decided to catch a movie that would be the last outing of the our favorite superhero. Logan turned out to be an impressively done film, living up to the reviews that stated it was similar in tone to an old western.

I won't waste space going over the plot of the film, it needs no introduction. However, as the central character of Wolverine is one we have connected and related to more so than others, it surprisingly left us with much to think about in the coming days. I don't mean just with Thailand but with everything down the road. Like us; the character was born out of violence and had some sort of supernatural way of bouncing back no matter what life had thrown at them.

We all were atoned to violence, had to learn how to be able to let others in rather than fight our way through everything, and were pretty much perpetual loners because most people can't handle the “seen

some shit," vibes we give off. Yes, channeling Wolverine helped out when we got into fights and the whole mysterious parts of our personality helped get the attention of a few pretty ladies but we are more than that.

In Logan, the titular character ends up on one last mission that ends up taking his life. Stories of his past actions are what lead to someone tracking him down in order to help free others who faced similar upbringings, right as the illnesses caused by his past are catching up to him. It is also when he learns that he has a daughter somewhere out in the world, and ends up dying.

The things that made him who he is, the life he lead, deteriorated his very body to the point his unnatural healing abilities could no longer keep up. If you really look at it there are only two major differences between us is that we are real, and the source of our abilities either originated or were a result of dealing with the supernatural. Not that he hadn't faced off against similar spooks to us in his lifetime, but that's another story.

Part of our wanting to see this film was that it was one of the few big pictures we had a chance to join, but due to extenuating circumstances we could not make it to the filming location in time. However upon leaving the theater we can say that we now have more to think about, instead of just admiration for the character. It gives us a reason to think about the type of man we can become. Kota, we have the temper and drive to beat down gods.

Guys like us can't ever walk away from this life. Even if we manage to get married and have a couple kids,

they'll likely be just like us. The insanity will haunt them. They will be forced into situations that can determine whether or not the people involved will get to go home.

How do I know? Well, just look at our patterns so far. Everyone who sticks around us will have a few messed up stories of their own. Just look at Mr Castle and a few other combat vets in our life, they're the only people that really seem to get it. Had we not had issues with our gall bladder and pancreas, even they believe we could've made badass soldiers.

But we have our own callings, that will soon get us back into international attention. Be that as it may, we are still going to need the version of Logan our head created in order to cope with it all. We will have to go down swinging. As we go along and have a few more people in our life to care about the urge to make sure they are safe will continue to grow. Remember that it is okay to feel that way but try your best not to let it get out of control, it might make some people uncomfortable. Perhaps in time, we won't have to filter who we are.

As for Thailand you will need to keep your guard up. Some of the areas you visit are known spots for international sex traffickers to scope out potential victims, and a few of the young ladies you'll be traveling with will turn out to be quite pretty as they get older. I'm not saying that to be a creep, just continue to be the goofy big brother of the group and everything will be okay. Let them know they can trust you should they

need someone, that the door is open when they need it. Remember my advice from earlier and you'll be alright. Thailand was perhaps the most fun out of all our trips, so savor every moment you get

With Love, You

P.S. Don't get too excited when you're around the kids in the resort you all stay at... it will end up with a broken tailbone. Figures that our first broken bone just HAD to be our ass, huh? Oh well, it was a fun ride.

DIVINITY DEFINED AND DEFENSES

Dear Kota, age affected 21

As it seems like the information gathered via "usual" ghost hunting methods seems to lead to repetitive random encounters, you decide to look into even more profound aspects of the occult. Witchcraft, divination, angel and demon summonings, shamanism, induction of psychic abilities... you name it we've looked into it. I mean, why not?

According to what I've dug up nearly both sides of our family history possessed (at least) rumors of every example of psychic ability and our research has shown there might be a genetic influence; so we might be a perfect test subject. Father Jacob recognized you had special skills at a young age, so it is worth a shot.

But to understand what systems might work for us, we have to really understand our foundations first. What is it that makes up our unique marker and what methods best work for you? These are the questions that need to be solved before you try to rewrite the supernatural rule-book, my friend.

Various sources preach that each person's strengths and potential varies, so no two cases will ever be the same. This is the truth to some extent. However, the logic is flawed. Every person is slightly different and will need something different to help them get into the right state, but the results are always the same.

You'll need to read into it a bit more on your own, but I've come to the conclusion a majority of religions/mythologies/faiths seem to point to the same ideals. The Great Flood mentioned in the Christian bible is documented back in Sumerian times. The Norse god Odin is linked with the Greek god Hermes. There are images of Jesus Christ-esque figures being shown across various and unrelated cultures, even some theories spreading that he learned some of his miracles during the time he spent as a Buddhist monk. St Michael the Archangel potentially is another "form" of the thunder god, Thor, from Norse mythology. These are just a few examples that come to mind at the moment, but much more is out there.

To keep this letter somewhat short I'll jump right ahead and tell you some of the names you should research since they seem to work the best for you. Find out as much as you can on John Dee, Edward

Kelley, Aleister Crowley, Michel de Nostredame, and Richard Cavendish; these gentlemen perhaps already have laid the groundwork for the mission we try to accomplish. John Dee and Edward Kelley managed to uncover the Enochian language, allegedly the native tongue of the angel. Aleister Crowley studied and practiced several forms of magic, created his religious system, and helped published many works. Nostredame is Nostradamus' native name spelling, and his work practically doesn't need any introduction. Cavendish's "The Black Arts," actually details how people associated the elements with the supernatural. Find a way to put all these together.

Do you see where I am going with this? Since our story keeps hinting at something much bigger going down than just people sticking around after they pass on, this might be the only way to start understanding why or even how you've been able to do the things you do. By looking into these things even further, you might help make the connections with how so-called higher dimensions might be the cause of paranormal activity. Some of our contacts in the mainstream scientific community might be a little skeptical about the ideas I'm about to pass on to you, but even they have to admit there might be something to it. The main problem is to find ways to test it. Let me show you what I mean.

Many mathematical theories (usually labeled under String or Superstring theory) suggest the overall universe is made up of many more dimensions than the

four every creature on this planet experiences; which can often be labeled as longitude, latitude, altitude, and time. These are the four we can measure in some form or another.

By the time you get to the fifth dimension or higher is where the ideas of parallel worlds, universes, and realities come into play. Some equations top out at a total of ten dimensions, some say twelve in the highest you can go where mainly anything goes; the calculations to back these statements would probably be so intricate an advanced AI might have a hard time trying to sort it out. The most straightforward visualization I can share is through squares. The first dimension is simply a line, the second a square, and the third is a cube, etc...

The main thing to remember is how each dimension forms a shape. A cube's sides are made of squares, right? Well, a four-dimensional tesseract's sides are made of cubes. Trying to visualize anything in four dimensions or higher gives even the most brilliant minds a headache, so you will most definitely have to find a way to dumb things down. A film titled *Interstellar* used this to explain how a black hole is actually a sphere. The universe we observe is believed to be four-dimensional, with the fourth dimension being time, and a black hole is thought of a cosmic sinkhole. If a hole is a circle sitting on a three-dimensional surface, what is a hole going to look like in 3D?

A sphere.

You're a smart guy, so I know you already see my train of thought, but stick with me as there is much more to it. Say, for example, there was a creature that was only two-dimensional is walking along minding its business. Say you were to see this thing and wanted to try getting its attention, so you stick your hand in front of it. Will "Mr 2D" (as we'll call it) see it? Yes, but not entirely. Because this creature is only two-dimensional, it can only see what would be directly in front of it.

The entire world it observes looks completely flat to us. So if you were to stick your hand directly in front of it "Mr 2D" will only see a weird, floating, morphing shape blocking its path. Take into consideration how light, heat, and sound move; "Mr 2D" might experience odd fluctuations in all of these areas as well. Tell me, what do most paranormal reports consist of? Mostly weird lights, unexplained temperature fluctuations, strange shadows, weird noises, and entities that somehow change shape when they manifest, right? If the human soul is somehow a construct of light and somehow ends up in a higher dimension, it stands to reason that this is the cause!

Explanations of Superstring Theory, like the ones I went into earlier in this letter state what each dimensional space would be made of, like the square of the cube. So under the analogy that our world, our universe even, being represented as cubes that make up the sides of a tesseract... what else is in there? What if there is a chance there are more worlds that exist in these higher planes? What are the chances that

"realms" such as Heaven, Hell, Asgard, Nirvana, Valhalla, the Astral Plane, and so on are in these higher dimensions? In these higher dimensional worlds, would time flow differently since it has more directions to move out to? What if, by some chance, the things we observe as psychic powers or ritualistic magic come from an under-realized ability to be able to shape reality just off of our will alone? What if reincarnation is nothing more than the label for the soul traversing through the dimensions and evolving, or maybe it is just a cosmic recycling service?

It also leaves open the potential explanation for the so-called "lack of evidence" within mainstream science is because no one can manage to figure out how to physically test these theories. People think you are joking when you say that it is going to take people dying and somehow come back to prove these things, unfortunately it is not and if I am right at all about any of this than even that is nearly impossible (statistically we're looking at a less than one percent of a one percent of a one percent chance until further developments are made). There are some indications that the soul may not return to the same Earth if a spirit is to be reincarnated, but rather a parallel one since light particles have been known to do some "spooky" things.

You'll have to go through this information on your own and hopefully find better answers. Our wide approach into trying to study nearly every aspect of the supernatural unfortunately leaves a lot of overlap; extraterrestrial contact, for example, seems to also fit un-

der the ideas I have talked about in this letter (there are declassified files straight from the FBI that came to the same conclusions). Dee, Kelley, Crowley, and Cavendish serve as inspiration for us to build our practices but much more is to be done before we can present a good case. Several respected figures have at least entertained these ideas openly, so you're not the only one making these connections. But much more work can and will need to be done, so get to it.

Maybe by then, we won't need to die or lose someone close to us, to travel to these different realms.

Until then, my friend, keep doing what it is we do best.

With Love, You

THE ETERNAL MOONLIGHT JEWEL

Dear Kota, ages affected 21-23

This... this woman caught you by surprise, didn't she? It would be useless to try saying otherwise, she managed to get deeper in your heart more than anyone else with little effort. At first, you try to use your typical moves to keep her attention, but it didn't seem like enough to show what she meant to you. If you thought your head was in the clouds when the crazy projects you put work into manage to come together, wait until she comes.

If it can come close to the true measure of enlightenment this beautiful soul brings into your life than it should come as no surprise that this is one of the most extensive letters I sent you all these years. The length is partly because I want to make sure I include everything, so bits of this may seem a little confusing at first until further developments come up.

Anyways, after meeting on an anonymous discussion app, you two manage to discover that you lead very similar lives. If I am to be completely honest, the fact that she doesn't steer away when you hint at some messed up things are taking place was concerning. It's clear she has taken on many problems herself but doesn't open up right away until she knew she could trust you. In time she does open up and to show fairness you tell her a few of your own stories to help her see that you have the potential to understand her position on matters more than most people.

Overall, while this does tend to allow too much of an emotional attachment, being able to level yourself with the people involved gaining a certain level of trust that only the closest of friends may have. To what seems to be miraculous to onlookers, she begins to trust you more than anyone else ever has before. Maybe that was what helped you fall so deep. Even as I am writing this letter to you, the same feelings that I felt when I was in your shoes are coming to the surface.

Part of me wants to divulge more to analyze the situation, out of respect for her; it is for the best that I do not. The information she shared with you is personal,

matters that shouldn't be broadcast into the world unless she specifically chooses to do so.

You might try to discredit the significance of this by placing it with all the cases you kept quiet because of your code-of-conduct, but this isn't a case. This isn't a situation where you can swoop in and save the day; this is something much more. This woman is someone you fell in love with, and despite all of your childish efforts to find something wrong to keep yourself from getting hurt, it is obvious she cares about you too.

So why do we do it? Perhaps it is out of fear that you don't deserve having someone so inspirational in your life. Maybe it was the over thousand miles distance between you two that lead to some strain. As if relationships don't already have odds against you, there are factors at play that make it that much more of a risk. But there is a reason why they say "high risk, high reward," right? Pull through this, and you might have one of the most amazing individuals in this world be there for you till then end. It sounds too good to be true, I know. But, as with all good relationships, a little conflict is inevitable.

There will come a time where you don't act your very best with her. Certain things come up that puts everyone on edge, and maybe everyone didn't handle the situations well. This leads to a falling out, and eventually you both part ways because of it. She sticks with you when your great grandmother on your father's side, still offered to be there if you ever needed someone to talk to, but it only hurt too much to stay in contact.

It hurts bad enough to make the people who know you the longest worry that you were going to kill yourself. I'm still not sure if they knew about the situation with the archangel or if it was solely because the memory of your cousin attempting to end his own life was so fresh, but the worry was genuine. Jewel got to you on such intense levels that it hurt worse than anything you ever been through at the point. I would say it hurt worse than the day your grandfather passed away. That being the case, you need to do everything you need to do to let go of the emotions building up inside you.

Scream, yell, smash, let it all out of your system before you show any physical damage from the level of emotion your heart is carrying. I have to say this because we don't just get skin hives when stressed, but a condition known as Bell's Palsy runs in the family, which makes your face look like you're having a stroke. Your mother will have a scare in a few years, on April Fools day of all days, but that isn't important at the moment.

It isn't healthy to carry around that much resentment towards anyone, but it is also just as harmful to not be honest and express your true feelings. I know back in the day you used to be able to repress everything until you had to let it out in one big burst because someone challenged you to a fight; but, ever since you started to travel that's become increasingly more challenging to do. If put into a situation where there is no other way out then yes, you can still raise hell without question; however, what it is that lies in

your heart above all else no longer has walls to keep it in. So I will reiterate, do whatever you have to do to feel better. An actor friend who hears about the situation will tell you the same thing; to allow yourself to feel what your feeling and live life the best way you can.

Catch a funny movie, spend time with family, reach out to old friends you haven't spoken to in years, listen to heavy metal, try things you never tried before, bring back your radio show; do anything and everything it takes to help get your mind off of it. There is not a single person worth destroying yourself over because things didn't work out; not her, not your siblings, not some random TV producer, not your mom, not your grandma, not anyone from your father's side, NO ONE is worth ending your own life in any way.

You still have a chance to make yourself better from this. You still have the potential to make your dreams come true. If there was anything Jewel wanted you to do above anything else, in regards to your well-being, she wanted you to keep living life and heal from everything that has happened to you over the years. If anything, she saw in you the type of man you are meant to become and was trying to help you get there.

But you might be wondering though why you should care if she isn't coming back into your life. Well, honestly if it were that simple than brushing her away would've been the best move. Don't try to start anything up right away when I reveal what is to come, let yourself heal naturally and pretend like you never saw this message. The very fact I am telling you this may

change the course of events that you witness, but I am almost sure that in every version of this, the outcome will stay the same. You know the old saying, "if you love something, set it free/ if it returns than it was meant to be."

Well, Kota, Jewel comes back. She messages you through Facebook to apologize for how things happened. It might take a little bit for you to work up the courage to respond, but truthfully, she above all people deserves forgiveness. Yes, yes, things could've been handled differently, but even you have to admit that you were not the best version of yourself with her. I'll be honest that roughly on your first reading of this letter you might not yet be ready to accept her apology, but you'll come around. Why? Well, I could try to go for a vague answer, but it wouldn't do justice.

Here's what I do know, though. In spite of all my efforts to find someone else, find someone better, and to leave my emotions in the past, I cannot do so.

Though it might seem unlikely, Jewel knows what it is that she wants in life and is trying to do her best to make it happen. Her heart, at times, is so big that her body can barely handle its strength. Her mind is beyond that of the majority, and it shows within just a few moments of talking with her. Her voice an addictive melody. Her laugh warm like the first summer sun after an Arctic winter. Her eyes somehow glitter like starlight in a musical orchestrated by none other than the moon itself.

It is because of these statements I can say that beyond a reasonable doubt if I had to choose anyone to count on, to stick by, and to be with for the rest of my life; my choice would be her. Despite all sense of made-up logic, against all the odds, and in the embrace of the challenges that would lie ahead, I would choose her without any hesitation or regret. As the woman who stands out in the crowd for her individuality, strives to see the beauty in life and others, isn't afraid to speak her mind, and is one of the most genuine individuals out there; she's simply perfect. She is a real-life Wonder Woman, and through everything that has gone down, I am still crazy about her. I still love and adore her.

So, I guess that leaves me with the advice I should pass on to you in hopes that you turn out better than I did. If she gives you another chance, don't screw it up. Always make time for her. Find every reason to make her smile. Be the open arms she needs if she ever feels down. Don't try to force anything without her being completely on board.

Listen to her on the days she needs to share. Don't ever turn against her. Embrace the good and the bad. Always try to understand her view. Make every little moment count with the best of your ability. Always be honest and make sure to correct whatever wrongs may come. Always forgive. Never stop showing her the love, adoration, and respect she deserves.

Most importantly, never stop finding little ways to make sure she has no reason to ever doubt your undying love to her. I know you want another chance to

make things right, just remember she has to be as willing to let you in as you are eager to work. All relationships are two-person decisions.

You might need a smack upside the head from time to time, Kota, but you can be the man your future wife and daughter deserve. Keep making a habit out of the suggestions your therapist gives to heal your mind, and to become a better person, and just maybe by the time she returns you will genuinely be the man she sees in you. But if that doesn't end up being the case, then the only thing we can do is respect her wishes.

Wow. Just writing this out felt like a huge relief off my shoulders.

At this point, the best thing I can recommend is to keep working at what you are building and just let the rest come naturally. The universe has a way of making things work out for the best, even if it seems to take forever for it to happen. For now, it looks like she was the one to teach you the lessons you needed to become a better man. And that is perhaps one of the best things to consider when choosing someone to be with; someone who you can grow and learn from as well as enjoy being around.

Either way, we'll be alright. Big things are coming, my friend. As far as what happened with Jewel, overall, listen to the song "Fortress Around Your Heart," by Sting; even your therapist notices the similarities. Which is ironic, considering the quote that helped you two meet comes from a comic book character who was modeled after him.

Anyway, take note of every lyric. Do so, and keep everything else I mention in mind, and we'll be okay.

With Love, You

P.S. If you go to send her a copy of this book, do yourself a favor and check for errors. She's a bit of a grammar Nazi and will tear into you for it. Not like her opinion will matter anyway, she'll turn on you big time. I initially wanted to get rid of this letter but it is best so that the ones who do matter can understand our mind.

FINDING NESSIE

Dear Kota, ages affected 21-22

You should have your head high right now, my friend, we finally did it! We managed to spot the Loch Ness Monster with our own eyes, and even saw that Nessie wasn't alone! There is more than one creature in the water, and they are huge. Your sighting also lands you in a viral news spotlight right as you are on the plane ride home! Your encounter with the creature even gets you mention on Coast to Coast AM!

Soak up the attention, my friend, because unfortunately, you have to go back to somewhat dull reality. I know that you're not looking forward to leaving under the circumstances. With the fights going on and how you found out that your great-grandmother passed away the exact day you had your eyes glued to the water hoping for some glimpse of Nessie, it's understand-

able why you wouldn't want to return. Perhaps there is quite a bit we need to cover in this letter after all.

This trip wasn't supposed to happen initially; last year's run through Thailand was supposed to be the final big trip to get out to someplace you never been and have some fun. But when you saw that a journey through Ireland and Scotland included a stop at Loch Ness you just had to go.

This was one of your goals since you first heard about the creature when we were nine. You already had a good idea of who all was going on this trip from your previous runs, so what's better than living your life the best way you know how than to do it with people you love?

Just like all your other trips, there are individuals you tend to get along better with than other people. There isn't necessarily anything wrong with that, you try to make sure everyone is included in the fun, but naturally, you tend to gravitate towards people with similar mindsets. These people tend to help you see a bit more into yourself, allow you to get a different perspective on life, and give you the motivation to do some crazy things. Maybe it was just because the places you've gone on served as neutral ground so none your guards were up to hold you back. You can feel your emotions as openly and as freely as they come.

Maybe you tried to feel them a little too strongly at times, but that's okay. It is perfectly normal to want to be loved and accepted as the person you are rather than what others want you to be. Your presence was

only wanted because of the things you could potentially do because of your height, or the fact word got out you were in talks with television networks.

Nearly everybody from school wanted to be around you because you had a celebrity reputation coming together. Even today, it seems like you and one other person you grew up with were the only ones to go into this kind of life. It makes it hard to know who wants to be there for you as compared to who wants to be a part of the action.

But not this bunch. While they thought it was impressive that you were involved in the things you do; they took the time to get to know you as you are. Not the intimidating giant, not the entrepreneur, but as the goofy, smalltown guy chasing a dream. There isn't much else to top that is there? Having that connection for even just a few moments makes it that much more difficult to want to return home knowing that the things that tend to bring out the aspects about yourself you wish would die off were lying in wait. Worst off, you feel like you are losing the only people that helped you see things weren't all bad.

You can't help losing your great-grandmother, she got old. But that other person... as much as you want to keep fighting it is time to let go. Even though you don't want to admit it, it's time you two separate for a bit. As I mentioned in my last letter, she eventually comes back around, but it still doesn't take away the pain you're feeling now.

As much as it may suck, a little time apart to reevaluate things won't hurt. Besides, just as a little heads up for you, your Nessie encounter going viral ends up helping bring up some new opportunities. Heck, you'll actually get to make an appearance on a National Geographic documentary series all because of this encounter! The inspiration you get from your EF family also pushes you to look into new opportunities. So really, Kota, can you say that we won't be alright and get this figured out?

As far as your grandmother goes, who is to say that she didn't have a little hand in helping you see Nessie? I guess only time will tell. Your EF family will remain in your social media circles but eventually contact will taper off. They have their own lives to live as you have your own, but they'll still care about where you end up. Enjoy every moment you get to spend with them and the memories you get to share because you know just as well as I do it doesn't take much for them to be taken away.

Keep going with the adventures, always find something new to explore. Remember that love, laughter, music, and adventure are what life is really about. The type of guy you become from these experiences is who you are truly meant to be.

With Love, You

EXPERIMENT: DOLL FACE

Dear Kota, age affected 22

As part of our freelance research, we start to come into possession of potentially haunted items; a couple of old dolls and a dybbuk box. The idea behind this experiment was to see exactly what conditions would be present in the event of an actual possession that could be detected before it was too late.

The majorly accepted symptoms just so happen also to be signs of mental illness. There are a few physical indications that seem like they are impossible to replicate under normal conditions; such as changes in voice and unimaginable levels of physical strength.

Well, as far as the changes in voice, someone can be hit hard enough in the head that they get a new accent. Some people have even reported picking up new talents after a brain injury; whether physical or psychological. This fact in itself is a problem.

Because cases of human possession can easily be confused with mental illness, something needs to be done to find a tangible enough thread so the people that end up flying under the religious-dependent radar can receive help.

I am talking about finding a scientifically measurable symptom to something that has happened in a little less than 0.02% of cases I've taken on over the years (this number is based off my overall caseload, not just ones paranormal related). I know I mentioned that in statistically the odds of some of these things would practically be microscopic in comparison, but we also

have to acknowledge there may be things that have yet to be categorized.

I also mentioned in that letter how there might be some environmental anomalies that manifest when "ghostly" things take place. It is these things we need to focus on my friend. It is well documented that when a "haunted object" has an active spirit, the item will usually give off some radiation. In theory, people who have a spiritual attachment should show the same signs.

On these assumptions, studying possession item cases should give us a baseline to better determine an appropriate course of action in the future. That way, we have something more to look for spontaneous combustion, levitation, and things in the room being thrown around.

The dybbuk box, which is basically a small box covered in candle wax, allegedly had a demon trapped inside it but none of our tests indicated there was actually anything attached. Usually, people and animals alike would get uneasy feelings, heavy gut feelings that would indicate danger if there were even residual vibes, but there was nothing. The dolls, however, turned out to be something legitimate. Despite what some people think, not all spirits are evil.

The dolls were inhabited by a mother and young child, who were in no way related. You were able to get them to warm up right off the bat, and others have noticed activity coming from them. The stories behind them were validated with some digging, which does

slightly reduce the chance of having a demonic influence. This allowed you to not only read into the signs behind their presence but also figure out a method to get them to cross over.

Be sure to keep your EMF readers charged and your spirit box at hand. All indications hint strongly that a possessed item will have a strong EMF reading when active.

We're not the only ones that are looking into this phenomena, but just maybe, we can be the ones to solve it (or at least lead the way). You should already have an effective method to cross the spirits inside the dolls over, tweak it to better fit them both, and it should work. It's hard to tell for sure, but you have to go with your gut sometimes until new information comes forward. But your contacts on the other side say everything is working, so keep pushing.

As for finding a human subject... that will come soon enough. When it does, it may be the strongest entity you have ever faced.

With Love, You

P.S. I just realized I might have skipped over something important that you will get to see first hand. You know how certain sicknesses seem to come up because of supernatural influence, sometimes even cancer?

It is a rare finding, often associated as more psychosomatic symptoms from dealing with stressful events, but I may have a new culprit. I don't know about you, but to me, it seems that quite a few of the physical ail-

ments that seem to coincide with “spiritual sicknesses” almost look like some form of radiation poisoning.

I dig into it more in a later letter, one that I was not expecting to have to write if I am going to be completely honest. You'll find out why soon enough...

ROAD TRIP

Dear Kota, age affected 23

It may not have been some grand adventure to some far off lands, but this trip was just about as fulfilling as the rest of them. Instead of a random group of friends to go with the only people tagging along were your mother, your sister, and yourself. Yes, you actually got to see a family road trip besides the one you went on with your grandparents to go see your uncle in Colorado. Honestly, it was one well deserved after the events of the previous year.

From quitting THAT retail store, to having to find a new job to get you back on your feet after you gave a little more money away than you had to help one of the kids you mentored after she got sick, and your brief stint doing freelance work fell through; taking some time away to think things over and plan our next moves is definitely called for by this point.

But on the less serious side of things some of the things we got to do while in Washington and Oregon ended up filling up a few bucket list items that we somehow didn't do during our trips with EF tours. Now

our buddies can't give us crap about never going to the beach before! Personally, visiting Seaside Aquarium and getting to feed the seals was my favorite part. Those guys had personalities like sassy hound dogs!

But some fun aside, it really gave you some time to think about life. Someone close to you has been getting themselves into dangerous situations, enough to where the Feds became involved. Throughout everything that happens, even when this person tried to spread lies to make you into bad guy, you manage to impress more of your connections with your resourcefulness and ability to spot the problems in advance. Your impression was just enough to where they mentioned they would put in a good word for you if you chose to pursue that kind of federal career. You really think about it going through the training could help you hone your skills even more, to fill in the gaps you might've missed on your own journeys. That being the case, our classes start soon.

Let's not let this be our last adventure. I can tell you that planning has begun to take on even more of the world all at once, but I don't want to spill too much at this time. It seems like every time we speak about a fun project coming together before anything is set in stone something happens to cancel it all. Stay patient, my friend, we pull these off and it will change everything.

Just wait for the paperwork to come through to show up on National Geographic, we make a mark in the Loch Ness mythos.

With Love, You

P.S. After this trip, there is going to be a betrayal. Someone close to you will try to say you hurt them, sexually, to cover up their tracks. These are the aforementioned lies. You are going to be angry and no one can blame you for it. You are going to want to commit murder.

But, trust those voices inside that you will be fine. Eventually they will confess that they lied. Because of who they are, you'll eventually find it in your heart to forgive them. If that isn't a sign that we have grown, I don't know what is.

TWENTY THREE SET ME FREE

Dear Kota, ages affected 23

There are a few things that we still need to talk about, things that will likely stick with us for as long as we live. You're finally at a point in your life when you can start making sense of everything; why you had to go through the things you went through, why the long fights, why anything supernatural seems to come to your aid, why you act the way you do, why you should even bother at all to care?

Just look at our old conversations, nearly everyone who wasn't there to bear witness will have doubts. Even if you decide to publish them, swear up and down that everything we talked about actually took place, people will try to pick apart our story. If you were in

their shoes, wouldn't you do so as well? We might only be twenty-three years old, but there are people in their seventies and eighties that confess to wishing they chose to live their life as you did.

But being able to rise to this occasion wasn't without sacrifice. There were several people you had to let go of in order to keep moving forward, people that you hoped would still be around to see you succeed. The reality of it is that you were warned this could happen should you choose to live the life you always wanted.

In order to truly be happy you were going to have to break off nearly everything you ever knew growing up; something that several people who witnessed your origin story repeated over the years. Even the ones within the criminal justice system that became "acquainted" with the disturbances within your paternal bloodline.

While it seems like we were able to do most of the work on our own, there were people who pointed out things about us we overlooked. Some will say we have a tendency to make others walk on eggshells. Some will say they never know our true mood and feel like they can't ever approach us for anything. Some will even say we have a habit of looking for problems.

A few people will even point out that it doesn't take much for you to get caught up in the excitement and start to act egotistical. All these people are the ones trying to be a friend and help keep you down-to-earth, and they are the ones we need to show the most respect because they step up. There will be others that try to act like they are trying to help, but in reality,

they only look to hurt you; your old supervisor from the Wal-Mart deli, certain so-called friends, and even your own sisters to name a few.

But this is all part of the process. You've learned by now, no doubt it was through trial-and-error, how to tell the difference in people's intentions. The people that looked to harm you won't stick around when they realize you aren't going to be shaken and run even faster when you call them out.

The ones that try to help will stick by you, forgive you when you step wrong, and always come back if they felt the need to walk away. This is all well and good, but the one person you ever showed your heart to without any hesitation spotted something no one else ever will. When things got heated between you two, she tells you that she sees two people inside you; the one that tells her the things she wants to hear and the one she believed was the "real you."

Even though it was said in the heat of the moment, she was right on some level. There is more than one of us lurking inside of our head, and it is part of the official diagnosis from our therapist. With some work to get a full diagnosis, she described us as dealing with complex post-traumatic stress resulting in dissociative traits and "white knight" tendencies. In layman terms as a response to the things you went through as a child, you feel a need to "save" others and your head split up into different personas to handle that load.

There's you (Kota), the average goofball who just happens to be bigger than most people. Then there's

the Writer (Poe) who excels in creative methods with little need for lessons. After him there is the Investigator (Sherlock) who can research and analyze nearly every situation and predict the results with near-perfect accuracy. There's also the Fighter (Logan) who steps in to either scare away threats, push through a struggle, or go down swinging. Finally we have the Comedian (Robin) who steps in to help everybody decompress and feel better. But there is the Kid (You) to worry about who avoids all conflict by retreating but cares for everyone all the same and likes to explore new areas.

All of these people are a part of you, and for the longest time, all of them fought for control. The Fighter, often being the more persistent of the bunch, has a habit of coming out prematurely whenever he notices a situation about to turn sour. The Kid finds a way to show himself whenever something exciting happens and finds ways to have just have fun.

The Writer often finds inspiration in life to create some form of art in the written mediums but tends to experiment with whatever he can get his hands on. The Comedian sees that a message needs to be presented but puts a spin on it so not only do people actually listen but also feel better at the end of the day. As for The Investigator, he came up to act as a mediator between everyone to help better determine who would be the most beneficial to a specific moment and get rid of the noise that's been inside your head most of your life.

Those guys are the reason this book came together. You see this was a project meant to address all of them

at the moments they were most present in our life because, in reality, they all manifested out of you, Kota. You are The Kid. All of these "alter egos" were born inside the mind of a kid from Idaho as the best way he knew how to handle life as it came at him.

Since The Kid didn't know what was going on, he let them take control whenever he didn't know what to do and that allowed for all of them to master different skills to create entire lives for them to live. That is where you and I come in because our "white knight" tendencies will keep us wanting to help more people but going too far in runs the risk of making things worse.

In order to move forward, we have to either build a better team among the voices inside our head or let them all go. We all got better at speaking to one another, which helped all our heads finally line up. Our memory of the events that took place in our life is perhaps the clearest it will ever be now because of it.

But if we are going to move on to where this isn't a problem there is one more step we got to take, we have to help the others realize you and I no longer have a need for them to take control anymore. Much like the many mentors we had over the years, it is because of them we were able to come as far as we have and I don't know about you, but I thank them for that.

It's not like we have to tell them to say goodbye, but rather we move on our own and take with us the things they taught us. Should we ever need their advice they'll still be in touch, but this is our show now.

When it is time to have some fun, we now will go without fear of judgment for looking too goofy. When it is time to listen, we now can do so to help the ones we love to feel better. When it is time to fight, we now will charge head first without hesitation. When it is time to help, we now do so without a second thought. When you aren't sure what a situation may call for we now can take time to understand every side of the story, research to understand more, and make the right decisions.

Perhaps most importantly, when the time comes to tell a story, we now have what it takes to make sure that tale sticks in the hearts and minds of everyone who takes a moment to listen to them. The knowledge, wisdom, and skills that our "alter egos" left us helped make this and so much more possible.

But instead of just leaving these letters as nothing more than a self-help device, let's take things further. Sometimes the best way to take on our fears and mistakes is to lay them all out in the front so the opposition won't have anything they can dig up and use against you, and that is what we need to do. When you are ready, use your acquired resources to publish these letters and tell our story.

While we played a part in the stories of many others, we don't have a right to really showcase them, so really think about what letters you decide to release. It isn't our place to exploit their own tragedies for our benefit, and it is their call whether or not to tell the story themselves. Also, as you likely already figured, us publishing

their struggles could only put them back into harm's way.

But don't think of it as a loss. These people that you helped are as much a of motivation to keep doing what you do as the people are that truly supported you over the years. They all are as much a part of you as you are to them.

So do yourself a few favors; make sure the people that stuck around get the appropriate shout out in the book that comes from these letters, make sure they never have any reason to doubt your words, keep mementos of your success, and do your best to remember the names and faces of everyone you helped over the years. Fair warning though about that last "favor," my latest counts exceed over one-hundred-thousand people.

There are probably a few duplicate names and faces in the mix, but it is a reminder of the vast things we are capable of. If that isn't enough, then take confidence as the people who have known us the longest have mentioned they noticed a difference for the better within us. We still have a few flaws, but we are still human. Keep these letters safe and look back on them from time to time if you ever need a reminder.

But for now, it is time for me to go. I have another idea though, keep a separate copy of this text to add on to as we get older. It is very unlikely that the insanity will end anytime soon, that the darkness we fought will never truly go away, and more people will seek out our help even after we are no longer on this Earth. We'll

probably need to take some time in the future to reflect even more and hopefully find the answers to the questions we still have.

Take care, my friend.

With Love, You

P.S. To Poe, Logan, Sherlock, and Robin

I want to thank you guys for coming into my life and helping me sort out everything that has happened. But it is time for me to step out on my own to take on whatever is coming next.

The lessons you all taught me will be forever helpful, and I do hope you all stay in touch in case I need your help once again. Maybe when I start to record sessions for the class I'm going to teach you guys can pop in to offer your insights?

VAPULA RISES

Dear Kota, age affected 23

We are being summoned for a possible exorcism.

A dude tracks you down our website after being referred to us by someone on the website Reddit, and asks for our input on a situation he is facing. This situation is one that seems to escalate the very second we establish a line of communication. All the tests and all the signs are there, so this is officially the third true demonic case we have taken on first hand. First matter of business is finding out who in the Hell we are

up against, finding out what lured it out, then severe all ties it has on the subject.

What started off this investigation was a strange dream our client had, who I should refer to as Kevin for the remainder of this message. He claimed that he was in the middle of a dream that showed himself trying to summon a demon, his hand shattering glass that seemed to cover a contract written in parchment paper, and something being called forward when his blood touched the paper.

I've gone through all of the checks on criminal background, signs of severe drug use, any history of mental illness... none of these were present. Upon meeting Kevin and doing a sweep of the house it is hard to ignore the vibes coming from that place. Something big and pissed was keeping an eye on the house and it was not happy about our involvement. Since all logic indicated this was an actual case, the only move we had was to try to put a name to a face.

Kevin tells us that the entity in question appeared to look like (in his words) a large dog with a humanoid body. It stood at least ten feet tall, had dark skin, and just frightening vibes. The entity only appears at night and tries to isolate its victim from friends and family as part of the possession process. These hint at one particular being, but it was when Kevin tried to make contact yet again to ask the demon its name that the being was happy to oblige by scratching its name into Kevin's neck.

Vapula.

According to the lore, Vapula (or Naphula) is the Grand Duke of Hell. Sixtieth spirit of seventy-two noted by King Solomon. Night demon. Said to manifest as a lion with griffin-like wings. Commands thirty-six legions of demons. He also is able to teach skill in handicrafts, philosophy, and all science contained in books. Some sources indicate Vapula is the spirit of a Nephilim.

If these sources are accurate, than this is in fact the strongest demonic entity you and I have ever faced.

Search your resources to find a corresponding angel to cancel out Vapula, all things considered it might actually be someone within the archangel Michael's inner circle. Use this information to form an exorcism ritual. Our first trials have been effective in at least weakening the demon but something is letting him hold on. More work needs to be done to completely eradicate the threat. Also, you may need to recommend Kevin to the hospital as he exposure with the demon seems to be causing some sort of illness.

If these spirits are causing enough radiation disruption, it could cause enough abnormalities in the human body in ways that look eerily similar to the earliest signs of radiation poisoning and might need to be treated as such. This is just a theory but it just might help explain certain "abnormal" sicknesses that many cultures have attributed to spirits.

More work is to be done, so be ready my friend. Vapula will try attacking us, similar to how he first attached himself to Kevin. Thanks to our connection to

Michael, we were able to fight him off, but it doesn't change the fact this being was able to break through and nearly kill us.

With Love, You

P.S. Some new developments came forward about Kevin, ones that are quite... unusual. After the demon tried to kill us, Kevin reported there was a significant change in Vapula's behavior. Technically speaking, it might be possible to “reverse the polarity” of certain demons, if that makes any sense.

If this is the case, then all sorts of new ventures will be opened wide up for us. But it also doesn't rule out the possibility we “replaced” Vapula with someone new. Perhaps even someone on the “light”-er side, who possesses similar qualities. More investigation need to be done.

DAKOTA DECLASSIFIED

Dear Kota, ages affected 23

So you finally did it. You let loose upon the world nearly all of the letters I sent you over the years, and now we are facing the repercussions. Some of the results were beneficial to our cause, I will admit to that right off the bat. A few old friends reached out after reading it to talk about what we shared, even apologizing for not realizing earlier on why we acted the way we did in the past. A few of our followers wrote in

and commented on how they felt inspiration to pursue their dreams. Our remaining family members, however, seem to be a little more cautious based on what we discussed. These were all anticipated, don't get me wrong, but they are far from what really mattered.

These letters were to help you through the struggles that I knew were coming your way, to address how we changed because of them. I just hope that you did take some effort to keep a few things secret to protect our charges. Maybe if you decide to publish new letters farther down the road, we can release those details if it safe to do so. Maybe we'll throw in a few more betrayals that came our way, especially the ones where the remainder of our family is involved and seeking to permanently push you away out of momentary hostility.

The things I am about to share shouldn't have to be mentioned, but it never hurts to just hear it. You are not that kind of guy, Kota, you never were. I'll be honest, it is hard to not want to throw up your walls once again after dealing with these latest developments. Even though I have taken some time to try cooling off, I still can't say for absolute certainty that I've fully forgiven the parties involved. I don't think I can as long as the chance still looms that any of them will try finding something else to, hopefully metaphorically, stab you with the second you get on their nerves. They all are are toxic people and it might be time to say goodbye.

Maybe this is what recovering addicts feel like? Maybe this is how they feel when they have made

strides to improve themselves, yet the stressors that lead them to those choices still remain. That has to be it, but what can we really do to fix it when the stressors causing this behavior are your own family.

You've preached to others that it is okay to cut out toxic family members, but it seems lot harder to do with people who were actually around. You might've been able to cut out your father's side of the family but you didn't have any healthy connection to them. They faded in and out of your life over the years, making the separation easier to cope with in the long run. But we're talking separating yourself from practically everything we've ever known.

Without the naive mindset of a child, it'll be nearly impossible pull this off without feeling some sort of regret. Even now, as I am writing this I cannot help but feel a little anxious about moving forward. But there are people who truly appreciate you and what you do. Jewel, for example, took the time to really understand your mindset. According to her, she took about eight hours to read through the copy of this book you sent her. Once she read what we said about her, it lead to one of the most important heart-to-heart conversations we've had to date.

She really seems to get us, more so than anyone else ever has. It is safe to say she made more of an effort to actually understand why we act the way we do, and her seeing these letters helped her do that just that. Granted it also lead to a bit of a "Grammar Nazi Onslaught," but if you two make it in the long run she

might be able to help you with editing on future projects. Obviously she's much more than that, if there is exists a singular word which could be used to appropriately describe her I have yet to find it.

The fallout that is coming from this does, perhaps unfortunately, further support the idea it may be time to move on with life. Perhaps we can set aside some cash, stash our stuff into a storage unit, while staying at an extended stay hotel until we can get our bearings together. We're going to have to sell off a few things, items that can be replaced later on, but we'll have to start over somewhere you might not know anybody. Maybe we'll move closer to Jewel, so we can move forward in the relationship.

Only time will tell how things play out. Maybe, much like our friend who moved to Oregon, once we get the hell out of Dodge our mental issues might clear up. We'll see what happens. Either way, the nickname our friend Connor gave us after the Nessie encounter will likely stick with us until the end. The mighty "Specialist of the Strange and Fucked Up." I think we might just leave out the last few words. Much nicer ring to it.

With Love, You

STALKER STALKER SKINWALKER

Dear Kota, ages affected 21-23

This is perhaps one of the strangest cases we have taken on. Colleagues in our network, located in

Pocatello, notified us that sightings of these creatures have been popping up locally... and knowing our luck it was only a matter of time before one of these creatures cross our path. We have taken on a skinwalker.

It showed up down the road from our house in the dead of night. At first you thought it was a big coyote, or even a sickly Great Dane, but something was off. It was huge, dark, smelled rotten, and it moved like a crazed person trying to move on all fours. We were able to pass it off as just a messed up looking animal, until we noticed the body count. Stray animals were disappearing, something that was passed off as the actions of the local coyote population, and tracks unlike any other animal were being found.

Unfortunately all signs pointed to something simply evil, or at least something driven mad by the very forces which drive it. The skinwalker is similar in nature to werewolf lore, enough to where some consider the terms synonymous. However the matter of origin wasn't important, the fact of the matter is that we had a known killer.

It took months of investigation, constantly waiting for new sightings to isolate potential whereabouts, but as the lore suggests simply looking for it and acknowledging its present will lure it out. The neighbor's golden retriever had to pay the ultimate price before the creature slipped up enough to where we could get it cornered. It readied to attack, as we were getting ready to take it down, but as if planned by some divine force the roars of fighter jets spooked the skinwalker. The crea-

ture, standing on two legs as it challenged you, took off on all fours.

Without a physical body it is impossible to determine the authenticity of much of the lore surrounding skinwalkers. But it is noted that any further encounters might turn more dangerous. A skinwalker has been known to use a makeshift dartgun with pieces of human bone as the ammunition in order to poison their victims. Allegedly the bone are supposed to be difficult for mainstream doctors to find, as they embed into the skin. No symptoms came up but perhaps we managed to get lucky. The creature is out there still, people are still in danger.

We've got work to do.

With Love, You

SHATTERED JEWEL

Dear Kota, ages affected 24

You may have sent out the letters I've sent you, but our story is far from over. No matter, it just means that we have much more work to be doing in the world. Unfortunately it has to start with confronting this head on. The Moonlight Jewel, how could we let ourselves get so entangled within this web of lies?

Shortly after our overall standing in the world is threatened by false accusations Jewel returns to our lives. Well we reach out to her through Snapchat ini-

tially, then she eventually messages us a few days later after we were too shy to even say “hello”. You gotta work on that my man, but back to the conclusion of this story.

Jewel tried reaching out to us roughly six months after the initial breakup to apologize for how things played out, but the conversations quickly went stale. After the accusations came forward towards you, you were desperate for someone that didn't see you as a monster. I get it. Your grandma tried to help. Your friend from high school knew you weren't that kind of guy.

But the fear that they all would turn on you, just like how your grandmother and mother would because you were male, that was too much. You needed someone who you felt wouldn't be that way and Jewel's apology had you convinced that the fights from earlier were officially over. If only that were true.

We seemed to get along quite well and had even talked of getting back together. Hell we thought that the relationship was back on and talked about meeting up over in Indiana. She seemed nervous, as would be expected by someone of her past, but was excited for the opportunity. Yet the second she realized that you were on a plane and on the way to your layover in Dallas something changed. She got upset, angry, like we had just betrayed her in some way.

For quite some time people have tried to warn us something was off about Jewel during both rounds of the relationship, if you can call it that. They tried to

warn us that she was using her past, if she was honest about it in the first place, to cover the fact she was seeing other guys. You didn't want to hear it and a number of fights started trying to defend her. But deep down you knew the potential was there. When Jewel started yelling at you over the phone, after you just sent her a picture of the sunrise from the plane, it should've been obvious.

But that wasn't what proved it for you, was it? It was finding out from Jewel's own grandmother after meeting her. You knew the guy had a previous history of helping Jewel out so you couldn't get too upset. But, it still wouldn't do much to erase the sting. You turned on the charm when you met her family, they clearly knew who you were and things you've done to help Jewel out in the past. Seemed like all was going well, right?

The main thing we need to remember is that we did give it our all. You did your best to make amends. Those actions in themselves are enough to prove that this mess was not on us. Jewel should've been honest with us, not lie. She tried to say that she completely forgot about us talking about getting back together. She USED us man!

The flights home gave us opportunity to meditate and process the ordeal. It was hard to ignore the face that you still cared for her as a person, and there is nothing wrong with that. Unaware of the latest developments you happen to run into a few friends down in Jackpot where you had a nice dinner, gambled a bit,

and stuck around for the fourth of July fireworks. It was a good way to let off some steam, enough to where you worked up the courage to try cleaning the slate with Jewel so you two could remain friends. This only antagonized her further.

From the sounds of things, after her family knew I was no longer in town they confronted her about playing with the feelings of others. Which, by all means they were right. Jewel once tried to say she was afraid of guys. She tried to say that she was afraid of meeting us in person because you were both bigger and stronger than previous assholes who tried to take advantage of her. If these things were true, why is she trying to play with people like this? She's lucky that you are the type of person you are, otherwise she could've been in serious trouble. There was no guarantee that the other guy would've not been injured had things gone confrontational.

Jewel gets aggravated, by the suggestion of wiping the slate clean, enough to where she threatens a restraining order if we were to go ahead with the plans to move to the area. She also felt the need to add if we tried to send her any more letters than she would just burn them. To which you finally had enough and said, "you know what? Burn everything."

Jewel was not the type of person we needed in our life. She was a reminder of what we needed to avoid in order to reach our full potential. She wanted us to quit hunting, the one thing that defines who we are quite literally to our DNA! She tried to tell us how we should

live our life. She tried psychoanalyzing us in her desperate attempt to gaslight us into her bidding. She was the problem, not us.

We may have had issues with temper in the past and, yes, we may have taken things out on her without realizing it. But you, Kota, you took the steps to better yourself and stick true to who you are. Jewel has her own issues to deal with that we cannot help any further. Trying to do so would only compromise everything we built.

But there are some good things to come from this, my friend. A huge step in the right direction was made by finally applying just a small bit of pressure to get the answers we deserved. You can't go through life expecting others to just drop whatever it is you want in your lap, you've got to go out and take it. People, especially in the circles we run in, tend to cling to a selfish need to rise in stature. They may not even realize that they do it, heck it would be safe to say that we are equally as guilty. Our moniker of "Specialist" dictates that.

But this need can cause many things to get lost in translation. Only so much can be done through subtle hints and solo manpower, we're gonna have to let people in at some point and be direct with what is in our mind. If we're in love with someone, we should tell them and see what happens. If something needs to change, we need to trust our instincts to look into what's going on and make the best move for ourselves. The fact that we were trying to deny that is what got

us here. I mean, seriously, this was enough to get us to apologize to our mom for not hearing her out more.

Can you imagine how screwed up we would really be if we tried sticking around her any longer?

It will take some time to get past this one but it is for the best how everything worked out. Plenty of beautiful women are on the horizon, waiting for us to fulfill their lives with the strange of strangeness. I know I sound sarcastic but there are a number of things plaguing our time now and it's getting ugly; worse than anything we've every seen.

Carry on wayward one, maybe they'll be peace when we're done...

With Love, You

MOON-ARKER

Dear Kota, ages affected 23-25

In our efforts to expand our horizons, offers continue to spill from nearly every field out there; from making more movies, starting and investing into more businesses, a comic franchise, TV shows, books... you name it. It is because of these ventures we are able to get involved with projects beyond our wildest dreams. The latest big one? Well... we're going to the moon!

Okay, okay... only a small DNA sample is going. Maybe a nice little letter as well that holds a special sigil meant to aid in fighting demonic forces all over the globe. It's a long stretch, I know but sources from

off world who have been completely solid in the intel they gave us say it might just work. Not only that, but it will help in something much bigger afoot. That's not important right now. What is important is that we are FINALLY setting foot into OUTER SPACE itself!

Don't look at me like that! You knew from not only our 10th grade science teacher but the Space Shuttle run and the now completely scrapped Mars launch that we were too big to be sent to space. Our choices were limited to either figuring out how to build all the necessary equipment for ourselves, become best buddies with a business mogul that is aiming for space, or pray to be abducted by aliens. A bit of a marketing stunt by a Japanese entrepreneur gives you more of a chance seeing that the height limit is raised; however that doesn't work out to our advantage so don't waste too much breath.

The missions involved in the move are part of an international collaboration between several companies and organizations working with the "Arch Mission Foundation," to establish off world time capsules to preserve the memory of mankind. Right now, as I am writing this letter to you, the final stages of our lunar library inclusion are being prepared for an upcoming launch. This will include the letter of gratitude to many of the people who you hold dear and those who helped you get this far in life.

That letter will also show your current logo, a picture of you, and a copy of a protection sigil Michael the archangel himself helped design. The sigil has worked

in every day we deployed it since the case in Pennsylvania. Right out of the gate we were able to test it on the lowest form of demonic being, the corrupted soul of a child rapist and murderer. It was a case even Ed and Lorraine Warren took notice. Speaks volumes that we're crossing threads with them, enough to spark rumors we're actually distant relatives. Oh how the tides are changing for us.

It appears that very mission may serve as part of a grander plan. Contacts we made with magick users from other worlds believe that placing it on the moon, even if the symbol won't be visible by the naked eye, may help fight off dark forces that look to bring about the end of the world. The Lord of Shadows, in particular, seems to be high in their rankings.

There are at least five launches to space with our name and affiliated companies attached to it, at the time I am writing this. But, between you and me, it is starting to look like we've been to space before. Remember that incident when we were little, like four almost five years old, when we somehow vanished from Jerome and ended up in Murtaugh? Our mother couldn't carry us as a kid because of how big we were. Our grandparents were confused about what happened. It's not like our father would've allowed us to return home if it was a kidnapping attempt. Yet somehow we managed to end up over thirty miles from home.

Oh yes, it seems Olivia is part of the equation as well. Definitely throws a wrench into some of the the-

ories we had but it still remains as progress. My next letters will hopefully make some more sense out it all.

With Love, You

THE HUNT FOR INFINITE EARTHS

Dear Kota, ages affected 23-24

Creation as we see it is only an infinitely shrinking fraction of an indefinitely expanding multitude of possibilities unknown but plentiful to even the highest of beings. There is no other way to really describe what we found because of this experiment; what we continue to learn from it. The concepts of a multiverse were only theoretical. A byproduct of the melodies strung by the universe itself, if they truly existed. As it turns out, they do.

Rumors were running about entities claiming to be from alternate universes by way of spirit box. But think about it just a bit further. Don't many of the reports from declassified government documents detail other realms being the true origin of many of these races, instead of the cliché little green men from Mars? Many people also try to claims that spirits come from other realms, so maybe there is an overlap? There are reports of things moving through walls. There are reports of electromagnetic and temperature anomalies. Who is to say that there isn't even more overlap that most people aren't considering?

How can we pull this off though? How can we be sure that we don't get intercepted by hostile parties, or even validate who we might talk to is who they say they are? It would be next to impossible, in theory. But in practice, maybe it is as easy as talking to a close friend.

Just in time for planning for this to occur the CW and Warner Bros start airing the next big DC crossover event titled "Crisis on Infinite Earths," and due to some of the findings in your research you base the name of this endeavor upon it. Why? Well, for some reason, characters from their works allegedly visit our realm. Some who have talked about it in various groups speculate these may be tulpas or thoughtforms, beings formed from imagination and given sentience. One character in particular was said to be based on occult principles from our world, John Constantine from the Vertigo branch of DC.

This is a move many advise against. How would we know if it was John? Who is to say some malevolent force intercepts our call through the veil and tries to worm its way in to cause problems? Hell, one of the very authors we spoke to on the matter asked that himself. Truth is the only weapon we have in defense of these attacks is our own instinct. We've been at this long enough, and seen both sides, to know the guy feelings it leaves you when the encounter is over.

The malevolent forces? Fear, sorry, anger, rage, guilt, every emotion which leaves a weight in your stomach that only grows the more you indulge in the gluttonous wraith of the corrupted souls. The benevolent ones?

There is anxiety but not in a negative manner. That notion is more rooted in excitement than fear. There is loving vibrations, calming auras, and you know deep in your heart that this being is of no threat to you. There will be many who question this gift, but they will soon learn that you are far from normal.

The experiments with John were simple, just focus on his image, call him forward, use a spirit box to catch his voice on tape. If beings from other realities could interact with our own in a form many would associate as ghosts, than the process would be simple enough.

It should be noted that many of the tapes were too silent for most to hear without extensive audio reconstruction. But one particular message was fairly clear and left for us by what sounded like a woman saying, "If you can hear me, Constantine wants you."

Safe to say we managed to open the door, my friend. The implications of this test play into an active investigation that is hinting at an EXTINCTION LEVEL EVENT! No, not from John trying to kill us or demonic forces trying to intercept our works like many zealots will try to claim. However, certain factions from Hell itself may try to take advantage of the chaos that is to come.

Be safe and be strong.

With Love, You

REDEMPTION

Dear Kota, ages affected 23-25

Our time on this Earth has been filled with hatred and violence. There is no question of that. Times may have been filled with love, happiness, joy, and laughter; but a quick look back screams that often that was because certain people weren't around. When they were it was only a matter of time before one of them did something to reveal their true colors, even if it meant risking a life. It is a sad thing when one has to treat family like a room filled with toxic gas. Absolute minimal exposure. So, safe to say, no more family vacations will be taking place.

It's okay if you still feel tense about it, no one would blame you. But forgiveness will be important in what is to come, for others and yourself. I say this because, well, you already know why. Carrie. Carrie came to you saying that her stepdad had been physically assaulting her, grabbing her by the wrists, spitting in her face, and telling her "I don't care if you're a girl I'll do whatever I want to you." Immediately you reach out to authorities in her town and send them the screenshot of the exact message Carrie sent you, which makes your aunt ban you from coming to the house because she is "sick of your shit."

As if she was anything special.

First off, regardless of what your family tries to say about holding back on reporting it is absolute bullshit. You know this, and the fact that your aunt's kids trying to kill themselves after the stepdad came into their lives is proof enough. It will also become evident

enough that their old habits of only listening to the first person to come to them whining still reign true, compromising true progress.

You need to try to maintain as cool of head and steady of hand as possible. After the initial message gets out the situation only worsens with time. Carrie ends up institutionalized and told by her own mother that she couldn't come home unless she told the police that she lied about her stepdad sexually assaulting her. Long story short, you're about to see Carrie again.

Carrie is going to come live with you and she'll start spilling even more about what's been going on. Quite frankly, it will get your blood boiling enough to where the only thing that might save that group is you having a heart attack on the way there. Probably for the best you stay away from them as much as possible. You are moving too far along in your goals to compromise everything now.

Who do I mean by them? Well, you and I both know that abusers usually have enablers around them. You and I both know how easy it is for the weakest of minds to become the abuser. That's all I have to really say about that.

Part of you wants to see this as some chance at redemption for not being there to protect your own siblings, not being there when Tori died. On some level, maybe this fulfills that longing. When you see Carrie again, the realization of how bad her condition progressed is heartbreaking. Shaking with anxiety to the point of collapsing. Medicated for being an emotional

thirteen year old girl who was being abused at home. Scars from attempts at self harming, yet she collapses at the sight of her own blood when she accidentally cuts her finger? Things are not adding up. She is a victim.

The police that responded both times we had to call them due to concerns for Carrie's safety saw it. The doctors she sees for her appointments down here saw it. Your contacts in law enforcement practically threatened to take you to prison if you didn't call it in because the messages stated clearly that Carrie was in dire trouble and had attempted to end her own life to escape. Yet the social works that Child Protective Services sent in was too ignorant of the facade. And these are the same people those who advocate for police reform say should be sent in for domestic violence calls?

At least the authorities now have copies of the "calls for help." Just in case you, once again, get falsely accused by your own blood. You already know from experience that the corrupt and lost in these situations are often too stupid to think of any clear defense. Even when it is obvious they have become addicted to drugs. Police would likely catch on to the lies they would tell in order to try putting all the blame on the child, but not the social workers the courts would rely on to build the case.

No matter what happens, no matter how frustrating things get, you need to remember that Carrie needs you. Just after a couple weeks with you her mentality gets better. She stops feeling the urge to self-harm.

She actually starts eating more. She excels in school to where she starts working on materials a grade level higher than she is supposed to be. Not because you tried to swoop in and save the day. It is because you simply gave her an ear for when she was ready to talk. You made sure to take her out and have some fun. You were simply there out of love at a time she was starting to feel no one was there for her at all.

Had you not been as knowing as you are in ways of the unknown, oh mister Specialist of the Strange, perhaps that is the closest thing to real magic anyone is capable of reaching.

Besides, had you not had this happen, there may have massive change in your life and soul that you would've missed. Carrie was not supposed to come down for the two weeks, initially, but her mother catering to the abusive so called stepdad made it so Carrie was just dropped at the side of the road. Thankfully that road was at your grandmother's house, and your grandmother could see for herself what her own daughter had become. This change that comes into your life just may help influence Carrie's life as well.

It should come as no surprise that Parachills has become a part of you. Trust me, even in the darkest times Parachills becomes like the family you had always desired. One that understood that "strange" aspects of your foundations.

We are well on our way, my young friend. Trust me when I say the journey in the coming months will plant the seeds for even greater growth.

With Love, You

THE COMPANY

Dear Kota, ages affected 24-25

There was a time building a life where the paranormal became a full-time, paying career seemed like a mere fantasy. It seemed like we would have to somehow get on with the television networks who send us constant messages about potentially working together on new shows; risking having to fake encounters just to stay on the air.

Well it's not like strange things happen around us practically on a day to day basis. But that's not what's important... maybe.

In December we receive a notice about a paranormal group based out of London that followed us on one of our Twitter pages. Something about it seemed unique and intriguing, you couldn't quite stop thinking about it. Then, when Carrie left for her two week break to go back to the hospital, you signed up. I'm just going to say now it is the best move you could have made.

In the few short months, you come to know some of the most amazing people. You start to build friendships with people who understood your weirdest of qualities much more than the average person. You learn new skills and ways to improve ones you already had. In spite of the chaos that stirred, you even manage to find leads into ventures you always wanted to go into but

never managed to get the right connections! Ironically the films you made for the streaming service, Paraflixx, end up becoming the roots for two of the strangest cases “The Company” ends up helping you understand that much more.

“The Hunt For Olivia,” a piece dedicated to trying to understand more about why this little girl saved you; in the hopes of finding more information and potentially saving innocent lives. Then there's “Bonds of Beyond,” an exploration into the overlaps of UFO and spirit phenomenon in order to pursue a method of one on one contact. Come time for when the aliens seem much more active on our world, you will need “The Company” more than ever as they will need you.

Why do I say this?

Because working them we learn that Olivia isn't just visiting blood relatives, tossing that idea of finding her mother out the window. She may not even be staying on Earth. Worst of all, she's caught up in the war with the Lord of Shadows. Who, upon being teased by us about his existence, ATTACKS “The Company” ON THE AIR while we are filming for our YouTube channel.

I wish I could write more but the tides of strangeness continue to churn as even NASA warns of floods to come due the moon in turmoil. I sent another letter your way that talks more of the conflict but with all that is happening... I can't really say I know what's going on anymore.

But remember, you saw “The Company” coming. You know you had visions of this day coming. You

need this team. No matter what happens, and some of the drama will cause you to have doubts because of the women involved, stick with them. Quite frankly it seems like no one else will have our backs in this mess.

With Love, You

P.S. I'm adding this as a warning. There is a secret hidden deep within "The Company" and it will change how you view everything. Be thankful for the time you had, as true colors will emerge in the very same patterns that made us work alone before. Speak truthful, as the matters those who are against our motion will try to use a veil of secrecy to silence many. The only problem, the very same veil may not be as legal as they believe. Speak truthful and from the heart, no matter the opposition or hurt. When the time comes we'll elaborate further as childish tantrums will attempt to tamper your name. They may even read this. Oh well, they should really watch the ones they claim to love as the second turmoil comes their lovers will turn against them as they have turned against you.

LORD OF SHADOWS

Dear Kota, ages affected 14-25

This thing... this FUCKING THING! For ten years we have been at war with this thing and it just keeps coming! The truly messed up part? Apparently he has been

watching us since he saw were capable of taking a life if driven that far!

Breathe Dakota, breathe. Haven't you learned by now that you loosing your head does nothing to help?!

Listen Kota, I'm going to send you an message I sent out to a friend in hopes they can get the word out about what's going on. Maybe it will make sense to you...

“Hello *****,

I hope you all are staying safe with everything that happened over the last year and a half. Many of you have been asking for updates on the situation with my daughter, Olivia Hope. Since I came forward on this channel with my story, I tried my best to make sure I gave you updates once I was certain that I had credible information to present. Being that as the case continued to evolve, it seems even more likely that my daughter somehow managed to travel back in time by the aid of none other than the archangel Michael. And she has been even more active as of late.

Before I continue, I guess I should take a second to help those who may have not heard this story get caught up so they won't be as confused. The story initially started when I was about the age of 12, I was going through a number of matters that led me to attempt taking my own life. Just as that took place, something happened that seemed to transport me to some vast blue void. A humanoid figure emerged from this void, who appeared too blurry to make out any distinguishing feature, and introduced me to a little girl

that may be my daughter from the future. I've been fortunate enough to pursue a variety of career options, as well as travel, in order to best understand the situation as I started going into paranormal research in an official manner. All I happened to come across indicated that the humanoid figure may have been none other than the archangel Michael.

In the last update I mentioned that a friend of mine had been in a car accident and claimed to have seen Olivia as well. As many of you have wondered, especially with the cliffhanger ending, if that was the end of the story and Olivia's mom was found. I mean it only made sense with everything I knew at the time. But as I have come to learn, that theory has been proven false. I have now confirmed my friend was the first of eleven eyewitnesses, other than myself and my late grandfather, that Olivia has visited.

All their descriptions came separately, but were nearly identical. Aside from becoming close friends in time, to the best of our knowledge, we aren't related in any way. Using information they provided, which includes a voice recording of a little girl calling out for "mommy," I was able to use some software in order to create a computer generated sketch. Much to my amazement upon seeing it with my own eyes, and revealing it to the witnesses that came forward, it was her. I've attached a photo of myself next to the generated image for you all to see.

While the potential of moving closer to solving this mystery has been exciting to say the least, there are

implications behind it that are concerning. It appears that my daughter, and "God's plan for me," are here to take on an entity that is a literal Grim Reaper and the half-human son of an archangel, whose name literally translates to "Venom" or "Blindness of God." Thanks to the pandemic, and unfortunate consequences of lockdowns on a global scale, this thing is now more active than ever. Many of you may know him as the "LORD OF SHADOWS."

Back in December I joined, and eventually became Executive Director of "The Company," the first ever official company to have a strong focus on paranormal investigations. For now the positions are volunteer based but the hope is to build it further and offer all our members salaried positions. Many assume that this entire thread has been an effort to cash in on people's belief, but that couldn't be far from the truth.

My efforts in this have been to simply find out what was going on so people may eventually see that I haven't gone insane, that what I've experienced was in fact actually happening. Joining "The Company" was a gift that allowed me to find and collaborate with others who, at the very least, would have a basic understanding in regards to the things I was talking about. If we're able to successfully fully fund our exploits to reach and help even more people, turn this into a full-time focus, then amazing. At the end of the day, it still is just about helping people.

Come February of this year, "The Company" officially initiated an investigation into the LORD OF

SHADOWS upon realizing that this was being spotted by people all over the world with the only known connection between all incidents was a history of trauma and violent death sometimes soon follow. As the team knew I had been tracking this thing for about a decade, and developed a theory about the real identity of the LORD OF SHADOWS based on a number of cases I worked on. These matters reached a point of intensity as the families involved moved across the country in order to escape, even after I managed to clear the problem.

One man out of North Carolina, concerned as the LORD OF SHADOWS was focusing on his three-year-old son, informed me that the being tried forcing him into a deal to join an army the LORD OF SHADOWS was bringing together.

A young lady in Indiana disclosed to me a story of the LORD OF SHADOWS locking her in the bathroom of an old boyfriend's home as he attacked said boyfriend with a knife.

A woman in Colorado even reached out to me, concerned that the LORD OF SHADOWS may have influenced her to name her one year old son after him. That name was Cain, as in the world's first murderer.

I want to try and save this from becoming too long of a story, and I am not looking to start a religious debate because there is simply too much for me or ***** to condense into one message.

However there are variations of lore from several cultures that indicated Cain was not the biological son

of Adam, but the offspring of Eve and the Archangel Samael, the "Venom of God" and the only being ever specifically labeled as Satan. This theory was furthered by a phantom woman that visited me not long after the case in North Carolina, claiming she was none other than Eve. I shared it with "The Company" during a live-stream on their YouTube channel... and the LORD OF SHADOWS attacked us.

I have shared evidence with ***** to show him the validity of my claims and disclosed which ones would be safe to share. There is strong evidence to suggest that the LORD OF SHADOWS becomes stronger in times of crisis in both individuals and populations as a whole, and trust me when I say he has enough of a twisted sense of humor to follow through with pretty much every cliché associated with demons.

I am thoroughly convinced because of this attack and others that follow my theories have traction. This thing caused people to cough up blood, strange burns would appear out of nowhere, scratches, shadows, disembodied voices, people feeling like they were stabbed and gutted like a butchered animal.

During the attack I was out of town, just a few miles south of the Canadian border to spend some time with a dear friend I hadn't seen in years since a trip we took to Scotland. I had my gear on hand just in case I ran into trouble, but I will admit seeing her again took me out of the necessary mindset. It also happened to be her birthday that weekend as well.

I had to disconnect from the live show as the attack only intensified to compose myself. I watched quietly as the remaining three; who I'll call *****, *****, and *****; tried to take a moment of silence and prayer to assess the situation further. ***** and ***** were more experienced with negative cases than ***** but this was an event that may very well be the first ever documented case of an international demonic possession. The LORD OF SHADOWS managed to attack many of us that are spread across the UK, US, and Canada within a matter of two minutes.

Overwhelmed and consumed by fear, the LORD OF SHADOWS saw an opening and took control of *****. ***** was an older guy who wore glasses, had twenty plus years of experiences in dealing with spirits, and even teaches paranormal based courses. The intensity of the event was too much for him to bear. Combine that with the fact he had been sick, the LORD OF SHADOWS found an opening and possessed him. Watch the video attached and you can physically see ***** face start to change. He takes off his glasses and glares directly into the camera, as if the LORD OF SHADOWS was trying to say. "I'm here, I got you, What are you going to do about it?"

***** was a bit of the panicky type, only had a couple years of experience dealing with small time haunts. He starts to suggest ending the broadcast for the safety and well being of the audience and out of respect for those of us who were affected. However as

***** briefly mentions my name, ***** flinches. This was an opening to fight back. ***** flees as he grows fearful that the thing in control of ***** was trying to stare right at him, leaving ***** to close the show. ***** asks ***** for any final words and realizes something is wrong as ***** only tilts his head. I work my way back into the broadcast as a maniacal laughter fills my head. Once again, ***** flinches as the bring inside him attempts to maintain composure.

"I know who you are. I know you want us out," I boomed over the air, "Let him go."

***** slowly moves his head side to side.

"NOW," I yelled.

In that moment, as my voice reigned through the air as if it were an entirely different entity charging to battle, ***** broke free. With texts that came through from one of the members that was on panel saying the LORD OF SHADOWS was repeatedly saying "I got you, I told you to go away but you didn't listen. Now I'm going to take them from you," officially we backed away from the investigation. I couldn't walk away knowing that children were caught in the middle of this thing's attacks. Derek, himself, just had one of his kids sitting in his lap mere minutes before we got ambushed. As the weeks went by I learned that not long after the attack there was another child who started to appear as well; a beautiful little girl with gorgeous blue eyes, roughly 5 or 6 years old, and looked just like me.

A brief conversation with ***** and another one of our colleagues, on the topic of angels, triggered a near panic attack when he learned that I had a little girl of unknown origin attached to me. Derek went to describe Olivia how I saw her near perfectly, which prompted me to dig out a photo of one of my younger cousins. The family resemblance tends to be fairly strong on my mother's side, which has somehow led to myself and one of my uncles constantly being mistaken as one another. This uncle just so happens to have fraternal twin girls who not only could easily pass off as my kids, making them and Olivia look like triplets were they ever to meet. When ***** saw the photo of my cousins, he started screaming "No, stop, that's too freaky man!"

Imagine how I felt.

Olivia had been spotted by eleven other people, beside myself and my late grandfather. The theory I had about blood relatives on the verge of death only being able to see her has been effectively thrown out the window. Many of the eyewitnesses reported passing encounters where she would appear briefly then suddenly vanish the second she knew someone could see her. Some said that seeing her brought them comfort during an emotional time and that something about her visits have helped them heal. A few even brought up that they were sure they had seen her appear long before we actually met.

I mentioned before that ***** had been sick and to this day has been receiving treatments, Olivia helped

keep off negative energies to help speed up his recovery. My friend ***** who had on and off visits from the LORD OF SHADOWS, who disclosed she had been physically assaulted by it at one point, was able to return to work from a desperate mental health leave. One woman even mentioned that when she spotted Olivia, she seemed to be holding the hand of an unseen being much taller than her. I can only speculate that with all that has happened the "unseen force" was none other than archangel Michael himself.

***** ended up with one of the most surprising encounters with Olivia. He had talked about seeing a mysterious blonde little girl running around the place he lived but assumed it was the result of a residual type haunting, where spirits act like they are on loop and don't seem to register the living being around. ***** forwarded me a long text message with the first words in all capital letters "CALL DAKOTA NOW. I THINK I JUST SAW OLIVIA."

Just before the SOS message ***** called me frantically asking if I heard from ***** at all because ***** had been worried that something may have happened. When we finally read the rest of that message, ***** and I immediately turned on our spirit boxes so we could physically hear our guides as we started reciting every cleansing and exorcism prayer we knew by heart. We focused our attention towards Brian to attempt a long distance exorcism that Olivia herself jumped right in.

***** got ambushed out of the blue and was possessed by the LORD OF SHADOES, who seemed to grow increasingly angry every time ***** would reach for the phone. We managed to break off the connection enough to allow Brian to talk to us. It was his first ever experience with an attack that scope Abigail took the time to help him calm down before he left himself exposed for another round. Days before this attack I was able to use some imaging software to render an image of Olivia that ***** confirmed to be her. I took a moment to show the image to ***** and while he stated he didn't get a clear look at her face, he immediately felt like he recognized her.

I guess I should be proud in some way. My daughter has the moral compass to try helping people. I showed the picture to some of my colleagues at “The Company” and told them what happened. Knowing that all was well, they all joked that I had nothing to worry about, Olivia was definitely my child. ***** mentioned something that got me thinking a bit more. She mentioned that during her encounters one of the very first things she noticed, aside from Olivia being a spitting image of me, is that she had my height.

When Olivia would speak, her mannerisms made her seem like she was closer to the age of three or four. I was always a bigger guy, always mistaken as being older than I was practically since birth. Many of my relatives, especially on my mother's side, also had that problem growing up. Obviously, chances were that my kids would also have this happen.

But what was concerning even more was the age. By the time I was three years old, my stepmother tried to stab me in the back of the neck resulting in me having to fight back and stabbing her in the stomach with a six inch knife. It took court mandated therapy to prove to the authorities that I acted in self defense, and there was clearly some disturbing things on my father's side of the family that would only grow progressively worse in time. I was just two months shy of my fourth birthday when this occurred.

My family constantly told stories about how I seemingly just "knew" things I shouldn't have, but there's evidence to suggest that day may have marked me as the LORD OF SHADOWS type for his bigger plan.

It was through the sightings of Olivia and patterns in the more aggressive cases of LORD OF SHADOWS attacks that I managed to put together what he truly wants. If this thing was just trying to spook people going through a rough emotional time, then why don't even more people report seeing it? Perhaps it comes from fear of judgment, but I truly fear it is something much worse; a war between Heaven and Hell.

To do that, the LORD OF SHADOWS hopes to terrorize people with psychic potential to harvest their souls for his army. His tendencies to focus on children are due to the fact their minds aren't developed enough to essentially bury natural psychic abilities; another attack I came across on a pregnant woman suggests he may even be responsible for some miscarriages in order to fulfill this.

The LORD OF SHADOWS may in fact have my nephew. Again I pray with every fiber of my being I am wrong but the rising tensions in the world, continued lock downs, rising concerns for mental health related incidents, even the heightened attentions on the UFO phenomenon, and the number of times people have come running saying they heard my name being dropped from the other side of the veil say otherwise.

In my studies I also experimented with using spiritual methods to contact beings from other worlds, trusting only my instinct to know whether or not I was being targeted by malevolent forces. The focus of those tests centered around beings that allegedly already made contact or even visited our world physically. After careful consideration I chose three targets; "John" who is an English occult specialist from an alternate Earth, Vrillon from the 1977 South London TV hijacking, and Valiant Thor who supposedly spent quite a few years living amongst government officials at the pentagon. Long story short, all of them and more answered my calls and I've even been able to "summon" UFOs by simply asking.

Curiously enough, Michael the archangel has come through numerous times as well. When asking to speak to Vrillon or other members of the Ashtar Command, Olivia will speak. A few contactees have come forward saying that they swear they saw me communicating with the ETs like we were all old friends, while some report seeing what they believe were battle plans. Some report, even from former government and military

sources, that the very beings we know as angels and demons are in fact working with the ET races.

Something big is coming. For whatever reason it seems that I am connected to it all. This is no longer about trying to track down Olivia's mother and fulfilling some sort of weird time loop. Truthfully, I don't know what it is but for some reason I find myself slipping into a bit of tunnel vision. I have attached an image of myself with the rendering of Olivia to this message. I have done so because I am hoping to get ***** help in piecing this together by sharing this plea.

If you have seen Olivia, or you believe you have been contacted by any of these beings, please find me. Use my website www.dakotafrandsen.com to reach me. With the help of "The Company" I'm able to reach more of an international audience if needed. Trust me, there are plans to send protection sigils to the moon itself and produce music that can exorcise demonic threats.

But more importantly I have a message for *****, if he still happens to listen to this channel.

*****, quite a few people seem to have gotten us mixed up. It's not hard to see why, quite frankly I was shocked to hear that there was someone else out there who can't seem to get away from this life. While I may have collaborated with a large group of people and taken on the more public appearance approach to this, it does not erase my motivation to help as many as I can.

If possible I'd like to speak with you about what's been going on and get your perspective on things. I am not doing this to try to exploit you, or even recruit you into my company. Your identity will be kept protected. You have my word. This isn't a plea from a fanboy or some hunter to hunter confidentiality. This is from one father who knows too much to another."

WE HAVE ANGELS. WE HAVE DEMONS. WE HAVE PEOPLE FROM "OTHER EARTHS." WE HAVE MONSTERS. WE HAVE ALIENS.

Add this all together, mix in the fact we have nuclear weapons ready to take out densely populated regions of the United States with only seconds for evacuation, and the fact that you and Olivia may not even be entirely human. Come to think of it, that incident when we were five and ended up thirty miles away from home when we went to bed is starting to ring a few too many bells. Add that to the weird dreams, even one where Olivia says she has a baby brother. What in the hell is going on?

War. Ragnarok. The apocalypse.

There is too much to take in at once and the tides of strangeness continue to stir. The image of the LORD OF SHADOWS will forever be burned into our brains. The hat, the coat, the darkness, the evil, and especially that fucking smile on his face. That scar is his weakness, its how we managed to help ***** break the connection. He can be hurt. There may even be a new player on the board that is helping the fight; the KNIGHT OF LIGHT. Interestingly enough though the

one witness who spotted it had a daughter who thought you were the knight.

Stay strong, my young friend. We may be in the end game now.

Yes, another comic book reference. That's always been how we handled this from the beginning so don't judge and love stronger. We may be able to survive this, but not everyone we love will.

With love, You

Links for More Information

Visit the Bald and Bonkers Network LLC website for more information: www.baldandbonkers.net

Follow the Bald and Bonkers Network LLC YouTube channel for videos, shows, music, and more: <https://www.youtube.com/@BaldandBonkers>

Watch "The Hunt for Olivia: The Paraflixx Cut":

<https://paraflixx.vhx.tv/videos/the-hunt-for-olivia>

Watch "Bonds of Beyond":

<https://paraflixx.vhx.tv/videos/bondsofbeyond-paraflixx-paranormal-plus>

Dakota makes a brief appearance on National Geographic's "Drain the Oceans" Season 2 Episode 11 titled "Secrets of Loch Ness"

New editions of this text may released in the future giving more details to the incidents described

Be on the lookout for "FrandsenFiles Compendium!"

About Nightmares Among All Worlds

You might be wondering what's up with the fictional multiverse anthology I've put together—or maybe this is the first time you're hearing about it. Either way, let me take a moment to fill you in.

This section is part of the extended version of my latest autobiographical work, *I Am the Specialist of the Strange*. I've included it in a week-long release schedule leading up to my 29th birthday. Why such a specific rollout? Honestly, because I can. But let's be real—a simple “because I can” doesn't make for much of an explanation, does it? So, let me dig a little deeper.

Over the years, my work has sparked its fair share of skepticism, especially when it comes to some of my more unusual claims. To be clear, I welcome healthy skepticism—it's an essential tool in a field as murky and unpredictable as the paranormal. When you're dealing with phenomena like hauntings, alien encounters, or cryptid sightings, separating fact from fiction is no small feat. The truth often sits at the intersection of

belief and evidence, a precarious balance that can easily tip one way or another.

Unfortunately, the paranormal world has its pitfalls. Ambiguity can give rise to fanaticism—a kind of religious zealotry where some individuals cling to so-called “Messiah figures” for answers. These followers often fall prey to manipulation, turning what should be a journey of discovery into blind devotion.

This brings me to a critique I’ve heard more than once: *How can anyone trust extraordinary claims from someone who is also an accomplished storyteller?*

It’s a fair question, but I think it overlooks something fundamental about human nature. We’re storytellers by design. It’s how we make sense of the chaos around us. From the moment we could communicate, we’ve been weaving tales—transforming experiences, beliefs, and lessons into narratives that resonate. Storytelling is as much a survival mechanism as it is an art form.

Think about it. How many of history’s most influential works are rooted in their creators’ personal experiences? How many myths and legends might actually be distorted accounts of real events? Whether we’re talking about Homer’s epics, Shakespeare’s dramas, or even modern science fiction, the line between reality and imagination is often blurry.

For me, storytelling has always been a way to process life. It’s not just a creative outlet; it’s a coping mechanism, a way to bring order to experiences that otherwise defy explanation.

Take *The Ones Who Walk All Worlds*, for instance. That series began as an attempt to reconcile the various phenomena I was researching and experiencing during the early days of my journey into the supernatural. It became a canvas where I could explore connections between the visions I started having—visions of potential futures—and the broader mysteries of the universe. These visions began while I was experimenting with techniques inspired by Nostradamus. With a family history of psychic abilities, I felt compelled to delve deeper. Looking back, those experiments may have opened doors I wasn't fully prepared for, but that's a story for another time.

Yes, I'll admit it—I didn't bother coming up with a new name for my fictional counterpart in that universe. It felt fitting to leave it as is, given how personal those stories were.

Even now, despite years of refining my methods and maintaining a skeptical approach to other people's stories, those early visions remain vivid. The fourth book in the series, *Rise of the Valkyrie*, remains incomplete due to a bout of writer's block, so I released it as-is and moved forward.

Fast forward to the 2020s, when I decided to revisit the world of fiction. This time, while still drawing inspiration from my experiences, I focused on crafting a more polished and cohesive narrative. The result was *Knightmare's Game*, a brutal and emotionally charged tale. It was so intense, in fact, that even artificial intelligence flagged it as unsettling.

By 2024—a pivotal year of transformation and growth for me—I began having new visions. These were different, reaching beyond Earth and into the cosmos. They sparked a fresh wave of stories, but instead of starting yet another series, I asked myself: *What if I combined all these narratives into one massive, interconnected multiverse?*

The idea was thrilling—one complex, twisted narrative that could challenge perspectives and push boundaries. Thus, *Nightmares Among All Worlds* was born. This multiverse is entirely a product of my imagination, an ever-expanding playground where creativity knows no limits. To keep it organized, I compiled the stories into a “master copy” called *The Seeds*. However, given the costs involved in producing such a comprehensive volume, I also chose to release individual books. Stories like those in *Rise of the Valkyrie* found new life as standalone pieces within this vast multiverse.

For now, future short stories will likely be released as eBooks until there’s enough material for another physical collection. It’s an evolving project, much like the multiverse itself—always growing, always adapting.

I encourage you to check out *Nightmares Among All Worlds: The Seeds* or any of the individual books if the full collection isn’t within reach. As you explore these stories, compare them to the events I’ve described in this book. See how a life as unusual and twisted as mine has shaped my perspective on the world and its rapid evolution. You might discover something that

challenges your own understanding of reality—or at the very least, sparks your imagination.

Dakota Frandsen's journey into the unknown began at the tender age of 14 when he embarked on his first paranormal investigation. Fascinated by the mysteries of the supernatural, he quickly developed a reputation for his curiosity and dedication, which eventually led to his inclusion in the ghost story anthology *Hauntings from the Snake River Plain*.

Upon graduating high school, Dakota wasted no time in forging his path. Determined to become a master of his craft, he immersed himself in courses at top universities and cultivated a wide range of skills, including graphic design, business administration, photography, forensic investigation, psychology, espionage, archaeology, artificial intelligence, filmmaking, and writing. This diverse expertise has become the backbone of his multidisciplinary approach to storytelling and problem-solving.

Despite his relentless pursuit of success, Dakota faced numerous challenges. He experienced cycles of drama, unfulfilled ventures, and the frustration of helping to build companies that ultimately fell short of their potential. These experiences shaped his vision for something better—a platform where people could tell their stories, no matter how unconventional, while gaining the tools and confidence to improve their lives.

In 2022, Dakota turned his vision into reality by founding Bald and Bonkers Network LLC. Built on a foundation of compassion and understanding, the company empowers individuals to embrace their unique stories and transform their challenges into opportunities for growth. By drawing on his own trials and triumphs, Dakota continues to inspire others to persevere and create meaningful connections in their lives.

Today, Dakota Frandsen stands as a testament to resilience, creativity, and the power of authenticity. His work bridges the gap between the extraordinary and the everyday,

reminding us all that our stories—no matter how strange or difficult—are worth sharing.